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B. L. Lodge

THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE,

COMPLETE IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

CONTAINING

I. THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.
II. A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY, AND CONTINUATION.
III. SERMONS.—IV. LETTERS.
V. THE FRAGMENT.
VI. THE KORAN.
VII. HISTORY OF A GOOD WARM WATCH-COAT.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY J. TURNBULL, ANCHOR-CLOSE,

FOR GRAY, MAVER, & CO. BOOKSELLERS, GLASGOW.

1803.

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THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

Multitudinis imperitæ non formido judicia, meis tamen, rogo, parcant opuſculis——in quibus fuit propoſiti ſemper, a jocis ad ſeria, a ſeriis viciſſim ad joeos tranſire.

JOAN. SARESBERIENSIS,
Epiſcopus Lugdun.

VOL. IV.

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SLAWKENBERGII

FABELA*.

VESPERA quadam frigidula, posteriori in parte mensis Augusti, *peregrinus, mulo fusco colore incidens, mantica a tergo, paucis indusiis, binis calceis, bracciscque sericis coccineis repleta,* Argentoratum *ingressus est.*

Militi eum percontanti, quum portus intraret dixit, se apud Nasorum Promontorium fuisse, Francofurtum *proficisci, et* Argentoratum, *transitu ad fines* Sarmatiæ *mensis intervallo, reversurum.*

Miles peregrini in faciem suspexit——Di boni, nova forma nasi!

At multum mihi profuit, inquit peregrinus, carpum amento extrahens, e quo pependit acinaces: Loculo manum inseruit; et magna cum urbanitate, pilei parte anteriore tactâ manu sinistra, ut extendit dextram, militi florinum dedit et processit.

Dolet mihi, ait miles, tympanistam nanum et valgum alloquens, virum adeo urbanum vaginam perdidisse: iti-

* As *Hafen Slawkenbergius de Nasis* is extremely scarce, it may not be unacceptable to the learned reader to see the specimen of a few pages of his original; I will make no reflection upon it, but that his story-telling Latin is much more concise than his philosophic—and, I think, has more of Latinity in it.

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SLAWKENBERGIUS's

TALE.

IT was one cool refreshing evening, at the close of a very sultry day, in the latter end of the month of *August*, when a stranger, mounted upon a dark mule, with a small cloak-bag behind him, containing a few shirts, a pair of shoes, and a crimson-satin pair of breeches, entered the town of *Strasburg*.

He told the centinel, who questioned him as he entered the gates, that he had been at the Promontory of NOSES—was going on to *Frankfort*—and should be back again at *Strasburg* that day month, in his way to the borders of *Crim Tartary*.

The centinel looked up into the stranger's face ——he never saw such a nose in his life!

——I have made a very good venture of it, quoth the stranger—so, slipping his wrist out of the loop of a black ribband, to which a short simitar was hung, he put his hand into his pocket, and with great courtesy, touching the fore-part of his cap with his left-hand, as he extended his right—— he put a florin into the centinel's hand, and passed on.

It grieves me, said the centinel, speaking to a little dwarfish bandy-legg'd drummer, that so courteous a soul should have lost his scabbard—he cannot travel without one to his simitar, and will not be

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nerari haud poterit nudâ acinaci; neque vaginam toto Argentorato, *habilem inveniet.—Nullam unquam habui, respondit peregrinus respiciens—seque comiter inclinans—hoc more gesto, nudam acinacem elevans, mulo lentè progrediente, ut nasum tueri possim.*

Non immerito, benigne peregrine, respondit miles.

Nihili æstimo, ait ille tympanista, e pergamenâ factitius est.

Prout Christianus sum, inquit miles, nasus ille, ni sexties major sit, meo esset conformis.

Crepitare audivi, ait tympanista.

Mehercule! sanguinem emisit, respondit miles.

Miseret me, inquit tympanista, qui non ambo tetigimus!

Eodem temporis punctο, quo hæc res argumentata fuit inter militem et tympanistam, disceptabutur ibidem tubicine et uxore suâ, qui tunc accesserunt, et peregrino prætereunte, restiterunt.

Quantus nasus! æque longus est, ait tubicina, ac tuba.

Ex eo eodem metallo, ait tubicen, velut sternutamenta audias.

Tantum abest, respondit illa, quod fistulam dulcedine vincit.

Æneus est, ait tubicen.

Nequaquam, respondit uxor.

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able to get a ſcabbard to fit it in all *Straſburg*.——I never had one, replied the ſtranger, looking back to the centinel, and putting his hand up to his cap as he ſpoke——I carry it, continued he, thus—holding up his naked ſimitar, his mule moving on ſlowly all the time,—on purpoſe to defend my noſe.

It is well worth it, gentle ſtranger, replied the centinel.

—'Tis not worth a ſingle ſtiver, ſaid the bandy-legg'd drummer—'tis a noſe of parchment.

As I am a true Catholic—except that it is ſix times as big—'tis a noſe, ſaid the centinel, like my own.

—I heard it crackle, ſaid the drummer.

By dunder, ſaid the centinel, I ſaw it bleed.

What a pity, cried the bandy-legg'd drummer, we did not both touch it!

At the very time that this diſpute was maintaining by the centinel and the drummer——was the ſame point debating betwixt a trumpeter and a trumpeter's wife, who were juſt then coming up, and had ſtopped to ſee the ſtranger paſs by.

Benedicite!—What a noſe! 'tis as long, ſaid the trumpeter's wife, as a trumpet.

And of the ſame metal, ſaid the trumpeter, as you hear by its ſneezing.

—'Tis as ſoft as a flute, ſaid ſhe.

——'Tis braſs, ſaid the trumpeter.

——'Tis a pudding's end, ſaid his wife.

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Rursum affirmo, ait tubicen, quod aneus est.

Rem penitus explorabo; prius, enim digito tangam, ait uxor, quam dormivero.

Mulus peregrini gradu lento progressus est, ut unumquodque verbum controversiæ, non tantum inter militem et tympanistam, verum etiam inter tubicinem et uxorem ejus, audiret.

Nequaquam, ait ille, in muli collum frœna demittens, et manibus ambabus in pectus positis, (mulo lentè progrediente) nequaquam, ait ille, respiciens, non necesse est ut res istiusmodi dilucidata foret. Minime gentium! meus nasus nunquam tangetur, dum spiritus hos reget artus——ad quid agendum? ait uxor burgo-magistri.

Peregrinus illi non respondit. Votum faciebat tunc temporis Sancto Nicolao; *quo facto, sinum dextram inferens, e quâ negligenter pependit acinaces, lento gradu processit per plateam* Argentorati *latam quæ ad diversorium templo ex adversum ducit.*

Peregrinus mulo descendens stabulo includi, et manticam inferri jussit: quâ apertâ et coccineis sericis femora-

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I tell thee again, ſaid the trumpeter, 'tis a brazen noſe.

I'll know the bottom of it, ſaid the trumpeter's wife, for I will touch it with my finger before I ſleep.

The ſtranger's mule moved on at ſo ſlow a rate, that he heard every word of the diſpute, not only betwixt the centinel and the drummer; but betwixt the trumpeter and trumpeter's wife.

No! ſaid he, dropping his reins upon his mule's neck, and laying both his hands upon his breaſt, the one over the other in a faint-like poſition (his mule going on eaſily all the time) No! ſaid he, looking up,—I am not ſuch a debtor to the world——ſlandered and diſappointed as I have been——as to give it that conviction—no! ſaid he, my noſe ſhall never be touched whilſt heaven gives me ſtrength—To do what? ſaid a burgo-maſter's wife.

The ſtranger took no notice of the burgo-maſter's wife——he was making a vow to Saint *Nicolas*; which done, having uncroſſed his arms with the ſame ſolemnity with which he croſſed them, he took up the reins of his bridle with his left hand, and putting his right hand into his boſom, with his ſi. mitar hanging looſely to the wriſt of it, he rode on as ſlowly as one foot of the mule could follow another, through the principal ſtreets of *Straſburg*, till chance brought him to the great inn in the market-place, over againſt the church.

The moment the ſtranger alighted, he ordered his mule to be led into the ſtable, and his cloak-bag to be brought in; then opening and taking out of it

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libis extractis cum argenteo laciniato περιζωμανῆ, his sese induit, statimque, acinaci in manu, ad forum deambulavit.

Quod ubi, peregrinus esset ingressus, uxorem tubicinis obviam euntem aspicit; illico cursum flectit, metuens ne nasus suus exploreratur, atque ad diversorium regressus est—exuit se vestibus; braccas coccineas sericas manticæ imposuit mulumque educi jussit.

Francofurtum proficiscor, ait ille, et Argentoratum quatuor abhinc hebdomadis revertar.

Bene curasti hoc jumentum? (ait) muli faciem manu demulcens——me, manticamque meam, plus sexcentis mille passibus portavit.

Longa via est! respondit hospes, nisi plurimum esset negoti.—Enimvero, ait peregrinus, a nasorum promontorio redii, et nasum speciosissimum, egregiosissimumque quem unquam quisquam sortitus est, acquisivi?

Dum peregrinus hanc miram rationem, de seipso reddit, hospes et uxor ejus, oculis intentis, peregrini nasum contemplantur—Per sanctos, sanctosque omnes, ait hospitis uxor, nasis duodecim maximis in toto Argentorata major est!——estne, ait illa, mariti in aurem insusurranus, nonne est nasus pregrandis?

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his crimſon-ſatin breeches, with a ſilver-fringed—(appendage to them, which I dare not tranſlate)—he put his breeches, with his fringed cod-piece on, and forthwith, with his ſhort ſimitar in his hand, walked out to the grand parade.

The ſtranger had juſt taken three turns upon the parade, when he perceived the trumpeter's wife at the oppoſite ſide of it—ſo turning ſhort, in pain leſt his noſe ſhould be attempted, he inſtantly went back to his inn—undreſſed himſelf, packed up his crimſon-ſatin breeches, &c. in his cloak-bag, and called for his mule.

I am going forwards, ſaid the ſtranger, for *Frankfort*—and ſhall be back at *Straſburg* this day month.

I hope, continued the ſtranger, ſtroking down the face of his mule with his left hand, as he was going to mount it, that you have been kind to this faithful ſlave of mine——it has carried me and my cloak-bag, continued he, tapping the mule's back, above ſix hundred leagues.

—'Tis a long journey, Sir, replied the maſter of the inn—unleſs a man has great buſineſs.——Tut! tut! ſaid the ſtranger, I have been at the Promontory of Noſes; and have got me one of the goodlieſt and jollieſt, thank heaven, that ever fell to a ſingle man's lot.

Whilſt the ſtranger was giving this odd account of himſelf, the maſter of the inn, and his wife, kept both their eyes fixed full upon the ſtranger's noſe—By Saint *Radagunda*, ſaid the innkeeper's wife to herſelf, there is more of it than in any dozen of the largeſt noſes put together in all *Straſburg*! is it not,

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Dolus ineſt, anime mi, ait hoſpes—naſus eſt falſus.

Verus eſt, reſpondit uxor.—
En abiete factus eſt, ait ille, terebinthinum olet——

Carbunculus ineſt, ait uxor.
Mortuus eſt naſus, reſpondit hoſpes.
Vivus eſt, ait illa.—et ſi ipſa vivam tangam.

Votum ſe Sancto Nicolao, ait peregrinus, naſum meum intuenti, fore uſque ad—Quodnam tempus? illico reſpondit illa.

Minimo tangetur, inquit ille (manibus in pectus compoſitis) uſque ad illam horam——Quam horam? ait illa.——Nullam, reſpondit peregrinus, donec pervenio ad—Quem locum,—obſecro? ait illa——Peregrinus tali reſpondens nullo conſcenſo diſceſſit.

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ſaid ſhe, whiſpering her huſband in his ear, is it not a noble noſe?

'Tis an impoſtor, my dear, ſaid the maſter of the inn——'tis a falſe noſe.

'Tis a true noſe, ſaid his wife.

'Tis made of fir-tree, ſaid he—I ſmell the turpentine.——

There's a pimple on it, ſaid ſhe.

'Tis a dead noſe, replied the innkeeper.

'Tis a live noſe; and if I am alive myſelf, ſaid the innkeeper's wife, I will touch it.

I have made a vow to Saint *Nicolas* this day, ſaid the ſtranger, that my noſe ſhall not be touched till ——Here the ſtranger ſuſpending his voice, looked up——Till when? ſaid ſhe haſtily.

It never ſhall be touched, ſaid he, claſping his hands, and bringing them cloſe to his breaſt, till that hour—What hour? cried the inn-keepers's wife.—Never! never! ſaid the ſtranger, never till I am got—For heaven ſake into what place? ſaid ſhe,—The ſtranger rode away without ſaying a word.

The ſtranger had not got half a league on his way towards *Frankfort*, before all the city of *Straſburg* was in an uproar about his noſe. The *Compline*-bells were juſt ringing, to call the *Straſburghers* to their devotions, and ſhut up the duties of the day in prayer:—no ſoul in all *Straſburg* heard 'em—the city was like a ſwarm of bees—men, women, and children (the *Compline*-bells tinkling all the time), flying here and there——in at one door, out at another——this way and that way—long ways and croſs ways—up one ſtreet, down another ſtreet——in at

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this alley, out at that—did you ſee it? did you ſee it? did you ſee it? O! did you ſee it?—who ſaw it? who did ſee it? for mercy's ſake, who ſaw it?

Alack o'day! I was at veſpers!——I was waſhing, I was ſtarching, I was ſcouring, I was quilting—God help me! I never ſaw it—I never touch'd it!—would I had been a centinel, a bandy-legg'd drummer, a trumpeter, a trumpeter's wife, was the general cry and lamentation in every ſtreet and corner of *Straſburg*.

Whilſt all this confuſion and diſorder triumphed throughout the great city of *Straſburgh*, was the courteous ſtranger going on as gently upon his mule in his way to *Frankfort*, as if he had no concern at all in the affair—talking all the way he rode, in broken ſentences, ſometimes to his mule—ſometimes to himſelf—ſometimes to his Julia.

O Julia, my lovely Julia!——nay I cannot ſtop to let thee bite that thiſtle—that ever the ſuſpected tongue of a rival ſhould have robbed me of enjoyment when I was upon the point of taſting it.—

—Pugh!—'tis nothing but a thiſtle—never mind it——thou ſhalt have a better ſupper at night.

—Baniſh'd from my country—my friends—from thee—

Poor devil, thou art ſadly tired with thy journey!—come—get on a little faſter—there's nothing in my cloak-bag but two ſhirts,—a crimſon-ſatin pair of breeches, and a fringed—Dear Julia!

—But why to *Frankfort*? is it that there is a hand unfelt, which ſecretly is conducting me thro' theſe meanders and unſuſpected tracts.

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—Stumbling! by Saint *Nicolas!* every ſtep—— why at this rate we ſhall be all night in getting in—

—To happineſs—or am I to be the ſport of fortune and ſlander——deſtined to be driven forth, unconvicted—unheard—untouched—if ſo, why did I not ſtay at *Straſburg*, where juſtice——but I had ſworn!—Come,—thou ſhalt drink—to Saint *Nicolas* —O Julia!——What doſt thou prick up thy ears at?—'tis nothing but a man, &c.

The ſtranger rode on communing in this manner with his mule and Julia——till he arrived at his inn, where, as ſoon as he arrived, he alighted,—ſaw his mule, as he had promiſed it, taken good care of—took off his cloak-bag, with his crimſon-ſatin breeches, &c. in it——called for an omelet to his ſupper, went to his bed about twelve o'clock, and in five minutes fell faſt aſleep.

It was about the ſame hour, when the tumult in *Straſburg* being abated for that night,——the *Straſburghers* had all got quietly into their beds—— but not like the ſtranger, for the reſt either of their minds or bodies; queen *Mab*, like an elf as ſhe was, had taken the ſtranger's noſe, and, without reduction of its bulk, had that night been at the pains of ſlitting and dividing it into as many noſes of different cuts and faſhions, as there were heads in *Straſburg* to hold them. The abbeſs of *Quedlingberg*, who, with the four great dignitaries of her chapter, the prioreſs, the deanneſs, the ſub-chantreſs, and ſenior canoneſs, had that week come to *Straſburg* to conſult the univerſity, upon a caſe of conſcience relating to their placket-holes——was ill all the night.

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The courteous ſtranger's noſe had got perched upon the top of the pineal gland of her brain, and made ſuch rouſing work in the fancies of the four great dignitaries of her chapter, they could not get a wink of ſleep the whole night through for it——there was no keeping a limb ſtill amongſt them——in ſhort they got up like ſo many ghoſts.

The penitentiaries of the third order of Saint *Francis*——the nuns of mount *Calvary*——the *Præmonſtratenſes*——the *Clunienſes* †——the *Carthuſians*, and all the ſeverer orders of nuns who lay that night in blankets or hair-cloth were ſtill in a worſe condition than the abbeſs of *Quedlingberg*——By tumbling and toſſing, and toſſing and tumbling from one ſide of their beds to the other the whole night long—the ſeveral ſiſterhoods had ſcratch'd and maul'd themſelves all to death—they got out of their beds almoſt flay'd alive—every body thought Saint *Antony* had viſited them for probation with his fire——they had never once, in ſhort, ſhut their eyes the whole night long, from veſpers to matins.

The nuns of Saint *Urſula* acted the wiſeſt—they never attempted to go to bed at all.

The dean of *Straſburg*, the perbendaries, the capitulars and domiciliars (capitularly aſſembled in the morning to conſider the caſe of butter'd buns) all wiſhed they had followed the nuns of Saint *Urſula*'s example. In the hurry and confuſion every thing had been in the night before, the bakers had all forgot to lay their leaven—there were no butter'd buns

† *Hafen Slurokenbergius* means the Benedictine nuns of *Cluny*, founded in the year 940, by *Odo* abbe de *Cluny*.

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to be had for breakfaſt in all *Straſburg*——the whole cloſe of the cathedral was in one eternal commotion———Such a cauſe of reſtleſſneſs and diſquietude, and ſuch a zealous inquiry into the cauſe of that reſtleſſneſs, had never happened in *Straſburg*, ſince *Martin Luther*, with his doctrines, had turned the city upſide down.

If the ſtranger's noſe took this liberty of thruſting itſelf thus into the diſhes† of religious orders, &c. what a carnival did his noſe make of it, in thoſe of the laity!——'tis more than my pen, worn to the ſtump as it is, has power to deſcribe, though I acknowledge (*cries* Slawkenbergius, *with more gaiety of thought than I could have expected from him*), that there is many a good ſimile now ſubſiſting in the world, which might give my countrymen ſome idea of it; but at the cloſe of ſuch a folio as this, wrote for their ſakes, and in which I have ſpent the greateſt part of my life—though I own to them the ſimile is in being, yet would it not be unreaſonable in them to expect I ſhould have either time or inclination to ſearch for it? Let it ſuffice to ſay, that the riot and diſorder it occaſioned in the *Straſburghers* fantaſies was ſo general—ſuch an overpowering maſterſhip had it got of all the faculties of the *Straſburghers'* minds——ſo many ſtrange things, with equal confidence on all ſides, and with equal eloquence in all

† Mr. *Shandy*'s compliments to orators—is very ſenſible that *Slawkenbergius* has here changed his metaphor——which he is very guilty of;———that, as a tranſlator, Mr. *Shandy* has all along done what he could to make him ſtick to it—but that here 'twas impoſſible.

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places, were ſpoken and ſworn to concerning it, that it turned the whole ſtream of all diſcourſe and wonder towards it——every ſoul good and bad—rich and poor—learned and unlearned—doctor and ſtudent—miſtreſs and maid—gentle and ſimple—nun's fleſh and woman's fleſh in *Straſburg*, ſpent their time in hearing tidings about it—every eye in *Straſburg* langiſhed to ſee it——every finger—every thumb in *Straſburg* burned to touch it.

Now, what might add, if any thing maybe thought neceſſary to add to ſo vehement a deſire—was this, that the centinel, the bandy-legg'd drummer, the trumpeter, the trumpeter's wife, the burgo-maſter's widow, the maſter of the inn, and the maſter of the inn's wife, how widely ſoever they all differed every one from another in their teſtimonies and deſcription of the ſtranger's noſe——they all agreed together in two points—namely, that he was gone to *Frankfort*, and would not return to *Straſburg* till that day month; and, ſecondly, whether his noſe was true or falſe, that the ſtranger himſelf was one of the moſt perfect paragons of beauty—the fineſt made man!—the moſt genteel!——the moſt generous of his purſe—the moſt courteous in his carriage, that had ever entered the gates of *Straſburg*——that as he rode, with his ſimitar ſlung looſely to his wriſt, through the ſtreets—and walked with his crimſon-ſatin breeches acroſs the parade—'twas with ſo ſweet an air of careleſs modeſty, and ſo manly withal—as would have put the heart in jeopardy (had his noſe not ſtood in his way) of every virgin who had caſt her eyes upon him.

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I call not upon that heart which is a ſtranger to the throbs and yearnings of curioſity, ſo excited, to juſtify the abbeſs of *Quedlingberg*, the prioreſs, the deaneſs and ſub-chantreſs, for ſending at noon-day for the trumpeter's wife: ſhe went through the ſtreets of *Straſburg* with her huſband's trumpet in her hand—the beſt apparatus the ſtraitneſs of the time would allow her, for the illuſtration of her theory—ſhe ſtaid no longer than three days.

The centinel and the bandy-legg'd drummer!——nothing on this ſide of old *Athens* could equal them! they read their lectures under the city gates to comers and goers, with all the pomp of a *Chryſippus* and a *Crantor* in their porticoes.

The maſter of the inn, with his oſtler on his left hand, read his alſo in the ſame ſtyle,——under the portico or gateway of his ſtable-yard——his wife, her's more privately in a back room: all flocked to their lectures; not promiſcuouſly—but to this or that, as is ever the way, as faith or credulity marſhall'd them—in a word, each *Straſburgher* came crowding for intelligence—and every *Straſburgher* had the intelligence he wanted.

'Tis worth remarking, for the benefit of all demonſtrators in natural philoſophy, &c. that as ſoon as the trumpeter's wife had finiſhed the abbeſs of *Quedlingberg*'s private lecture, and had begun to read in public, which ſhe did upon a ſtool in the middle of the great parade—ſhe incommoded the other demonſtrators mainly, by gaining incontinently the moſt faſhionable part of the city of *Straſburg* for her auditory—But when a demonſtrator in phi-

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loſophy (cries *Slawkenbergius*) has a trumpet for an apparatus, pray what rival in ſcience can pretend to be heard beſides him?

Whilſt the unlearned, through theſe conduits of intelligence, were all buſied in getting down to the bottom of the well, where TRUTH keeps her little court——were the learned in their way as buſy in pumping her up through the conduits of dialect induction——they concerned themſelves not with facts—they reaſoned.—

Not one profeſſion had thrown more light upon this ſubject than the faculty——had not all their diſputes about it run into the affair of *Wens* and œdematous ſwellings, they could not keep clear of them for their bloods and ſouls——the ſtranger's noſe had nothing to do either with wens or œdematous ſwellings.

It was demonſtrated, however, very ſatisfactorily, that ſuch a ponderous maſs of heterogeneous matter could not be congeſted and conglomerated to the noſe, whilſt the infant was *in Utero*, without deſtroying the ſtatical balance of the fœtus, and throwing it plump upon its head nine months before the time.—

—The opponents granted the theory—they denied the conſequences.

And if a ſuitable proviſion of veins, arteries, &c. ſaid they, was not laid in, for the due nouriſhment of ſuch a noſe, in the very firſt ſtamina and rudiments of its formation before it came into the world (bating the caſe of wens) it could not regularly grow and be ſuſtained afterwards.

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This was all anſwered by a diſſertation upon nutriment, and the effect which nutriment had in extending the veſſels, and in the increaſe and prolongation of the muſcular parts to the greateſt growth and expanſion imaginable——In the triumph of which theory, they went ſo far as to affirm, that there was no cauſe in nature, why a noſe might not grow to the ſize of the man himſelf.

The reſpondents ſatisfied the world this event could never happen to them ſo long as a man had but one ſtomach and one pair of lungs——For the ſtomach, ſaid they, being the only organ deſtined for the reception of food, and turning it into chyle,——and the lungs the only engine of ſanguification——it could poſſibly work off no more, than what the appetite brought it: or admitting the poſſibility of a man's overloading his ſtomach, nature had ſet bounds however to his lungs——the engine was of a determined ſize and ſtrength, and could elaborate but a certain quantity in a given time,——that is, it could produce juſt as much blood as was ſufficient for one ſingle man, and no more; ſo that, if there was as much noſe as man—they proved a mortification muſt neceſſarily enſue; and foraſmuch as there could not be a ſupport for both, that the noſe muſt either fall off from the man, or the man inevitably fall off from his noſe.

Nature accommodates herſelf to theſe emergencies, cried the opponents——elſe what do you ſay to the caſe of a whole ſtomach——a whole pair of lungs, and but *half* a man, when both his legs have been unfortunately ſhot off?

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He dies of a plethora, ſaid they——or muſt ſpit blood, and in a fortnight or three weeks go off in a conſumption.——

It happens otherwiſe—replied the opponents.—

It ought not, ſaid they.

The more curious and intimate inquirers after nature and her doings, though they went hand in hand a good way together, yet they all divided about the noſe at laſt, almoſt as much as the faculty itſelf.

They amicably laid it down, that there was a juſt and geometrical arrangement and proportion of the ſeveral parts of the human frame to its ſeveral deſtinations, offices, and functions, which could not be tranſgreſſed but within certain limits——that Nature, though ſhe ſported—ſhe ſported within a certain circle;—and they could not agree about the diameter of it.

The logicians ſtuck much cloſer to the point before them than any of the claſſes of the literati;——they began and ended with the word Noſe; and had it not been for a *petitio principii*, which one of the ableſt of them ran his head againſt in the beginning of the combat, the whole controverſy had been ſettled at once.

A noſe, argued the logician, cannot bleed without blood——and not only blood——but blood circulating in it to ſupply the phenomenon with a ſucceſſion of drops——a ſtream being but a quicker ſucceſſion of drops, that is included, ſaid he—Now death, continued the logician, being nothing but the ſtagnation of the blood——

I deny the definition—Death is the ſeparation of

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the ſoul from the body, ſaid his antagoniſt——— Then we don't agree about our weapons, ſaid the logician——Then there is an end of the diſpute, replied the antagoniſt.

The civilians were ſtill more conciſe; what they offered being more in the nature of a decree, than a diſpute.

—Such a monſtrous noſe, ſaid they, had it been a true noſe, could not poſſibly have been ſuffered in civil ſociety—and if falſe—to impoſe upon ſociety with ſuch falſe ſigns and tokens, was a ſtill greater violation of its rights, and muſt have had ſtill leſs mercy ſhown it.

The only objection to this was, that if it proved any thing, it proved the ſtranger's noſe was neither true nor falſe.

This left room for the controverſy to go on. It was maintained by the advocates of the eccleſiaſtic court, that there was nothing to inhibit a decree, ſince the ſtranger *ex mero motu*, had confeſſed he had been at the Promontory of Noſes, and had got one of the goodlieſt, &c. &c.—To this it was anſwered, it was impoſſible there ſhould be ſuch a place as the Promontory of Noſes, and the learned be ignorant where it lay. The commiſſary of the biſhop of *Strafburg* undertook the advocate's part, and explained this matter in a treatiſe upon proverbial phraſes, ſhowing them, that the Promontory of Noſes was a mere allegoric expreſſion, importing no more, than that nature had given him a long noſe; in proof of which, with great learning, he cited the un-

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der-written authorities, * which had decided the point inconteſtibly, had it not appeared that a diſpute about ſome franchiſes of dean and chapter-lands had been determined by it nineteen years before.

It happened—I muſt not ſay unluckily for Truth, becauſe they were giving her a lift another way in ſo doing;—that the two univerſities of *Straſburg*—the *Lutheran*, founded in the year 1538, by *Jacobus Surmis*, counſellor of the ſenate,—and the *Popiſh*, founded by *Leopold*, archduke of *Auſtria*, were, during all this time, employing the whole depth of their knowledge (except juſt what the affair of the abbeſs of *Quedlingberg*'s placket-holes required)—in determining the point of *Martin Luther*'s damnation.

The *Popiſh* doctors had undertaken to demonſtrate, *a priori*, that from the neceſſary influence of the planets on the twenty-ſecond day of *October* 1483—when the Moon was in the twelfth houſe—*Jupiter*, *Mars*, and *Venus*, in the third—the *Sun*, *Saturn*, and

* Nonnulli ex noſtratibus eadem loquendi formula utun. Quinmo et Logiſtæ et Canoniſtæ—Vid. Parce Barne Jas, in d. L. Provincial. Conſtitut. de conjec. vid. Vol. Lib. 4. Titul. 1. n. 7. qua etiam in re conſpir. Om de Promontorio Naſ. Tichmack. ff. d. tit 3. fol. 189. paſſim. Vid. Gloſ. de contrahend. empt. &c. necnon J. Scrudr. in cap. 5 refut. per totum. Cum his conf. Revers. J. Tubal, Sentent. & Prov. cap. 9. ff. 11, 12. obiter. V. et Librum, cui Tit. de Terris & Phraſ. Belg. ad finem, cum comment. N. Bardy Belg. Vid. Scrip. Argentotarenſ. de Antiq. Ecc. in Epiſc. Archiv. fid. coll. per Von Jacobum Koinſhoven Folio Argent. 1583. præcip. ad finem, Quibus add Rebuff in L. obvinire de Signif. Nom. ff. fol. & de jure Gent. & Civil. de protib. aliena feud. per feoera, teſt. Joha Luxius in prolegom. quem velim videas, de Analy. Cap. 1, 2, 3. Vid. Idea.

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Mercury, all got together in the fourth———that he muſt in courſe, and unavoidably, be a damn'd man—and that his doctrines, by a direct corolary, muſt be damn'd doctrines too.

By inſpection into his horoſcope, where five planets were in coition all at once with *Scorpio* * (in reading this, my father would always ſhake his head) in the ninth houſe, which the *Arabians* allotted to religion—it appeared that *Martin Luther* did not care one ſtiver about the matter—and that from the horoſcope directed to the conjunction of *Mars* ———they made it plain likewiſe he muſt die curſing and blaſpheming—with the blaſt of which, his ſoul (being ſteep'd in guilt) ſailed before the wind, in the lake of hell-fire.

The little objection of the *Lutheran* doctors to this was, that it muſt certainly be the ſoul of another man, born *Oct.* 22, 83, which was forced to fail down before the wind in that manner——inaſmuch as it appeared from the regiſter of *Iſlaben*, in the county of *Mansfelt*, that *Luther* was not born in the year 1483, but in 84; and not on the 22d day of *October*, but on the 10th of *November*, the eve of

* Hæc mira, ſatiſque horrenda. Planetarum coitio ſub Scorpio Aſteriſmo in nona cœli ſtatione, quam Arabes religioni deputabant efficit *Martinum Lutherum* ſacrilegum hæreticum, Chriſtianæ religionis hoſtem acerrimum atque prophanum, ex horoſcopi directione ad Martis coitum, religioſiſſimus obiit, ejus Anima ſceleſtiſſima ad infernos navigavit—ab Alecto, Tiſiphone et Megara flagellis igneis cruciata perenniter.

—Lucas Gaurieus in Tractatu aſtrologico de præteritis multorum hominum accidentibus per geniturus examinatis.

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Martinmas day, from whence he had the name of *Martin*.

[——I muſt break off my tranſlation for a moment; for, if I did not, I know I ſhould no more be able to ſhut my eyes in bed, than the abbeſs of *Quedlingberg*—It is to tell the reader that my father never read this paſſage of *Slawkenbergius* to my uncle *Toby*, but with triumph——not over my uncle *Toby*, for he never oppoſed him in it—but over the whole world.

——Now you ſee, brother *Toby*, he would ſay, looking up, "that Chriſtian names are not ſuch in-"different things;"—had *Luther* here been called by any other name but *Martin*, he would have been damn'd to all eternity———Not that I look upon *Martin*, he would add, as a good name—far from it—'tis ſomething better than a neutral, and but a little—yet, little as it is, you ſee it is of ſome ſervice to him.

My father knew the weakneſs of this prop to his hypotheſis, as well as the beſt logician could ſhow him—yet, ſo ſtrange is the weakneſs of man, at the ſame time, as it fell in his way, he could not for his life but make uſe of it; and it was certainly for this reaſon, that though there are many ſtories in *Hafen Slawkenbergius*'s Decades full as entertaining as that I am tranſlating, yet there is not one amongſt them which my father read over with half the delight—it flattered two of his ſtrangeſt hypotheſes together ——his NAMES and his NOSES——I will be bold to ſay, he might have read all the books in the *Alexan-*

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Arian library, had not fate taken other care of them, and not have met with a book or a paſſage in one, which hit two ſuch nails as theſe upon the head at one ſtroke.]

The two univerſities of *Straſburg* were hard tugging at this affair of *Luther's* Navigation. The Proteſtant doctors had demonſtrated, that he had not ſailed right before the wind, as the Popiſh doctors had pretended; and as every one knew there was no ſailing full in the teeth of it—they were going to ſettle, in caſe he had ſailed, how many points he was off: whether *Martin* had doubled the cape, or had fallen upon a lee-ſhore; and, no doubt, as it was an inquiry of much edification, at leaſt to thoſe who underſtood this ſort of NAVIGATION, they had gone on with it, in ſpite of the ſize of the ſtranger's noſe, had not the ſize of the ſtranger's noſe drawn off the attention of the world from what they were about —it was their buſineſs to follow.

The abbeſs of *Quedlingberg* and her four dignitaries was no ſtop; for the enormity of the ſtranger's noſe running full as much in their fancies, as their caſe of conſcience——the affair of their placket-holes kept cold——in a word, the printers were ordered to diſtribute their types———all controverſies dropp'd.

'Twas a ſquare cap, with a ſilver taſſel upon the crown of it——to a nut-ſhell——to have gueſſed on which ſide of the noſe the two univerſities would ſplit.

'Tis above reaſon, cried the doctors on one ſide.

'Tis below reaſon, cried the others.

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'Tis faith, cried the one.

'Tis a fiddleſtick, ſaid the other.

'Tis poſſible, cried the one.

'Tis impoſſible, ſaid the other.

God's power is infinite, cried the Noſarians, he can do any thing.

He can do nothing, replied the Antinoſarians, which implies contradictions.

He can make matter think, ſaid the Noſarians.

As certainly as you can make a velvet cap out of a ſow's ear, replied the Antinoſarians.

He cannot make two and two five, replied the Popiſh doctors———'Tis falſe, ſaid their other opponents.

Infinite power is infinite power, ſaid the doctors who maintained the *reality* of the noſe.—It extends only to all poſſible things, replied the *Lutherans*.

By God in heaven, cried the Popiſh doctors, he can make a noſe, if he thinks fit, as big as the ſteeple of *Straſburg*.

Now, the ſteeple of *Straſburg* being the biggeſt and the talleſt church-ſteeple to be ſeen in the whole world, the Antinoſarians denied that a noſe of 575 geometrical feet in length could be worn, at leaſt by a middle-ſized man———The Popiſh doctors ſwore it could———The *Lutheran* doctors ſaid No;—it could not.

This at once ſtarted a new diſpute, which they purſued a great way, upon the extent and limitation of the moral and natural attributes of God.——That controverſy led them naturally into *Thomas Aquinas*, and *Thomas Aquinas* to the devil.

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The ſtranger's noſe was no more heard of in the diſpute——it juſt ſerved as a frigate to launch them into the gulph of ſchool-divinity,—and then they all ſailed before the wind.

Heat is in proportion to the want of true knowledge.

The controverſy about the attributes, &c. inſtead of cooling, on the contrary, had inflamed the *Straſburghers'* imaginations to a moſt inordinate degree.—The leſs they underſtood of the matter, the greater was their wonder about it—they were left in all the diſtreſſes of deſire unſatisfied,———ſaw their doctors the *Parchmentarians*, the *Braſſarians*, the *Turpentarians*, on the one ſide——the Popiſh doctors on the other, like *Pantagruel* and his companions in queſt of the oracle of the bottle, all embarked and out of ſight.

——The poor *Straſburghers* left upon the beach!

—What was to be done?—No delay—the uproar increaſed—every one in diſorder—the city gates ſet open—

Unfortunate *Straſburghers!* was there in the ſtore-houſe of nature—was there in the lumber-rooms of learning—was there in the great arſenal of chance, one ſingle engine left undrawn forth to torture your curioſities, and ſtretch your deſires, which was not pointed by the hand of fate, to play upon your hearts!—I dip not my pen into my ink, to excuſe the ſurrender of yourſelves—'tis to write your panegyric. Show me a city ſo macerated with expectation——who neither eat, or drank, or ſlept, or prayed, or hearkened to the calls either of religion or

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nature for ſeven and twenty days together, who could have held out one day longer.

On the twenty-eighth, the courteous ſtranger had promiſed to return to *Straſburg*.

Seven thouſand coaches (*Slawkenbergius* muſt certainly have made ſome miſtake in his numeral characters) 7000 coaches—15,000 ſingle horſe chairs—20,000 waggons, crowded as full as they could all hold, with ſenators, counſellors, ſyndicks——beguines, widows, wives, virgins, canons, concubines, all in their coaches——the abbeſs of *Quedlingberg*, with the prioreſs, the deaneſs and ſub-chantreſs, leading the proceſſion in one coach, and the dean of *Straſburg*, with the four great dignitaries of his chapter, on her left hand—the reſt following higgledy-piggledy as they could; ſome on horſeback—ſome on foot—ſome led—ſome driven—ſome down the *Rhine*—ſome this way—ſome that——all ſet out at ſun-riſe, to meet the courteous ſtranger on the road.

Haſte we now towards the cataſtrophe of my tale ——I ſay *Cataſtrophe* (cries *Slawkenbergius*) inaſmuch as a tale, with parts, rightly diſpoſed, not only rejoiceth (*gaudet*) in the *Cataſtrophe* and *Peripeitia* of a DRAMA, but rejoiceth moreover in all the eſſential and integrant parts of it——it has its *Protaſis*, *Epitaſis*, *Cataſtaſis*, its *Cataſtrophe* or *Peripeitia* growing one out of the other in it, in the order *Ariſtotle* firſt planted them——without which a tale had better never be told at all, ſays *Slawkenbergius*, but be kept to a man's ſelf.

In all my ten tales, in all my ten decades, have I, *Slawkenbergius*, tied down every tale of them as

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rightly to this rule, as I have done this of the ſtranger and his noſe.

—From this firſt parley with the centinel, to his leaving the city of *Straſburgh*, after pulling off his crimſon-ſatin pair of breeches, is the *Protaſis*, or firſt entrance——where the characters of the *Perſonæ Dramatis* are juſt touched in, and the ſubject ſlightly begun.

The *Epitaſis*, wherein the action is more fully entered upon and heightened, till it arrives at its ſtate or height, called the *Cataſtaſis*, and which uſually takes up the 2d and 3d acts, is included within that buſy period of my tale, betwixt the firſt night's uproar about the noſe, to the concluſion of the trumpeter's wife's lectures upon it in the middle of the grand parade; and from the firſt embarking of the learned in the diſpute—to the doctor's finally ſailing away, and leaving the *Straſburghers* upon the beach in diſtreſs, is the *Cataſtaſis*, or the ripening of the incidents and paſſions, for their burſting forth in the fifth act.

This commences with the ſetting out of the *Straſburghers* in the *Frankfort* road, and terminates in unwinding the labyrinth, and bringing the hero out of a ſtate of agitation (as *Ariſtotle* calls it) to a ſtate of reſt and quietneſs.

This, ſays *Hafen Slawkenbergius*, conſtitutes the *Cataſtrophe* or *Peripeitia* of my tale——and that is the part of it I am going to relate.

—We left the ſtranger behind the curtain aſleep—he enters now upon the ſtage.

——What doſt thou prick up thy ears at?——'tis

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nothing but a man upon a horſe——was the laſt word the ſtranger uttered to his mule. It was not proper then to tell the reader, that the mule took his maſter's word for it; and without any more *ifs* or *ands*, let the traveller and his horſe paſs by.

The traveller was haſtening with all diligence, to get to *Straſburg* that night—What a fool am I, ſaid the traveller to himſelf, when he had rode about a league farther, to think of getting into *Straſburg* this night——*Straſburg!*——the great *Straſburg*,—*Straſburg*, the capital of all *Alſatia! Straſburg*, an imperial city! *Straſburg*, a ſovereign ſtate! *Straſburg*, garriſoned with five thouſand of the beſt troops in all the world!—Alas! if I was at the gates of *Straſburg* this moment, I could not gain admittance into it for a ducat—nay, a ducat and a half—'tis too much—better go back to the laſt inn I have paſſed——than lie, I know not where——or give, I know not what. The traveller, as he made theſe reflections in his mind, turned his horſe's head about, and three minutes after the ſtranger had been conducted into his chamber, he arrived at the ſame inn.

——We have bacon in the houſe, ſaid the hoſt, and bread—and till eleven o'clock this night had three eggs in it——But a ſtranger, who arrived an hour ago, has had them dreſſed into an omelet, and we have nothing.—

Alas! ſaid the traveller, harraſſed as I am, I want nothing but a bed—I have one as ſoft as is in *Alſatia*, ſaid the hoſt.

—The ſtranger, continued he, ſhould have ſlept in it, for 'tis my beſt bed, but upon the ſcore of his

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nose——He has got a defluction, said the traveller—Not that I know, cried the host—But 'tis a camp-bed, and *Jacinta*, said he, looking towards the maid, imagined there was not room in it to turn his nose in—Why so? cried the traveller, starting back—It is so long a nose, replied the host—The traveller fixed his eyes upon *Jacinta*, then upon the ground——kneeled upon his right knee—had just got his hand laid upon his breast—Trifle not with my anxiety, said he, rising up again——'Tis no trifle, said *Jacinta*, 'tis the most glorious nose!—The traveller fell upon his knee again——laid his hand upon his breast—Then, said he, looking up to heaven, thou hast conducted me to the end of my pilgrimage—'tis *Diego!*

The traveller was the brother of the *Julia*, so often invoked that night by the stranger, as he rode from *Strasburg* upon his mule; and was come, on her part, in quest of him. He had accompanied his sister from *Valadolid* across the *Pyrenean* mountains, thro' *France*, and had many an entangled skein to wind off in pursuit of him, through the many meanders and abrupt turnings of a lover's thorny tracks.

—*Julia* had sunk under it——and had not been able to go a step farther than to *Lyons*, where, with the many disquietudes of a tender heart, which all talk of——but few feel——she sicken'd, but had just strength to write a letter to *Diego;* and, having conjured her brother never to see her face till he had found him out, and put the letter into his hands, *Julia* took to her bed.

Fernandez (for that was her brother's name),—though the camp-bed was as soft as any one in *Al-*

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face, yet he could not ſhut his eyes in it.——As ſoon as it was day, he roſe, and hearing *Diego* was riſen too, he entered his chamber, and diſcharged his ſiſter's commiſſion.

The letter was as follows:

"Seig. DIEGO,

"Whether my ſuſpicions of your noſe were juſtly "excited or not——'tis not now to enquire—it is "enough I have not had firmneſs to put them to "farther trial.

"How could I know ſo little of myſelf, when I "ſent my *Duenna* to forbid your coming more un- "der my lattice? or how could I know ſo little of "you, *Diego*, as to imagine you would not have "ſtaid one day in *Valadolid* to have given eaſe to "my doubts?—Was I to be abandoned, *Diego*, be- "cauſe I was deceived? or was it kind to take me "at my word, whether my ſuſpicions were juſt or "no, and leave me, as you did, a prey to much "uncertainty and ſorrow?

"In what manner *Julia* has reſented this—my "brother, when he puts this letter into your hands, "will tell you: He will tell you in how few mo- "ments ſhe repented of the raſh meſſage ſhe had "ſent you—in what frantic haſte ſhe flew to her "lattice, and how many days and nights together "ſhe leaned immoveably upon her elbow, looking "through it towards the way which *Diego* was "wont to come.

"He will tell you, when ſhe heard of your de- "parture—how her ſpirits deſerted her—how her

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"heart ſicken'd—how piteouſly ſhe mourn'd—how "long ſhe hung her head. O *Diego!* how many "weary ſteps has my brother's pity led me by the "hand, languiſhing to trace out your's! how far "has deſire carried me beyond ſtrength—and how "oft have I fainted by the way, and ſunk into his "arms, with only power to cry out—O my *Diego!*

"If the gentleneſs of your carriage has not belied "your heart, you will fly to me, almoſt as faſt as "you fled from me——haſte as you will, you will "arrive but to ſee me expire.—'Tis a bitter draught, "*Diego*, but oh! 'tis embitter'd ſtill more by dying "*un*—."

She could proceed no farther.

Slawkenbergius ſuppoſes the word intended was *unconvinced*, but her ſtrength would not enable her to finiſh her letter.

The heart of the courteous *Diego* overflowed as he read the letter—he ordered his mule forthwith, and *Fernandez*'s horſe to be ſaddled; and as no vent in proſe is equal to that of poetry in ſuch conflicts—Chance, which as often directs us to remedies as to *diſeaſes*, having thrown a piece of charcoal into the window—*Diego* availed himſelf of it, and, whilſt the other was getting ready his mule, he eaſed his mind againſt the wall as follows:

ODE.

Harſh and untuneful are the notes of love,
Unleſs my Julia ſtrikes the key,

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Her hand alone can touch the part,
Whose dulcet move-
ment charms the heart,
And governs all the man with sympathetic sway.

2d.

O Julia!

The lines were very natural—for they were nothing at all to the purpose, says *Slawkenbergius*, and 'tis a pity there were no more of them; but whether it was that Seig. *Diego* was slow in composing verses ——or the ostler quick in saddling mules—— is not averred; certain it was, that *Diego*'s mule and *Fernandez*'s horse were ready at the door of the inn, before *Diego* was ready for his second stanza; so without staying to finish his ode, they both mounted, sallied forth, passed the *Rhine*, traversed *Alsace*, shaped their course towards *Lyons*, and before the *Strasburghers* and the abbess of *Quedlingberg* had set out on their cavalcade, had *Fernandez*, *Diego*, and his *Julia* crossed the *Pyrenean* mountains, and got safe to *Valadolid*.

'Tis needless to inform the geographical reader, that when *Diego* was in *Spain*, it was not possible to meet the courteous stranger in the *Frankfort* road; it is enough to say, that of all restless desires, curiosity being the strongest—the *Strasburghers* felt the full force of it; and that for three days and nights they were tossed to and fro in the *Frankfort* road, with the tempestuous fury of this passion, before they could submit to return home—when, alas! an

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event was prepared for them, of all others the moſt grievous that could befal a free people.

As this revolution of the *Straſburghers* affairs is often ſpoken of, and little underſtood, I will, in ten words, ſays *Slawkenbergius*, give the world an explanation of it, and with it put an end to my tale.

Every body knows of the grand ſyſtem of Univerſal Monarchy, wrote by order of Monſ. *Colbert*, and put in manuſcript into the hands of *Lewis* the Fourteenth, in the year 1664.

'Tis as well known, that one branch out of many of that ſyſtem, was the getting poſſeſſion of *Straſburg*, to favour an entrance at all times into *Suabia*, in order to diſturb the quiet of *Germany*—and that, in conſequence of this plan, *Straſburg* unhappily fell at length into their hands.

It is the lot of few to trace out the true ſprings of this and ſuch like revolutions——The vulgar look too high for them—Stateſmen look too low—Truth (for once) lies in the middle.

What a fatal thing is the popular pride of a free city! cries one hiſtorian—The *Straſburghers* deemed it a diminution of their freedom to receive an imperial garriſon—ſo fell a prey to a *French* one.

The fate, ſays another, of the *Straſburghers*, may be a warning to all free people to ſave their money. —They anticipated their revenues—brought themſelves under taxes, exhauſted their ſtrength, and in the end, became ſo weak a people, they had not ſtrength to keep their gates ſhut, and ſo the *French* puſhed them open.

Alas! alas! cries *Slawkenbergius*, 'twas not the

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French——'twas CURIOSITY puſhed them open——The *French*, indeed, who are ever upon the catch, when they ſaw the *Straſburghers*, men, women, and children, all marched out to follow the ſtranger's noſe—each man followed his own, and marched in.

Trade and manufactures have decayed and gradually grown down ever ſince——but not from any cauſe which commercial heads have aſſigned; for it is owing to this only, that Noſes have ever ſo run in their heads, that the *Straſburghers* could not follow their buſineſs.

Alas! alas! cries *Slawkenbergius*, making an exclamation——it is not the firſt——and I fear will not be the laſt fortreſs that has been either won—or loſt by NOSES.

The END of *Slawkenbergius*'s TALE.

CHAP. I.

WITH all this learning upon Noſes running perpetually in my father's fancy——with ſo many family prejudices——and ten decades of ſuch tales running on for ever along with them——how was it poſſible, with ſuch exquiſite——Was it a true noſe?—that a man with ſuch exquiſite feelings as my father had, could bear the ſhock at all below ſtairs, or indeed above ſtairs, in any other poſture than the very poſture I have deſcribed?

——Throw yourſelf down upon the bed, a dozen times——taking care only to place a looking-glaſs firſt in a chair on one ſide of it, before you do it—

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But was the ſtranger's noſe a true noſe—or was it a falſe one?

To tell that beforehand, Madam, would be to do injury to one of the beſt tales in the Chriſtian world; and that is the tenth of the tenth decade, which immediately follows this.

This tale, cried *Slawkenbergius*, ſomewhat exultingly, has been reſerved by me for the concluding tale of my whole work; knowing right well, that when I ſhall have told it, and my reader ſhall have read it through—'twould be even high time for both of us to ſhut up the book; inaſmuch, continues *Slawkenbergius*, as I know of no tale which could poſſibly ever go down after after it.

—'Tis a tale indeed!

This ſets out with the firſt interview in the inn at *Lyons*, when *Fernandez* left the courteous ſtranger and his ſiſter *Julia* alone in her chamber, and is overwritten,

The Intricacies

of

Diego and *Julia*.

Heavens! thou art a ſtrange creature, *Slawkenbergius!* what a whimſical view of the involutions of the heart of woman haſt thou opened! how this can ever be tranſlated! and yet if this ſpecimen of *Slawkenbergius*'s tales, and the exquiſiteneſs of his moral ſhould pleaſe the world—tranſlated ſhall a couple of volumes be:——Elſe, how this can ever

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be tranſlated into good *Engliſh*, I have no ſort of conception.——There ſeems in ſome paſſages, to want a ſixth ſenſe to do it rightly —What can he mean by a lambent pupilability of ſlow, low, dry chat, five notes below the natural tone,——which you know, Madam, is little more than a whiſper? The moment I pronounced the words, I could perceive an attempt towards a vibration in the ſtrings, about the region of the heart.—The brain made no acknowledgment.—There's often no good underſtanding betwixt 'em.——I felt as if I underſtood it.—I had no ideas.—The movement could not be without cauſe.—I'm loſt. I can make nothing of it,——unleſs, may it pleaſe your worſhips, the voice in that caſe being little more than a whiſper, unavoidably forces the eyes to approach, not only within ſix inches of each other—but to look into the pupils—is not that dangerous?——but it can't be avoided—for to look up to the ceiling in that caſe, the two chins unavoidably meet—and to look down into each others lap, the foreheads come into immediate contact, which at once puts an end to the conference—I mean to the ſentimental part of it. ——What is left, Madam, is not worth ſtooping for.

CHAP. II.

My father lay ſtretched acroſs the bed, as ſtill as if the hand of death had puſhed him down, for a full hour and a half before he began to play upon the floor with the toe of that foot which hung over the

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bed-side; my uncle *Toby*'s heart was a pound lighter for it.——In a few moments, his left hand, the knuckles of which had all the time reclined upon the handle of the chamber-pot, came to its feeling ——he thrust it a little more within the valance—drew up his hand, when he had done, into his bosom—gave a hem!——My good uncle *Toby*, with infinite pleasure, answered it, and full gladly would have ingrafted a sentence of consolation upon the opening it afforded; but having no talents, as I said, that way, and fearing moreover that he might set out with something which might make a bad matter worse, he contented himself with resting his chin placidly upon the cross of his crutch.

Now, whether the compression shortened my uncle *Toby*'s face into a more pleasurable oval——or that the philanthropy of his heart, in seeing his brother beginning to emerge out of the sea of his afflictions, had braced up his muscles,——so that the compression upon his chin only doubled the benignity which was there before, is not hard to decide.—My father, in turning his eyes was struck with such a gleam of sun-shine in his face, as melted down the sullenness of his grief in a moment.

He broke silence as follows.

CHAP. III.

Did ever man, brother *Toby*, cried my father, raising himself upon his elbow, and turning himself round to the opposite side of the bed where my uncle *Toby* was sitting in his old fringed chair, with

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his chin reſting upon his crutch—did ever a poor unfortunate man, brother *Toby*, cried my father, receive ſo many laſhes?—the moſt I ever ſaw given, quoth my uncle *Toby*, (ringing the bell at the bed's head for *Trim*) was to a grenadier, I think, in *M'Kay*'s regiment.

—Had my uncle *Toby* ſhot a bullet through my father's heart, he could not have fallen down, with his noſe upon the quilt more ſuddenly.

Bleſs me! ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

CHAP. IV.

WAS it *M'Kay*'s regiment, quoth my uncle *Toby*, where the poor grenadier was ſo unmercifully whipp'd at *Bruges* about the ducats?——O Chriſt! he was innocent! cried *Trim*, with a deep ſigh.—And he was whipp'd, may it pleaſe your honour, almoſt to death's door.—They had better have ſhot him outright, as he begg'd, and he had gone directly to heaven, for he was as innocent as your honour.—I thank thee, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*. I never think of his, continued *Trim*, and my poor brother *Tom*'s misfortunes, for we were all three ſchool-fellows, but I cry like a coward.—Tears are no proof of cowardice, *Trim*,—I drop them oft-times myſelf, cried my uncle *Toby*—I know your honour does, replied *Trim*, and ſo am not aſhamed of it myſelf.—But to think, may it pleaſe your honour, continued *Trim*, a tear ſtealing into the corner of his eye as he ſpoke—to think of two virtuous lads, with hearts as warm in their bodies, and as honeſt as God could

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make them—the children of honeſt people, going forth with gallant ſpirits to ſeek their fortunes in the world——and fall into ſuch evils! poor *Tom!* to be tortured upon a rack for nothing—but marrying a Jew's widow who ſold ſauſages——honeſt *Dick Johnſon*'s ſoul to be ſcourged out of his body for the ducats another man put into his knapſack!—O!—theſe are misfortunes, cried *Trim*, pulling out his handkerchief—theſe are misfortunes, may it pleaſe your honour, worth lying down and crying over.

—My father could not help bluſhing.

—'Twould be a pity, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, thou ſhould'ſt ever feel ſorrow of thy own,—thou feeleſt it ſo tenderly for others.—Alack-o-day, replied the corporal, brightening up his face—your honour knows I have neither wife or child—I can have no ſorrows in this world.—My father could not help ſmiling.—As few as any man, *Trim*, replied my uncle *Toby*; nor can I ſee how a fellow of thy light heart can ſuffer, but from the diſtreſs of poverty in thy old age—when thou art paſt all ſervices, *Trim*,——and haſt outlived thy friends.—An'pleaſe your honour, never fear, replied *Trim* cheerily.—But I would have thee never fear, *Trim*, replied my uncle *Toby*; and therefore, continued my uncle *Toby* throwing down his crutch, and getting up upon his legs as he uttered the word *therefore*——in recompenſe, *Trim*, of thy long fidelity to me, and that goodneſs of thy heart I have had ſuch proofs of—whilſt thy maſter is worth a ſhilling—thou ſhalt never aſk elſewhere, *Trim*, for a penny. *Trim* attempted to thank my uncle *Toby*——but had not

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power——tears trickled down his cheeks faſter than he could wipe them off.—He laid his hands upon his breaſt——made a bow to the ground, and ſhut the door.

—I have left *Trim* my bowling-green, cried my uncle *Toby*—My father ſmiled.—I have left him moreover a penſion, continued my uncle *Toby*.—My father looked grave.

CHAP. V.

Is this a fit time, ſaid my father to himſelf, to talk of PENSIONS and GRENADIERS!

CHAP. VI.

When my uncle *Toby* firſt mentioned the grenadier, my father, I ſaid, fell down with his noſe flat to the quilt, and as ſuddenly as if my uncle *Toby* had ſhot him; but it was not added, that every other limb and member of my father inſtantly relapſed with his noſe into the ſame preciſe attitude in which he lay firſt deſcribed; ſo that when Corporal *Trim* left the room, and my father found himſelf diſpoſed to riſe off the bed,—he had all the little preparatory movements to run over again, before he could do it. Attitudes are nothing, Madam,—'tis the tranſition from one attitude to another——like the preparation and reſolution of the diſcord into harmony, which is all in all.

For which reaſon my father played the ſame jig over again with his toe upon the floor——puſhed the

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chamber-pot ſtill a little farther within the valance—gave a hem—raiſed himſelf up upon his elbow—and was juſt beginning to addreſs himſelf to my uncle *Toby*——when recollecting the unſucceſsfulneſs of his firſt effort in that attitude,——he got up upon his legs, and in making the third turn acroſs the room, he ſtopped ſhort before my uncle *Toby*; and laying the three firſt fingers of his right hand in the palm of his left, and ſtooping a little, he addreſſed himſelf to my uncle *Toby* as follows:

CHAP. VII.

WHEN I reflect, brother *Toby*, upon MAN, and take a view of that dark ſide of him which repreſents his life as open to ſo many cauſes of trouble——when I conſider, brother *Toby*, how oft we eat the bread of affliction, and that we are born to it, as to the portion of our inheritance——I was born to nothing, quoth my uncle *Toby*, interrupting my father——but my commiſſion. Zooks! ſaid my father, did not my uncle leave you an hundred and twenty pounds a-year? What could I have done without it? replied my uncle *Toby*——That's another concern, ſaid my father teſtily—But I ſay, *Toby*, when one runs over the catalogue of all the croſs reckonings and ſorrowful *items* with which the heart of man is overcharged, 'tis wonderful by what hidden reſources the mind is enabled to ſtand out, and bear itſelf up as it does, againſt the impoſitions laid upon our nature.——'Tis by the aſſiſtance of Almighty God, cried my uncle *Toby*, looking up, and preſſing

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the palms of his hands close together——'tis not from our own strength, brother *Shandy*——a centinel in a wooden centry-box, might as well pretend to stand it out against a detachment of fifty men——we are upheld by the grace and the assistance of the best of Beings.

——That is cutting the knot, said my father, instead of untying it.—But give me leave to lead you, brother *Toby*, a little deeper into the mystery.

With all my heart, replied my uncle *Toby*.

My father instantly exchanged the attitude he was in, for that in which *Socrates* is so finely painted by *Raphael*, in his school of *Athens*; which your connoisseurship knows is so exquisitely imagined, that even the particular manner of the reasoning of *Socrates* is expressed by it——for he holds the fore-finger of his left hand between the fore-finger and the thumb of his right, and seems as if he were saying to the libertine he is reclaiming,——"*You grant* "*me* this—and this;——and this, and this, I don't "ask of you—they follow of themselves in course."

So stood my father, holding fast his fore-finger betwixt his finger and his thumb, and reasoning with my uncle *Toby* as he sat in his old fringed chair, valanced around with party-coloured worsted bobs.—O *Garrick!*—what a rich scene of this would thy exquisite powers make! and how gladly would I write such another, to avail myself of thy immortality, and secure my own behind it.

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CHAP. VIII.

THOUGH man is, of all others, the moſt curious vehicle, ſaid my father, yet, at the ſame time, 'tis of ſo ſlight a frame, and ſo totteringly put together, that the ſudden jerks, and hard joſtlings, it unavoidably meets with in this rugged journey, would overſet and tear it to pieces a dozen times a-day—was it not, brother *Toby*, that there is a ſecret ſpring within us—Which ſpring, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, I take to be religion.——Will that ſet my child's noſe on? cried my father, letting go his finger, and ſtriking one hand againſt the other.—It makes every thing ſtraight for us, anſwered my uncle *Toby*.——Figuratively ſpeaking, dear *Toby*, it may, for aught I know, ſaid my father; but the ſpring I am ſpeaking of, is that great and elaſtic power within us, of counterbalancing evil, which, like a ſecret ſpring in a well-ordered machine, though it can't prevent the ſhock—at leaſt it impoſes upon our ſenſe of it.

Now, my dear brother, ſaid my father, replacing his fore finger, as he was coming cloſer to the point ——had my child arrived ſafe into the world, unmartyr'd in that precious part of him——fanciful and extravagant as I may appear to the world in my opinion of Chriſtian names, and of the magic bias, which good or bad names irreſiſtably impreſs upon our characters and conduct,——Heaven is witneſs! that in the warmeſt tranſports of my wiſhes for the proſperity of my child, I never once wiſhed to crown

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his head with more glory and honour, than what GEORGE or EDWARD would have ſpread around it. But, alas! continued my father, as the greateſt evil has befall'n him—I muſt counteract and undo it with the greateſt good.

He ſhall be chriſtened *Triſmegiſtus*, brother.

I wiſh it may anſwer—replied my uncle *Toby*, riſing up.

CHAP. IX.

WHAT a chapter of chances, ſaid my father, turning himſelf about upon the firſt landing, as he and my uncle *Toby* were going down ſtairs——what a long chapter of chances do the events of this world lay open to us! Take pen and ink in hand, brother *Toby*, and calculate it fairly——I know no more of calculation than this balluſter, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, (ſtriking ſhort of it with his crutch, and hitting my father a deſperate blow ſouſe upon his ſhin-bone.)—'Twas an hundred to one—cried my uncle *Toby*—I thought, quoth my father, (rubbing his ſhin) you had known nothing of calculations, brother *Toby*.—Tis a mere chance, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.——Then it adds one to the chapter—replied my father.

The double ſucceſs of my father's repartees tickled off the pain of his ſhin at once——it was well it ſo fell out—(chance! again)—or the world to this day had never known the ſubject of my father's calculation—to gueſs it—there was no chance.——What a lucky chapter of chances has this turned out! for it has ſaved me the trouble of writing one

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expreſs and in truth, I have enough already upon my hands without it.——Have not I promiſed the world a chapter of knots? two chapters upon the right and the wrong end of a woman? a chapter upon whiſkers? a chapter upon wiſhes?—a chapter of noſes?—No, I have done that—a chapter upon my uncle *Toby*'s modeſty? to ſay nothing of a chapter upon chapteſs, which I will finiſh before I ſleep ——By my great grandfather's whiſkers, I ſhall never get half of 'em through this year.

Take pen and ink in hand, and calculate it fairly, brother *Toby*, ſaid my father, and it will turn out a million to one, that of all the parts of the body, the edge of the forecaps ſhould have the ill luck juſt to fall upon and break down that one part, which ſhould break down the fortunes of our houſe with it.

It might have been worſe, replied my uncle *Toby*. —I don't comprehend, ſaid my father ——Suppoſe the hip had preſented, replied my uncle *Toby*, as Dr. *Slop* foreboded.

My father reflected half a minute—looked down ——touched the middle of his forehead ſlightly with his finger——

—True, ſaid he.

CHAP. X.

Is it not a ſhame to make two chapters of what paſſed in going down one pair of ſtairs? for we are got no farther yet than to the firſt landing, and there are fifteen more ſteps down to the bottom;

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and, for aught I know, as my father and my uncle *Toby* are in a talking humour, there may be as many chapters as ſteps:——let that be as it will, Sir, I can no more help it than my deſtiny:—a ſudden impulſe comes acroſs me—Drop the curtain, *Shandy*——I drop it——Strike a line here acroſs the paper, *Triſtram*——I ſtrike it——and hey for a new chapter!

The duce of any other rule have I to govern myſelf by in this affair—and if I had one—as I do all things out of all rule—I would twiſt it and tear it to pieces, and throw it into the fire when I had done——Am I warm? I am, and the cauſe demands it—a pretty ſtory! Is a man to follow rules——or rules to follow him?

Now this you muſt know, being my chapter upon chapters, which I promiſed to write before I went to ſleep, I thought it meet to eaſe my conſcience entirely before I lay down, by telling the world all I knew about the matter at once: Is not this ten times better than to ſet out dogmatically with a ſententious parade of wiſdom, and telling the world a ſtory of a roaſted horſe—that chapters relieve the mind——that they aſſiſt—or impoſe upon the imagination—and that in work of this dramatic caſt they are as neceſſary as the ſhifting of ſcenes——with fifty other cold conceits, enough to extinguiſh the fire which roaſted him.——O! but to underſtand this, which is a puff at the fire of *Diana*'s temple—you muſt read *Longinus*—read away—If you are not a jot the wiſer by reading him the firſt time over—never fear—read him again——*Avi-*

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cenna and *Licetus* read *Ariſtotle*'s metaphyſics forty times through a piece, and never underſtood a ſingle word—But mark the conſequence—*Avicenna* turned out a deſperate writer at all kinds of writing—for he wrote books *de omni ſcribili*; and for *Licetus (Fortunio)* though all the world knows he was born a fœtus*, of no more than five inches and a half in length, yet he grew to that aſtoniſhing height in literature, as to write a book with a title as long as

* *Ce Fœtus* n'etoit pas plus grand que la paume de la main; mais ſon pere la'yams examine en qualite de Medicin, & ayant trouve que c'etoit quelque choſe de plus qu un Embryon, le fit tranſporter tout vivant a Rapallo, ou il le fit voir a Jerome Bardi & a d'autres Me icins dulieu. On trouva qu'il ne lui manquoit rien d'eſſentiel a la vie; & ſon pere, pour faire voir un eſſai de ſon experience, entrepit d'achever le ouvrage de la Nature, & de travailler a la formation de l'Enfant avec le meme artifice que celui dont on ſe ſert pour faire eccloire les Poulets en Egypte. Il inſtruiſit une Nouriſſe de toute ce qu'elle avoit a faire, & ayant fait mettre ſon fils dans un pour proprement accommode, il reuſſit a l'elever & a lui faire prendre ſes accroiſſemens neceſſaires, par l'uniformite d'une chaleur etrangere meſuree exactement ſur les degres d'un Thermometre, ou d'un autre inſtrument equivalent. (Vide Mich. Giuſtinian, ne gli Scritt. Liguri a Cart. 223. 488.)

On auroit toujours ete tres ſatisfait de l'induſtrie d'un pere ſi experimente dans l'Art de la Generation, quand il n'auroit pu prolonger la vie a ſon fil que pour quelques mois, ou pour peu d'annees.

Mais quand on ſe repreſeate que le Enfant a vecu pres de quatre-vingts ans, & qu'il a compoſe quatre-vingts Ouvrages differents tous fruits d'une longue lecture—il faut convenir que tout ce qui eſt incroyable n'eſt pas toujours faux, & que la *Vraiſemblance n'eſt pas toujours du cote de la Verite.*

Il n'avoit que dix neuf ans lorſqu'il compoſa Gonopſychanthropologia de Origine Animæ Humanæ.

(Les Enfans celebres, revus & corriges par M. de la Monnove de l'Academie Francoiſe.)

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himself—the learned know I mean his *Gonopsychanthropologia* upon the origin of the human soul.

So much for my chapter upon chapters, which I hold to be the best chapter in my whole work; and, take my word, whoever reads it, is full as well employed as in picking straws.

CHAP. XI.

We shall bring all things to rights, said my father, setting his foot upon the first step from the landing. ——This *Trismegistus*, continued my father, drawing his leg back, and turning to my uncle *Toby*—was the greatest (Toby) of all earthly beings—he was the greatest king——the greatest lawgiver—the greatest philosopher——and the greatest priest—and engineer—said my uncle *Toby*.——

—In course, said my father.

CHAP. XII.

—And how does your mistress? cried my father, taking the same step over again from the landing, and calling to *Susannah*, whom he saw passing by the foot of the stairs with a huge pincushion in her hand ——how does your mistress? As well, said *Susannah*, tripping by, but without looking up, as can be expected—What a fool am I! said my father drawing his leg back again—let things be as they will, brother *Toby*, 'tis ever the precise answer—And how is the child, pray?—No answer. And where is Dr. *Slop?* added my father, raising his voice aloud, and

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looking over the balluſters—*Suſannah* was out of hearing.

Of all the riddles of a married life, ſaid my father, croſſing the landing, in order to ſet his back againſt the wall, whilſt he propounded it to my uncle *Toby* ——of all the puzzling riddles, ſaid he, in a married ſtate,——of which you may truſt me, brother *Toby*, there are more aſſes loads than all *Job*'s ſtock of aſſes could have carried—there is not one that has more intricacies in it than this——that, from the very moment the miſtreſs of the houſe is brought to bed, every female in it, from my lady's gentlewoman down to the cinder wench, becomes an inch taller for it; and give themſelves more airs upon that ſingle inch, than all their other inches put together.

I think, rather, replied my uncle *Toby*, that 'tis we who ſink an inch lower.—If I meet but a woman with child—I do it——'Tis a heavy tax upon that half of our fellow-creatures, brother *Shandy*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*—'tis a piteous burden upon 'em, continued he, ſhaking his head.—Yes, yes, 'tis a painful thing—ſaid my father, ſhaking his head too——but certainly, ſince ſhaking of heads came into faſhion, never did two heads ſhake together, in concert, from two ſuch different ſprings.

God bleſs } 'em all——ſaid my uncle *Toby* and
Duce take } my father, each to himſelf.

CHAP. XIII.

HOLLA!——you chairman!—here's ſixpence——do ſtep into that bookſeller's ſhop and call me a *day-*

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tall critic. I am very willing to give any one of 'em a crown to help me with his tackling, to get my father and my uncle *Toby* off the ſtairs, and to put them to bed.

——'Tis even high time; for except a ſhort nap, which they both got whilſt *Trim* was boring the jack-boots——and which, by the by, did my father no ſort of good, upon the ſcore of the bad hinge—they have not elſe ſhut their eyes ſince nine hours before the time that Dr. *Slop* was led into the back parlour in that dirty pickle by *Obadiah*.

Was every day of my life to be as buſy a day as this,—and to take up—Truce—

I will not finiſh that ſentence till I have made an obſervation upon the ſtrange ſtate of affairs between the reader and myſelf, juſt as things ſtand at preſent—an obſervation never applicable before to any one biographical writer ſince the creation of the world, but to myſelf—and I believe will never hold good to any other, until its final deſtruction——and therefore, for the very novelty of it alone, it muſt be worth your worſhips attending to.

I am this month one whole year older than I was this time twelvemonth; and having got, as you perceive, almoſt into the middle of my third volume*——and no farther than to my firſt day's life—'tis demonſtrative that I have three hundred and ſixty-four days more life to write juſt now, than when I firſt ſet out; ſo that inſtead of advancing, as a common writer in my work, with what I have been do-

* According to the preceding Editions.

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ing at it—on the contrary, I am juſt thrown ſo many volumes back——Was every day of my life to be as buſy a day as this—And why not? and the tranſactions and opinions of it to take up as much deſcription—and for what reaſon ſhould they be cut ſhort? as at this rate I ſhould juſt live 364 times faſter than I ſhould write——it muſt follow, an' pleaſe your worſhips, that the more I write, the more I ſhall have to write——and conſequently, the more your worſhips read, the more your worſhips will have to read.

Will this be good for your worſhips eyes?

It will do well for mine; and, was it not that my OPINIONS will be the death of me, I perceive I ſhall lead a fine life of it out of this ſelf-ſame life of mine; or, in other words, ſhall lead a couple of fine lives together.

As for the propoſal of twelve volumes a year, or a volume a month, it no way alters my proſpect——write as I will, and ruſh as I may into the middle of things, as *Horace* adviſes——I ſhall never overtake myſelf——whipp'd and driven to the laſt pinch, at the worſt I ſhall have one day the ſtart of my pen——and one day is enough for two volumes——and two volumes will be enough for one year.

Heaven proſper the manufacturers of paper under this propitious reign, which is now open'd to us——as I truſt its providence will proſper every thing elſe in it that is taken in hand——

As for the propagation of Geeſe——I give myſelf no concern—Nature is all-bountiful—I ſhall never want tools to work with.

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—So then, friend! you have got my father and my uncle *Toby* off the ſtairs, and ſeen them to bed? —And how did you manage it?——You dropp'd a curtain at the ſtair's foot—I thought you had no other way for it—Here's a crown for your trouble.

CHAP. XIV.

—THEN reach me my breeches off the chair, ſaid my father to *Suſannah*—There is not a moment's time to dreſs you, Sir, cried *Suſannah*—the child is as black in the face as my ——— As your what? ſaid my father; for, like all orators, he was a dear ſearcher into compariſons—Bleſs me, Sir, ſaid *Suſannah*, the child's in a fit——And where's Mr. *Yorick?*—Never where he ſhould be, ſaid *Suſannah*, but his curate's in the dreſſing room, with the child upon his arm, waiting for the name——and my miſtreſs bid me run as faſt as I could to know, as Captain *Shandy* is the godfather, whether it ſhould not be called after him.

Were one ſure, ſaid my father to himſelf, ſcratching his eye-brow, that the child was expiring, one might as well compliment my brother *Toby* as not—and 'twould be a pity in ſuch a caſe, to throw away ſo great a name as *Triſmegiſtus* upon him——But he may recover.

No, no——ſaid my father to *Suſannah*, I'll get up——There's no time, cried *Suſannah*, the child's as black as my ſhoe. *Triſmegiſtus*, ſaid my father—But ſtay—thou art a leaky veſſel, *Suſannah*, added my father; can'ſt thou carry *Triſmegiſtus* in thy

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head the length of the gallery without ſcattering?—Can I? cried *Suſannah*, ſhutting the door in a huff—If ſhe can, I'll be ſhot, ſaid my father, bouncing out of bed in the dark, and groping for his breeches.

Suſannah ran with all ſpeed along the gallery.

My father made all poſſible ſpeed to find his breeches.

Suſannah got the ſtart, and kept it——'Tis *Tris*——ſomething, cried *Suſannah*——There is no Chriſtian name in the world, ſaid the curate, beginning with *Tris*——but *Triſtram*. Then 'tis *Triſtram-giſtus*, quoth *Suſannah*.

There is no *giſtus* to it, noodle!—'tis my own name replied the curate, dipping his hand as he ſpoke into the baſon——*Triſtram!* ſaid he, &c. &c. &c. &c.——So *Triſtram* was I called, and *Triſtram* ſhall I be to the day of my death.

——My father followed *Suſannah* with his night-gown acroſs his arm, with nothing more than his breeches on, faſtened, thro' haſte, with but a ſingle button, and that button, through haſte, thruſt only half into the button-hole.

—She has not forgot the name? cried my father, half opening the door——No, no, ſaid the curate, with a tone of intelligence—And the child is better, cried *Suſannah*—And how does your miſtreſs? As well, ſaid *Suſannah*, as can be expected.—Piſh! ſaid my father, the button of his breeches ſlipping out of the button-hole—ſo that, whether the interjection was levelled at *Suſannah*, or the button-hole,——whether piſh was an interjection of contempt, or an

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interjection of modesty, is a doubt, and must be a doubt, till I shall have time to write the three following favourite chapters, that is my chapter of *chamber-maids*—my chapter of *pishes*—and my chapter of *button-holes*.

All the light I am able to give the reader at present is this, that the moment my father cried Pish! he whisk'd himself about——and with his breeches held up by one hand, and his night-gown thrown across the arm of the other, he returned along the gallery to bed, something slower than he came.

CHAP. XV.

I WISH I could write a chapter upon sleep. A fitter occasion could never have presented itself, than what this moment offers, when all the curtains of the family are drawn—the candles put out——and no creature's eyes are open but a single one, for the other has been shut these twenty years, of my mother's nurse.

It is a fine subject!

And yet, as fine as it is, I would undertake to write a dozen chapters upon button-holes, both quicker and with more fame than a single chapter upon this.

Button-holes!—there is something lively in the very idea of 'em——and trust me, when I get amongst 'em——You gentry with great beards——look as grave as you will—I'll make merry work with my button-holes——I shall have 'em all to myself—'tis a

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maiden ſubject—I ſhall run foul of no man's wiſdom or fine ſayings in it.

But for ſleep—I know I ſhall make nothing of it before I begin—I am no dab at your fine ſayings in the firſt place——and in the next, I cannot for my ſoul ſet a grave face upon a bad matter, and tell the world—'tis the refuge of the unfortunate—the enfranchiſement of the priſoner—the downy lap of the hopeleſs, the weary, and the broken hearted; nor could I ſet out with a lie in my mouth, by affirming, that, of all the ſoft and delicious functions of our nature, by which the great Author of it, in his bounty, has been pleaſed to recompence the ſufferings wherewith his juſtice and his good pleaſure has wearied us—that this is the chiefeſt (I know pleaſures worth ten of it) or what a happineſs it is to man, when the anxieties and paſſions of the day are over, and he lies down upon his back, that his ſoul ſhall be ſo ſeated within him, that, whichever way ſhe turns her eyes, the heavens ſhall look calm and ſweet above her,—no deſire—or fear—or doubt that troubles the air, nor any difficulty paſt, preſent, or to come, that the imagination may not paſs over without offence, in that ſweet receſſion.

——'God's bleſſing, ſaid *Sancho Pançha*, be "upon the man who firſt invented this ſelf-ſame "thing called ſleep——it covers a man all over like "a cloak." Now, there is more to me in this, and it ſpeaks warmer to my heart and affections, than all the diſſertations ſqueez'd out of the heads of the learned together upon the ſubject.

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—Not that I altogether diſapprove of what *Montaigne* advances upon it—'tis admirable in its way—(I quote by memory.)

The world enjoys other pleaſures, ſays he, as they do that of ſleep, without taſting or feeling it as it ſlips and paſſes by—We ſhould ſtudy and ruminate upon it, in order to render proper thanks to him who grants it to us—for this end, I cauſe myſelf to be diſturbed in my ſleep, that I may the better and more ſenſibly reliſh it——And yet I ſee few, ſays he again, who live with leſs ſleep when need requires; my body is capable of a firm, but not of a violent and ſudden agitation—I evade, of late, all violent exerciſes—I am never weary with walking——but from my youth, I never liked to ride upon pavements. I love to lie hard, and alone, and even without my wife—This laſt word may ſtagger the faith of the world—but remember, "La Vraiſemblance (as *Bayle* ſays in the affair of *Liceti*) n'eſt "pas toujours du Coté de la Verite." And ſo much for ſleep.

CHAP. XVI.

If my wife will but venture him—brother *Toby*, *Triſmegiſtus* ſhall be dreſs'd and brought down to us, whilſt you and I are getting our breakfaſts together.——

—Go tell *Suſannah*, *Obadiah*, to ſtep here.

She is run up ſtairs, anſwered *Obadiah*, this very inſtant, ſobbing and crying, and wringing her hands, as if her heart would break.—

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We ſhall have a rare month of it, ſaid my father, turning his head from *Obadiah*, and looking wiſtfully in my uncle *Toby*'s face for ſome time——we ſhall have a deviliſh month of it, brother *Toby*, ſaid my father, ſetting his arms a-kimbo and ſhaking his head; fire, water, women, wind—brother *Toby!*—'Tis ſome misfortune, quoth my uncle *Toby*——That it is, cried my father——to have ſo many jarring elements breaking looſe, and riding triumph in every corner of a gentleman's houſe——Little boots it to the peace of a family, brother *Toby*, that you and I poſſeſs ourſelves, and ſit here ſilent and unmoved—whilſt ſuch a ſtorm is whiſtling over our heads.——

——And what's the matter, *Suſannah?*—They have called the child *Triſtram*—and my miſtreſs is juſt got out of an hyſteric fit about it——No!—'Tis not my fault, ſaid *Suſannah*—I told him it was *Triſtram-giſtus.*

Make tea for yourſelf, brother *Toby*, ſaid my father, taking down his hat—but how different from the ſallies and agitations of voice and members which a common reader would imagine!

—For he ſpake in the ſweeteſt modulation——and took down his hat with the genteeleſt movement of limbs, that ever affliction harmonized and attuned together.

——Go to the bowling-green for corporal *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, ſpeaking to *Obadiah* as ſoon as my father left the room.

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CHAP. XVII.

WHEN the misfortune of my NOSE fell ſo heavily upon my father's head,—the reader remembers, that he walked inſtantly up ſtairs, and caſt himſelf down upon his bed; and from hence, unleſs he has a great inſight into human nature, he will be apt to expect a rotation of the ſame aſcending and deſcending movements from him, upon this misfortune of my NAME;——NO.

The different weight, dear Sir,—nay, even the different package of two vexations of the ſame weight—makes a very wide difference in our manners of bearing and getting through with them.—It is not half an hour ago, when (in the great hurry and precipitation of a poor devil's writing for daily bread) I threw a fair ſheet, which I had juſt finiſhed, and carefully wrote out, ſlap into the fire, inſtead of the foul one.

Inſtantly I ſnatch'd off my wig, and threw it perpendicularly, with all imaginable violence, up to the top of the room—Indeed I caught it as it fell—but there was an end of the matter; nor do I think any thing elſe in *Nature* would have given ſuch immediate eaſe: She, dear Goddeſs, by an inſtantaneous impulſe, in all *provoking caſes*, determines us to a ſally of this or that member—or elſe ſhe thruſts us into this or that place, or poſture of body, we know not why—But mark, Madam, we live amongſt riddles and myſteries—the moſt obvious things which come in our way, have dark ſides, which the quick-

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eſt ſight cannot penetrate into; and even the cleareſt and moſt exalted underſtandings amongſt us find ourſelves puzzled and at a loſs in almoſt every cranny of nature's works; ſo that this, like a thouſand other things, falls out for us in a way, which, though we cannot reaſon upon it——yet we find the good of it, may it pleaſe your reverences and your worſhips——and that's enough for us.

Now, my father could not lie down with this affliction for his life——nor could he carry it up ſtairs like the other——He walked compoſedly out with it to the fiſh-pond.

Had my father leaned his head upon his hand, and reaſoned an hour which way to have gone——reaſon, with all her force, could not have directed him to any thing like it: there is ſomething, Sir, in fiſh-ponds——but what it is, I leave to ſyſtem-builders and fiſh-pond diggers betwixt 'em to find out——but there's ſomething under the firſt diſorderly tranſport of the humours, ſo unaccountably becalming in an orderly and a ſober walk towards one of them, that I have often wondered that neither *Pythagoras*, nor *Plato*, nor *Solon*, nor *Lycurgus*, nor *Mahomet*, nor any one of your noted lawgivers, ever gave orders about them.

CHAP. XVIII.

YOUR honour, ſaid *Trim*, ſhutting the parlour door before he began to ſpeak, has heard, I imagine, of this unlucky accident—O yes, *Trim!* ſaid my uncle *Toby*, and it gives me great concern—I am heartily concerned

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too; but I hope your honour, replied *Trim*, will do me the juſtice to believe, that it was not in the leaſt owing to me—To thee—*Trim!* cried my uncle *Toby*, looking kindly in his face—'twas *Suſannah*'s and the curate's folly betwixt them——What buſineſs could they have together, an' pleaſe your honour, in the garden?——In the gallery thou meaneſt, replied my uncle *Toby*.

Trim found he was upon a wrong ſcent, and ſtopped ſhort with a low bow——Two misfortunes, quoth the corporal to himſelf, are twice as many at leaſt as are needful to be talked over at one time, ——the miſchief the cow has done in breaking into the fortifications, may be told his honour hereafter——*Trim*'s caſuiſtry and addreſs, under the cover of his low bow, prevented all ſuſpicion in my uncle *Toby*; ſo he went on with what he had to ſay to *Trim* as follows:

——For my own part, *Trim*, though I can ſee little or no difference betwixt my nephew's being called *Triſtram* or *Triſmegiſtus*——yet as the thing ſits ſo near my brother's heart, *Trim*——I would freely have given a hundred pounds rather than it ſhould have happened——a hundred pounds! an' pleaſe your honour, replied *Trim*——I would not give a cherry-ſtone to boot——Nor would I, *Trim*, upon my own account, quoth my uncle *Toby*—but my brother, whom there is no arguing with in this caſe—maintains that a great deal more depends, *Trim*, upon Chriſtian names, than what ignorant people imagine;——for, he ſays, there never was a great or heroic action performed ſince the world

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began by one called *Triſtram*——nay he will have it, *Trim*, that a man can neither be learned, or wiſe, or brave—'Tis all fancy, an' pleaſe your honour—I fought juſt as well, replied the corporal, when the regiment called me *Trim*, as when they called me *James Butler*—and for my own part, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, though I ſhould bluſh to boaſt of myſelf, *Trim*,—yet, had my name been *Alexander*, I could have done no more at *Namur* than my duty—— Bleſs your honour, cried *Trim*, advancing three ſteps as he ſpoke, does a man think of his Chriſtian name when he goes upon the attack?—Or when he ſtands in the trench, *Trim?* cried my uncle *Toby*, looking firm—or when he enters a breach, ſaid *Trim*, puſhing in between two chairs—Or forces the lines? cried my uncle, riſing up, and puſhing his crutch like a pike—Or facing a platoon? cried *Trim*, Preſenting his ſtick like a firelock——Or when he marches up the glacis? cried my uncle *Toby*, looking warm and ſetting his foot upon his ſtool.——

CHAP. XIX.

My father was returned from his walk to the fiſh-pond——and opened the parlour door in the very height of the attack, juſt as my uncle *Toby* was marching up the glacis—*Trim* recovered his arms—never was my uncle *Toby* caught riding at ſuch a deſperate rate in his life! Alas! my uncle *Toby!*—had not a weightier matter called forth all the ready eloquence of my father—how hadſt thou

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then, and thy poor HOBBY-HORSE too, been insulted.

My father hung up his hat with the same air he took it down; and, after giving a slight look at the disorder of the room, he took hold of one of the chairs which had formed the corporal's breach, and placing it over against my uncle *Toby*, he sat down in it, and as soon as the tea-things were taken away, and the door shut, he broke out in a lamentation as follows:

My FATHER's LAMENTATION.

IT is in vain longer, said my father, addressing himself as much to *Ernulphus*'s curse, which was laid upon the corner of the chimney-piece,—as to my uncle *Toby*, who sat under it—it is in vain longer, said my father, in the most querulous monotony imaginable, to struggle, as I have done, against this most uncomfortable of human persuasions——I see it plainly, that, either for my own sins, brother *Toby*, or the sins and follies of the *Shandy* family, Heaven has thought fit to draw forth the heaviest of its artillery against me; and that the prosperity of my child is the point upon which the whole force of it is directed to play—Such a thing would batter the whole universe about our ears, brother *Shandy*, said my uncle *Toby*——if it was so——Unhappy *Tristram!* child of wrath! child of decripitude! interruption! mistake! and discontent! What one misfortune or disaster in the book of embryotic evils

that could unmechanize thy frame, or entangle thy filaments! which has not fallen upon thy head, or ever thou cameſt into the world——What evils in thy paſſage into it!——what evils ſince!——produced into being in the decline of thy father's days ——when the powers of his imagination and of his body were waxing feeble—when radical heat and radical moiſture, the elements which ſhould have temper'd thine, were drying up; and nothing left to found thy ſtamina in, but negations—'tis pitiful —— brother *Toby*, at the beſt, and called out for all the little helps that care and attention on both ſides could give it. But how were we defeated! You knew the event, brother *Toby*,—'tis too melancholy a one to be repeated now,—when the few animal ſpirits I was worth in the world, and with which, memory, fancy and quick parts ſhould have been convey'd—were all diſperſed, confuſed, confounded, ſcatter'd, and ſent to the devil.—

Here then was the time to have put a ſtop to this perſecution againſt him:—and tried an experiment at leaſt——whether calmneſs and ſerenity of mind in your ſiſter, with a due attention, brother *Toby*, to her evacuations and repletions—and the reſt of her non-naturals, might not, in a courſe of nine months geſtation, have ſet all things to rights—My child was bereft of theſe!—What a teazing life did ſhe lead herſelf, and conſequently her fœtus too, with that nonſenſical anxiety of hers about lying-in in town?—I thought my ſiſter ſubmitted with the greateſt patience, replied my uncle *Toby*—I never heard her utter one fretful word about it—She fu-

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med inwardly, cried my father; and that, let me tell you, brother, was ten times worse for the child —and then! what battles did she fight with me, and what perpetual storms about the midwife— There she gave vent said my uncle *Toby*—Vent! cried my father, looking up—

But what was all this, my dear *Toby*, to the injuries done us by my child's coming head foremost into the world, when all I wished in this general wreck of his frame, was to have saved this little casket unbroke, unrifled?

With all my precautions, how was my system turned topside-turvy in the womb with my child! his head exposed to the hand of violence, and a pressure of 470 pounds avoirdupoise weight acting so perpendicularly upon its apex—that, at this hour, 'tis ninety *per Cent.* insurance, that the fine network of the intellectual web be not rent and torn to a thousand tatters.

——Still we could have done.——Fool, coxcomb, puppy——give him but a Nose——Cripple, Dwarf, Driveller, Goosecap—(shape him as you will) the door of Fortune stands open—*O Licetus! Licetus!* had I been blessed with a fœtus five inches long and a half like thee——Fortune might have done her worst.

Still, brother *Toby*, there was one cast of the die left for our child after all——*O Tristram! Tristram! Tristram!*

We will send for Mr. *Yorick*, said my uncle *Toby*.

——You may send for whom you will, replied my father.

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CHAP. XX.

WHAT a rate have I gone on at, curvetting and friſking it away, two up and two down, for three volumes* together, without looking once behind, or even on one ſide of me, to ſee whom I rode upon! ——I'll tread upon no one,——quoth I to myſelf when I mounted——I'll take a good rattling gallop; but I'll not hurt the pooreſt jack-aſs upon the road——So off I ſet—up one lane—down another, through this turnpike——over that, as if the arch-jockey of jockeys had got behind me.

Now ride at this rate with what good intention and reſolution you may,——'tis a million to one you'll do ſome one a miſchief, if not yourſelf—— He's flung—he's off—he's loſt his ſeat—he's down—he'll break his neck—ſee—if he has not galloped full among the ſcaffolding of the undertaking critics—he'll knock his brains out againſt ſome of their poſts—he's bounced out!—look—he's now riding like a madcap full tilt through a whole crowd of painters, fiddlers, poets, biographers, phyſicians, lawyers, logicians, players, ſchoolmen, churchmen, ſtateſmen, ſoldiers, caſuiſts, connoiſſeurs, prelates, popes, and engineers——Don't fear, ſaid I——I'll not hurt the pooreſt jack-aſs upon the king's high-way--But your horſe throws dirt; ſee you've ſplaſh'd a biſhop—I hope in God 'twas only *Ernulphus*, ſaid I—But you have ſquirted full in the faces of Meſſ,

* According to the preceding Editions.

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Le Moyne, *De Romigny*, and *De Marcilly*, doctors of the *Sorbonne*—That was laſt year, replied I—But you have trod this moment upon a king——Kings have bad times on't, ſaid I, to be trod upon by ſuch people as me.

—You have done it, replied my accuſer.

I deny it, quoth I, and ſo have got off, and here am I, ſtanding with my bridle in one hand, and with my cap in the other, to tell my ſtory—And what is it? You ſhall hear in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXI.

As *Francis* the Firſt of *France* was one winterly night warming himſelf over the embers of a wood fire, and talking with his firſt miniſter of ſundry things for the good of the ſtate †——it would not be amiſs, ſaid the king, ſtirring up the embers with his cane, if this good underſtanding betwixt ourſelves and *Switzerland* was a little ſtrengthened—There is no end, Sire, replied the miniſter, in giving money to theſe people—they would ſwallow up the treaſury of *France*——Poo! poo! anſwered the king—there are more ways, Monſ. *le Premier*, of bribing ſtates—beſides that of giving money—I'll pay *Switzerland* the honour of ſtanding godfather for my next child—Your majeſty ſaid the miniſter, in ſo doing would have all the grammarians in *Europe* upon your back; —*Switzerland*, as a republic, being a female, can in no conſtruction be godfather—She may be god-

† *Vide* Menagiana, Vol. I.

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mother, replied *Francis*, haſtily——ſo announce my intentions by a courier to-morrow morning.

I am aſtoniſhed, ſaid *Francis* the Firſt (that day fortnight), ſpeaking to his miniſter as he entered the cloſet, that we have had no anſwer from *Switzerland*——Sire, I wait upon you this moment, ſaid Monſ. *le Premier*, to lay before you my diſpatches upon that buſineſs—They take it kindly! ſaid the king—They do, Sire, replied the miniſter, and have the higheſt ſenſe of the honour your majeſty has done them—but the republic, as godmother, claims her right, in this caſe of naming the child.

In all reaſon, quoth the king——ſhe will chriſten him *Francis*, or *Henry*, or *Lewis*, or ſome name that ſhe knows will be agreeable to us. Your majeſty is deceived, replied the miniſter——I have this hour received a diſpatch from our reſident, with the determination of the republic on that point alſo—And what name has the republic fixed upon for the Dauphin?——*Shadrach*, *Meſech*, *Abednego*, replied the miniſter.—By St. *Peter*'s girdle, I will have nothing to do with the *Swiſs*, cried *Francis* the Firſt, puſhing up his breeches, and walking haſtily acroſs the floor.

Your majeſty, replied the miniſter calmly, cannot bring yourſelf off.

We'll pay them in money—ſaid the king.

Sire, there are not ſixty thouſand crowns in the treaſury, anſwered the miniſter—I'll pawn the beſt jewel in my crown, quoth *Francis* the Firſt.

Your honour ſtands pawn'd already in this matter, anſwered Monſieur *le Premier*.

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Then, Monſ. *le Premier*, ſaid the king, by —— we'll go to war with them.

CHAP. XXII.

ALBEIT, gentle reader, I have luſted earneſtly, and endeavoured carefully (according to the meaſure of ſuch ſlender ſkill as God has vouchſafed me, and as convenient leiſure from other occaſions of needful profit and healthful paſtime have permitted) that theſe little books, which I here put into thy hands, might ſtand inſtead of many bigger books—yet have I carried myſelf towards thee in ſuch fanciful guiſe of careleſs diſport, that right ſore am I aſhamed now to entreat thy lenity ſeriouſly—in beſeeching thee to believe it of me, that in the ſtory of my father and his chriſtian-names,—I have no thoughts of treading upon *Francis* the Firſt—nor in the affair of the noſe——upon *Francis* the Ninth, nor in the character of my uncle *Toby*—of characterizing the militiating ſpirits of my country—the wound upon his groin is a wound to every compariſon of that kind—nor by *Trim*, that I meant the Duke of *Ormond*—or that my book is wrote againſt predeſtination, or free-will, or taxes——If 'tis wrote againſt any thing,——'tis wrote, an' pleaſe your worſhips, againſt the ſpleen; in order, by a more frequent and a more convulſive elevation and depreſſion of the diaphragm, and the ſucceſſations of the intercoſtal and abdominal muſcles in laughter, to drive the *gall* and other *bitter juices* from the gall-bladder, liver and ſweet-bread, of his majeſty's ſubjects, with all

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the inimicitious paſſions which belong to them, down into their duodenums.

CHAP. XXIII.

—But can the thing be undone, *Yorick?* ſaid my father——for in my opinion, continued he, it cannot. I am a vile canoniſt, replied *Yorick*—but of all evils, holding ſuſpenſe to be the moſt tormenting, we ſhall at leaſt know the worſt of this matter. I hate theſe great dinners—ſaid my father—The ſize of the dinner is not the point, anſwered *Yorick*—we want, Mr. *Shandy*, to dive into the bottom of this doubt, whether the name can be changed or not——and as the beards of ſo many commiſſaries, officials, advocates, proctors, regiſters, and of the moſt eminent of our ſchool divines, and others, are all to meet in the middle of one table, and *Didius* has ſo preſſingly invited you—who, in your diſtreſs, would miſs ſuch an occaſion? All that is requiſite, continued *Yorick*, is to appriſe *Didius*, and let him manage a converſation after dinner, ſo as to introduce the ſubject———Then, my brother *Toby*, cried my father, clapping his two hands together, ſhall go with us.

—Let my old tie wig, quoth my uncle *Toby*, and my laced regimentals, be hung to the fire all night, *Trim*.

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CHAP. XXV.

——No doubt, Sir,——there is a whole chapter wanting here——and a chaſm of ten pages made in the book by it—but the bookbinder is neither a fool, or a knave or a puppy——nor is the book a jot more imperfect (at leaſt upon that ſcore),—but, on the contrary, the book is more perfect and complete by wanting the chapter than having it, as I ſhall demonſtrate to your reverences in this manner —I queſtion firſt, by the by, whether the ſame experiment might not be made as ſucceſsfully upon ſundry other chapters—but there is no end, an' pleaſe your reverences, in trying experiments upon chapters——we have had enough of it—So there's an end of that matter.

But before I begin my demonſtration, let me only tell you, that the chapter which I have torn out, and which otherwiſe you would all have been reading juſt now, inſtead of this——was the deſcription of my father's, my uncle *Toby*'s, *Trim*'s, and *Obadiah*'s ſetting out and journeying to the viſitation at ****.

We'll go in the coach, ſaid my father—Prithee, have the arms been altered, *Obadiah?*——It would have made my ſtory much better, to have begun with telling you, that at the time my mother's arms were added to the *Shandy*'s, when the coach was repainted upon my father's marriage, it had ſo fallen out, that the coach-painter, whether by performing all his works with the left hand, like *Turpilius* the *Roman*, or *Hans Holbein* of *Baſil*—or whether 'twas more from the blunder of his head than hand—or whether, laſtly, it was from the ſiniſter turn, which

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y thing relating to our family was apt to take—

it so fell out, however, to our reproach, that instead of the *bend-dexter*, which since *Harry* the Eighth's reign, was honestly our due——a *bend-sinister*, by some of these fatalities, had been drawn quite across the field of the *Shandy* arms. 'Tis scarce credible, that the mind of so wise a man as my father was, could be so much incommoded with so small a matter. The word coach——let it be whose it would ——or coachman, or coach-horse, or coach-hire, could never be named in the family, but he constantly complained of carrying this vile mark of illegitimacy upon the door of his own; he never once was able to step into the coach, or out of it, without turning round, to take a view of the arms, and making a vow, at the same time, that it was the last time he would ever set his foot in it again, till the *bend-sinister* was taken out—but, like the affair of the hinge, it was one of the many things which the *Destinies* had set down in their books—ever to be grumbled at (and in wiser families than ours)—but never to be mended.

—Has the *bend-sinister* been brush'd out, I say? said my father——There has been nothing brush'd out, Sir, answered *Obadiah*, but the lining. We'll go o'horseback, said my father, turning to *Yorick*—Of all things in the world, except politics, the clergy know the least of heraldry, said *Yorick*——No matter for that, cried my father—I should be sorry to appear with a blot in my escutcheon before them ——Never mind the *bend-sinister*, said my uncle *Toby*, putting on his tie-wig—No, indeed, said my father——you may go with my aunt *Dinah*, to a visi-

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tation with a *bend-ſiniſter*, if you think fit——My poor uncle *Toby* bluſh'd. My father was vexed at himſelf——No—my dear brother *Toby*, ſaid my father, changing his tone——but the damp of the coach-lining, about my loins, may give me the ſciatica again, as it did *December*, *January*, and *February* laſt winter——ſo, if you pleaſe, you ſhall ride my wife's pad, and as you are to preach, *Yorick*, you had better make the beſt of your way before, ——and leave me to take care of my brother *Toby*, and to follow at our own rates.

Now, the chapter I was obliged to tear out, was the deſcription of this cavalcade, in which Corporal *Trim* and *Obadiah*, upon two coach-horſes abreaſt, led the way as ſlow as a patrole——whilſt my uncle *Toby*, in his laced regimentals, and tie-wig, kept his rank with my father, in deep roads and diſſertations alternately upon the advantage of learning and arms, as each could get the ſtart.

——But the painting of this journey, upon reviewing it, appears to be ſo much above the ſtyle and manner of any thing elſe I have been able to paint in this book, that it could not have remained in it, without depreciating every other ſcene, and deſtroying, at the ſame time, that neceſſary equipoiſe and balance (whether of good or bad), betwixt chapter and chapter, from whence the juſt proportions and harmony of the whole work reſults. For my own part, I am but juſt ſet up in the buſineſs, ſo know little about it——but, in my opinion, to write a book, is for all the world like humming a ſong—be but in tune with yourſelf, Madam, 'tis no matter how high or how low you take it.—

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——This is the reaſon, may it pleaſe your reverences, that ſome of the loweſt and flatteſt compoſitions paſs off very well (as *Yorick* told my uncle *Toby* one night) by ſiege——My uncle *Toby* looked briſk at the ſound of the word *ſiege*, but could make neither head or tail of it.

I'm to preach at court next Sunday, ſaid *Homenas* —run over my notes—ſo I humm'd over Dr. *Homenas*'s notes—the modulation's very well,—'twill do *Homenas*, if it holds on at this rate——ſo on I humm'd—and a tolerable tune I thought it was; and to this hour, may it pleaſe your reverences, had never found out how low, how flat, how ſpiritleſs and jejune it was; but that all of a ſudden, up ſtarted an air in the middle of it, ſo fine, ſo rich, ſo heavenly—it carried my ſoul up with it into the other world; now had I (as *Montaigne* complained in a parallel accident),——had I found the declivity eaſy, or the aſcent acceſſible—certes I had been outwitted—Your notes, *Homenas*, I ſhould have ſaid, are good notes—— but it was ſo perpendicular a precipice—ſo wholly cut off from the reſt of the work, that by the firſt note I humm'd, I found myſelf flying into the other world, and from thence diſcovered the vale from whence I came, ſo deep, ſo low, and diſmal, that I ſhall never have the heart to deſcend into it again.

☞ A dwarf who brings a ſtandard along with him, to meaſure his own ſize—take my word, is a dwarf in more articles than one—And ſo much for tearing out of chapters.

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CHAP. XXVI.

—See if he is not cutting it into ſlips, and giving them about him to light their pipes!—'Tis abominable, anſwered *Didius*; it ſhould not go unnoticed, ſaid Doctor *Kyſarcius*—for he was of the *Kyſarcii* of the Low Countries.

Methinks, ſaid *Didius*, half riſing from his chair, in order to remove a bottle and a tall decanter which ſtood in a direct line betwixt him and *Yorick*—you might have ſpared this ſarcaſtic ſtroke, and have hit upon a more proper place, Mr. *Yorick*—or at leaſt upon a more proper occaſion, to have ſhown your contempt of what we have been about: If the ſermon is of no better worth than to light pipes with—'twas certainly, Sir, not good enough to be preached before ſo learned a body; and if 'twas good enough to be preached before ſo learned a body, 'twas certainly, Sir, too good to light their pipes with afterwards.

—I have got him faſt hung up, quoth *Didius* to himſelf, upon one of the two horns of my dilemma—let him get off as he can.

I have undergone ſuch unſpeakable torments, in bringing forth this ſermon, quoth *Yorick*, upon this occaſion,—that I declare, *Didius*, I would ſuffer martyrdom.—and, if it was poſſible, my horſe with me, a thouſand times over, before I would ſit down and make ſuch another: I was delivered of it at the wrong end of me—it came from my head inſtead of my heart—and it is for the pain it gave me, both in

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the writing and preaching of it, that I revenge myſelf of it in this manner.—To preach, to ſhow the extent of our reading, or the ſubtleties of our wit—to parade in the eyes of the vulgar, with the beggarly accounts of a little learning, tinſelled over with a few words which glitter, but convey little light, and leſs warmth——is a diſhoneſt uſe of the poor ſingle half hour in a week, which is put into our hands——'Tis not preaching the goſpel—but ourſelves—For my own part, continued *Yorick*, I had rather direct five words point-blank to the heart.—

As *Yorick* pronounced the word *point-blank*, my uncle *Toby* roſe up to ſay ſomething upon projectiles—when a ſingle word, and no more, uttered from the oppoſite ſide of the table, drew every one's ears towards it—a word, of all others in the dictionary, the laſt in that place to be expected—a word I am aſhamed to write—yet muſt be written—muſt be read—illegal——uncanonical——gueſs ten thouſand gueſſes, multiplied into themſelves—rack—torture your invention for ever, you're where you was——In ſhort I'll tell it in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXVII.

ZOUNDS! ——————————————————

——————Z——ds; cried *Phutatorius*, partly to himſelf—and yet high enough to be heard—and, what ſeemed odd, 'twas uttered in a conſtruction of look, and in a tone of voice, ſomewhat between that of a man in amazement, and one in bodily pain.

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One or two who had very nice ears, and could diſtinguiſh the expreſſion and mixture of the two tones as plainly as a *third* or a *fifth*, or any other chord in muſic—were the moſt puzzled and perplexed with it—the concord was good in itſelf—but then 'twas quite out of the key, and no way applicable to the ſubject ſtarted;—ſo that with all their knowledge, they could not tell what in the world to make of it.

Others who knew nothing of muſical expreſſion, and merely lent their ears to the plain import of the *word*, imagined that *Phutatorius*, who was ſomewhat of a choleric ſpirit, was juſt going to ſnatch the cudgels out of *Didius*'s hands, in order to bemaul *Yorick* to ſome purpoſe, and that the deſperate monoſyllable Z—ds was the exordium to an oration, which, as they judged from the ſample, preſaged but a rough kind of handling of him, ſo that my uncle *Toby*'s good nature felt a pang for what *Yorick* was about to undergo. But ſeeing *Phutatorius* ſtop ſhort, without any attempt or deſire to go on—a third party began to ſuppoſe, that it was no more than an involuntary reſpiration, caſually forming itſelf into the ſhape of a twelve-penny oath——without the ſin or ſubſtance of one.

Others, and eſpecially one or two who ſat next him, looked upon it, on the contrary, as a real and ſubſtantial oath propenſely formed againſt *Yorick*, to whom he was known to bear no good liking—which ſaid oath, as my father philoſophized upon it, actually lay fretting and fuming at that very time in the upper regions of *Putatorius*'s purtenance, and ſo

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was naturally, and according to the due courſe of things, firſt ſqueezed out by the ſudden influx of blood, which was driven into the right ventricle of *Phutatorius*'s heart, by the ſtroke of ſurpriſe which ſo ſtrange a theory of preaching had excited.

How finely we argue upon miſtaken facts!

There was not a ſoul buſied in all theſe various reaſonings upon the monoſyllable which *Phutatorius* uttered,—who did not take this for granted, proceeding upon it as from an axiom, namely, that *Phutatorius*'s mind was intent upon the ſubject of debate, which was ariſing between *Didius* and *Yorick*; and indeed, as he looked firſt towards the one, and then towards the other, with the air of a man liſtening to what was going forwards,—who would not have thought the ſame? but the truth was, that *Phutatorius* knew not one word or one ſyllable of what was paſſing—but his whole thoughts and attention were taken up with a tranſaction which was going forwards at that very inſtant within the precincts of his own *Galligaſkins*, and in a part of them, where, of all others, he ſtood moſt intereſted to watch accidents: So that, notwithſtanding he looked with all the attention in the world, and had gradually ſcrewed up every nerve and muſcle in his face, to the utmoſt pitch the inſtrument would bear, in order, as it was thought, to give a ſharp reply to *Yorick*, who ſat over-againſt him—yet I ſay, was *Yorick* never once in any one domicile of *Phutatorius*'s brain—but the true cauſe of his exclamation lay at leaſt a yard below.

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This I will endeavour to explain to you with all imaginable decency.

You muſt be informed then, that *Gaſtripheres*, who had taken a turn into the kitchen a little before dinner, to ſee how things went on—obſerving a wicker-baſket of fine cheſnuts ſtanding upon the dreſſer, had ordered that a hundred or two of them might be roaſted and ſent in, as ſoon as dinner was over—*Gaſtripheres* enforcing his orders about them, that *Didius*, but *Phutatorius* eſpecially, were particularly fond of 'em.

About two minutes before the time that my uncle *Toby* interrupted *Yorick*'s harrangue—*Gaſtripheres*'s cheſnuts were brought in—and as *Phutatorius*'s fondneſs for 'em, was uppermoſt in the waiter's head, he laid them directly before *Phutatorius*, wrapt up hot in a clean damaſk napkin.

Now whether it was phyſically impoſſible, with half a dozen hands all thruſt into the napkin at a time—but that ſome one cheſnut, of more life and rotundity than the reſt, muſt be put in motion—— it ſo fell out, however, that one was actually ſent rolling off the table; and as *Phutatorius* ſat ſtraddling under——it fell perpendicularly into that particular aperture of *Phutatorius*'s breeches, for which, to the ſhame and indelicacy of our language be it ſpoke, there is no chaſte word throughout all *Johnſon*'s dictionary—let it ſuffice to ſay—it was that particular aperture, which in all good ſocieties, the laws of decorum do ſtrictly require, like the temple of *Janus* (in peace at leaſt), to be univerſally ſhut up.

The neglect of this punctilio in *Phutatorius*, which

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by the by, ſhould be a warning to all mankind) had opened a door to this accident.

——Accident I call it, in compliance to a received mode of ſpeaking,—but in no oppoſition to the opinion either of *Acrites* or *Mythogeras* in this matter; I know they were both prepoſſeſſed and fully perſuaded of it—and are ſo to this hour, that there was nothing of accident in the whole event.—But, that the cheſnut's taking that particular courſe, and in a manner of its own accord——and then falling with all its heat directly into that one particular place, and no other—was a real judgment upon *Phutatorius*, for that filthy and obſcene treatiſe *de Concubinis retinendis*, which *Phutatorius* had publiſhed about twenty years ago—and was that identical week going to give the world a ſecond edition of.

It is not my buſineſs to dip my pen in this controverſy—much undoubtedly may be wrote on both ſides of the queſtion——all that concerns me, as an hiſtorian, is to repreſent the matter of fact, and render it credible to the reader, that the hiatus in *Phutatorius*'s breeches was ſufficiently wide to receive the cheſnut; and that the cheſnut, ſomehow or other, did fall perpendicularly and piping hot in to it, without *Phututorius*'s perceiving it, or any one elſe at that time.

The genial warmth which the cheſnut imparted was not undelectable for the firſt twenty or five-and-twenty ſeconds,—and did no more than gently ſolicit *Phutatorius*'s attention towards the part:—But the heat gradually increaſing, and in a few ſeconds more getting beyond the point of all ſober pleaſure,

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and then advancing with all ſpeed into the regions of pain,——the ſoul of *Phutatorius*, together with all his ideas, his thoughts, his attention, his imagination, judgment, reſolution, deliberation, ratiocination, memory, fancy, with ten battalions of animal ſpirits, all tumultuouſly crowded down, through different defiles and circuits, to the place of danger, leaving all his upper regions, as you may imagine, as empty as my purſe.

With the beſt intelligence which all theſe meſſengers could bring him back, *Phutatorius* was not able to dive into the ſecret of what was going forwards below, nor could he make any kind of conjecture what the devil was the matter with it: However, as he knew not what the true cauſe might turn out, he deemed it moſt prudent, in the ſituation he was in at preſent, to bear it, if poſſible, like a Stoic; which, with the help of ſome wry faces and compurſions of the mouth, he had certainly accompliſhed, had his imagination continued neuter——But the ſallies of the imagination are ungovernable in things of this kind——a thought inſtantly darted into his mind, that though the anguiſh had the ſenſation of glowing heat——it might, notwithſtanding that, be a bite as well as a burn; and if ſo, that poſſibly a *Newt*, or an *Aſker*, or ſome ſuch deteſted reptile, had crept up and was faſtening his teeth——the horrid idea of which, with a freſh glow of pain ariſing that inſtant from the cheſnut, ſeized *Phutatarious* with a ſudden panic, and in the firſt terrifying diſorder of the paſſion, it threw him, as it has done the beſt generals upon earth, quite off his guard;——the effect of

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which was this, that he leapt incontinently up, uttering, as he roſe, that interjection of ſurpriſe ſo much deſcanted upon, with the apoſiopeſtic break after it, marked thus, Z——ds!—which, though not ſtrictly canonical, was ſtill as little as any man could have ſaid upon the occaſion;——and which, by the by, whether canonical or not, *Phutatorius* could no more help than he could the cauſe of it.

Though this has taken up ſome time in the narrative, it took up little more time in the tranſaction than juſt to allow time for *Phutatorius* to draw forth the cheſnut, and throw it down with violence upon the floor——and for *Yorick* to riſe from his chair, and pick the cheſnut up.

It is curious to obſerve the triumph of ſlight incidents over the mind:——What incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of men and things,——that trifles light as air ſhall waft a belief into the ſoul, and plant it ſo immoveably within it, that *Euclid*'s demonſtrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, ſhould not all have power to overthrow it.

Yorick, I ſaid, picked up the cheſnut which *Phutatorius*'s wrath had flung down——the action was trifling—I am aſhamed to account for it——he did it, for no reaſon, but that he thought the cheſnut not a jot worſe for the adventure—and that he held a good cheſnut worth ſtooping for.—But this incident, trifling as it was, wrought differently in *Phutatorius*'s head: He conſidered this act of *Yorick*'s in getting off his chair, and picking up the cheſnut, as a plain acknowledgment in him that the cheſnut was

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originally his,—and in courſe, that it muſt have been the owner of the cheſnut, and no one elſe, who could have played him ſuch a prank with it: What greatly confirmed him in this opinion was this, that the table being parallelogrammical and very narrow, it afforded a fair opportunity for *Yorick*, who ſat directly over-againſt *Phutatorius*, of ſlipping the cheſnut in——and conſequently that he did it. The look of ſomething more than ſuſpicion, which *Phutatorius* caſt full upon *Yorick* as theſe thoughts aroſe, too evidently ſpoke his opinion.——And as *Phutatorius* was naturally ſuppoſed to know more of the matter than any perſon beſides, his opinion at once became the general one,——and for a reaſon very different from any which have been yet given;—in a little time it was put out of all manner of diſpute.

When great or unexpected events fall out upon the ſtage of this ſublunary world—the mind of man, which is an inquiſitive kind of a ſubſtance, naturally takes a flight behind the ſcenes, to ſee what is the cauſe and firſt ſpring of them——The ſearch was not long in this inſtance.

It was well known that *Yorick* had never a good opinion of the treatiſe which *Phutatorius* had wrote *de Concubinis retinendis*, as a thing which he feared had done hurt in the world—and 'twas eaſily found out that there was a myſtical meaning in *Yorick*'s prank——and that his chucking the cheſnut hot into *Phutatorius*'s ***———*****, was a ſarcaſtical ſling at his book——the doctrines of which, they ſaid, had inflamed many an honeſt man in the ſame place.

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This conceit awaken'd *Somnolentus*, made *Agelaſtes* ſmile——and if you can recollect the preciſe look and air of a man's face intent in finding out a riddle—it threw *Gaſtripheres*'s into that form—and in ſhort was thought by many to be a maſter-ſtroke of arch wit.

This, as the reader has ſeen, from one end to the other, was as groundleſs as the dreams of philoſophy: *Yorick*, no doubt, as *Shakeſpeare* ſaid of his anceſtor——"*was a man of jeſt*," but it was tempered with ſomething which withheld him from that, and many other ungracious pranks, of which he as undeſervedly bore the blame;—but it was his misfortune all his life long to bear the imputation of ſaying and doing a thouſand things, of which (unleſs my eſteem blinds me) his nature was incapable. All I blame him for—or rather, all I blame and alternately like him for, was that ſingularity of his temper, which would never ſuffer him to take pains to ſet a ſtory right with the world, however in his power. In every ill uſage of that ſort, he acted preciſely as in the affair of his lean horſe—he could have explained it to his honour, but his ſpirit was above it; and beſides he ever looked upon the inventor, the propagator and believer of an illiberal report alike ſo injurious to him—he could not ſtoop to tell his ſtory to them,—and ſo truſted to time and truth to do it for him.

This heroic caſt produced him inconveniencies in many reſpects—in the preſent, it was followed by the fixed reſentment of *Phutatorius*, who, as *Yorick* had juſt made an end of his cheſnut, roſe up from

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his chair a ſecond time to let him know it—which indeed he did with a ſmile; ſaying only—that he would endeavour not to forget the obligation.

But you muſt mark and carefully ſeparate and diſtinguiſh theſe two things in your mind.

—The ſmile was for the company.

—The threat was for *Yorick*.

CHAP. XXVIII.

——CAN you tell me, quoth *Phutatorius*, ſpeaking to *Gaſtripheres* who ſat next him—for one would not apply to a ſurgeon in ſo fooliſh an affair,——— can you tell me, *Gaſtripheres*, what is beſt to take out the fire?—Aſk *Eugenius*, ſaid *Gaſtripheres*——That greatly depends, ſaid *Eugenius*, pretending ignorance of the adventure, upon the nature of the part ——If it is a tender part, and a part which can conveniently be wrapt up——It is both the one and the other, replied *Phutatorius*, laying his hand as he ſpoke, with an emphatical nod of his head, upon the part in queſtion, and lifting up his right leg at the ſame time to eaſe and ventilate it—If that is the caſe, ſaid *Eugenius*, I would adviſe you, *Phutatorius*, not to tamper with it by any means; but if you will ſend to the next printer, and truſt your cure to ſuch a ſimple thing as a ſoft ſheet of paper juſt come off the preſs——you need do nothing more than twiſt it round—The damp paper, quoth *Yorick* (who ſat next to his friend *Eugenius*), though I know it has a refreſhing coolneſs in it—yet I preſume is no more than the vehicle——and that the oil and lampblack

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with which the paper is ſo ſtrongly impregnated, does the buſineſs—Right, ſaid *Eugenius*, and is, of any outward application I would venture to recommend, the moſt anodyne and ſafe.

Was it my caſe, ſaid *Gaſtripheres*, as the main thing is the oil and lampblack, I ſhould ſpread them thick upon a rag, and clap it on directly.—That would make a very devil of it, replied *Yorick*——. And beſides, added *Eugenius*, it would not anſwer the intention, which is the extreme neatneſs and elegance of the preſcription, which the Faculty hold to be half in half——for conſider, if the type is a very ſmall one (which it ſhould be), the ſanative particles which come into contact in this form, have the advantage of being ſpread ſo infinitely thin, and with ſuch a mathematical equality (freſh paragraphs and large capitals excepted), as no art or management of the ſpatula can come up to. It falls out very luckily, replied *Phutatorius*, that the ſecond edition of my treatiſe *de Concubinis retinendis*, is at this inſtant in the preſs—You may take any leaf of it, ſaid *Eugenius*—no matter which——provided quoth *Yorick*, there is no bawdry in it.—

They are juſt now, replied *Phutatorius*, printing off the ninth chapter——which is the laſt chapter but one in the book——Pray what is the title to that chapter? ſaid *Yorick*, making a reſpectful bow to *Phutatorius* as he ſpoke——I think anſwered *Phutatorius*, 'tis that, *de re concubinariâ*.

For heaven's ſake keep out of that chapter, quoth *Yorick*.

—By all means—added *Eugenius*.

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CHAP. XXIX.

——Now, quoth *Didius*, rising up, and laying his right hand with his fingers spread upon his breast—had such a blunder about a Christian name happened before the Reformation—(It happened the day before yesterday, quoth my uncle *Toby* to himself)—and when baptism was administered in *Latin*——('Twas all in *English*, said my uncle)——many things might have coincided with it, and, upon the authority of sundry decreed cases, to have pronounced the baptism null, with a power of giving the child a new name——Had a priest, for instance which was no uncommon thing, through ignorance of the *Latin* tongue, baptized a child of Tom-o'Stiles, *in nomine patriæ & filia & spiritum sanctos*—the baptism was held null—I beg your pardon, replied *Kysarcius*,——in that case, as the mistake was only in the *terminations*, the baptism was valid——and to have rendered it null, the blunder of the priest should have fallen upon the first syllable of each noun—and not, as in your case, upon the last.

My father delighted in subtleties of this kind, and listened with infinite attention.

Gastripheres, for example, continued *Kysarcius*, baptizes a child of *John Stradling*'s *in Gomine* gatris, &c. &c. instead of *in Nomine* patris, &c.—Is this a baptism? No,——say the ablest canonists; inasmuch as the radix of each word is hereby torn up, and the sense and meaning of them removed and changed quite to another object; for *Gomine* does not signi-

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fy a name, nor *gatris* a father—What do they ſignify? ſaid my uncle *Toby*——Nothing at all, quoth *Yorick*—Ergo, ſuch a baptiſm is null, ſaid *Kyſarcius*——

In courſe,—anſwered *Yorick*, in a tone two parts jeſt and one part earneſt—

But in the caſe cited, continued *Kyſarcius*, where *patriæ* is put for *patris*, *filia* for *filii*, and ſo on—as it is a fault only in the declenſion, and the roots of the words continue untouch'd, the inflexions of their branches, either this way or that, does not in any ſort hinder the baptiſm, in as much as the ſame ſenſe continues in the words as before——But then, ſaid *Didius*, the intention of the prieſt's pronouncing them grammatically, muſt have been proved to have gone along with it—Right, anſwer'd *Kyſarcius*; and of this, brother *Didius*, we have an inſtance in a decree of the decretals of Pope *Leo* the IIId.—But my brother's child, cried my uncle *Toby*, has nothing to do with the Pope——'tis the plain child of a Proteſtant gentleman, chriſten'd *Triſtram* againſt the wills and wiſhes both of its father and mother, and all who are a-kin to it.

If the wills and wiſhes, ſaid *Kyſarcius*, interrupting my uncle *Toby*, of thoſe only who ſtand related to Mr. *Shandy*'s child, were to have weight in this matter, Mrs. *Shandy*, of all people, has the leaſt to do in it.—My uncle *Toby* laid down his pipe, and my father drew his chair ſtill cloſer to the table to hear the concluſion of ſo ſtrange an introduction.

It has not only been a queſtion, Captain *Shandy*,

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amongſt the * beſt lawyers and civlians in this land, continued *Kyſarcius*, "*Whether the mother be of kin* "*to her child*,"——but, after much diſpaſſionate inquiry and jactitation of the arguments on all ſides ——it has been adjudged for the negative—namely, "*That the mother is not of kin to her child* ‡." My father inſtantly clapp'd his hand upon my uncle *Toby*'s mouth, under colour of whiſpering in his ear; —the truth was, he was alarmed for *Lillabullero*—and having a great deſire to hear more of ſo curious an argument——he begg'd my uncle *Toby*, for heaven's ſake, not to diſappoint him in it—My uncle *Toby* gave a nod,—reſumed his pipe, and, contenting himſelf with whiſtling *Lillabullero* inwardly—— *Kyſarcius*, *Didius*, and *Triptolemus*, went on with the diſcourſe as follows:

This determination, continued *Kyſarcius*, how contrary ſoever it may ſeem to run to the ſtream of vulgar ideas, yet had reaſon ſtrongly on its ſide; and has been put out of all manner of diſpute, from the famous caſe, known commonly by the name of the Duke of *Suffolk*'s caſe.—It is cited in *Brook*, ſaid *Triptolemus*—And taken notice of by Lord *Coke*, added *Didius*—And you may may find it in *Swinburn* on Teſtaments, ſaid *Kyſarcius*.

The caſe Mr. *Shandy* was this.

In the reign of *Edward* the Sixth, *Charles* Duke of *Suffolk* having iſſue a ſon by one venter, and a daughter by another venter, made his laſt will, wherein

* Vide Swinburn on Teſtaments, Part 7. § 8.

‡ Vide Brook Abridg. Tit. Adminiſtr.

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he deviſed goods to his ſon, and died; after whoſe death the ſon died alſo—but without will, without wife, and without child—his mother and his ſiſter by the father's ſide (for ſhe was born of the former venter) then living. The mother took the adminiſtra tion of her ſon's goods, according to the ſtatute of the 21ſt of *Harry* the Eighth, whereby it is enacted, That in caſe any perſon die inteſtate, the adminiſtration of his goods ſhall be committed to the next of kin.

The adminiſtration being thus (ſurreptitiouſly) granted to the mother, the ſiſter by the father's ſide commenced a ſuit before the Eccleſiaſtical Judge; alleging, 1ſt, That ſhe herſelf was next of kin; and 2dly, That the mother was not of kin at all to the party deceaſed; and therefore pray'd the court, that the adminiſtration granted to the mother might be revoked, and be committed unto her, as next of kin to the deceaſed, by force of the ſaid ſtatute.

Hereupon, as it was a great cauſe, and much depending upon its iſſue——and many cauſes of great property likely to be decided in times to come, by the precedent to be then made——the moſt learned as well in the laws of this realm, as in the civil law, were conſulted together, whether the mother was of kin to her ſon, or no—Whereunto not only the temporal lawyers—but the church lawyers—the juris conſulti—the juris-prudentes—the civilians—the advocates—the commiſſaries—the judges of the conſiſtory and prerogative courts of *Canterbury* and *York*, with the maſter of the faculties, were all u-

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nanimously of opinion, that the mother was not of * kin to her child.

And what said the Dutchess of *Suffolk* to it? said my uncle *Toby*.

The unexpectedness of my uncle *Toby*'s question confounded *Kysarcius* more than the ablest advocate —He stopp'd a full minute, looking in my uncle *Toby*'s face without replying——and in that single minute *Triptolemus* put by him, and took the lead as follows.

'Tis a ground and principle in the law, said *Triptolemus*, that things do not ascend, but descend in it; and I make no doubt 'tis for this cause, that however true it is, that the child may be of the blood and seed of its parents—that the parents, nevertheless, are not of the blood and seed of it, inasmuch as the parents are not begot by the child, but the child by the parents——For so they write, *Liberi sunt de sanguine patris & matris, sed pater et mater non sunt de sanguine liberorum.*

——But this, *Triptolemus*, cried *Didius*, proves too much——for from this authority cited, it would follow, not only what is indeed granted on all sides, that the mother is not of kin to her child—but the father likewise—It is held, said *Triptolemus*, the better opinion; because the father, the mother, and the child, though they be three persons, yet are they but (*una caro*†) one flesh; and consequently no de-

* Mater non numeratur inter consanguineos. Bald. in ult. C. de Verb. signific.

† Vide Brook Abridg. tit. Administr.

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gree of kindred—or any method of acquiring one *in nature*—There you push the argument again too far, cried *Didius*——for there is no prohibition *in nature*, though there is in the Levitical law,—but that a man may beget a child upon his grandmother ——in which case, supposing the issue a daughter, she would stand in relation both of—But who ever thought, cried *Kysarcius*, of lying with his grandmother?——The young gentleman, replied *Yorick*, whom *Selden* speaks of—who not only thought of it, but justified his intention to his father by the argument drawn from the law of retaliation—"You "lay, Sir, with my mother, said the lad——why "may I not lie with yours?——'Tis the *Argumentum commune*, added *Yorick*. 'Tis as good, replied *Eugenius*, taking down his hat, as they deserve.

CHAP. XXX.

—And pray, said my uncle *Toby*, leaning upon *Yorick*, as he and my father were helping him leisurely down the stairs——don't be terrified, Madam, this staircase-conversation is not so long as the last—— And pray, *Yorick*, said my uncle *Toby*, which way is this said affair of *Tristram* at length settled by these learned men? Very satisfactorily, replied *Yorick*; no mortal, Sir, has any concern with it——for Mrs. *Shandy*, the mother, is nothing at all akin to him—and as the mother's is the surest side—Mr. *Shandy*, in course, is still less than nothing——In short, he is not as much akin to him, Sir, as I am——

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—That may well be, ſaid my father, ſhaking his head.

—Let the learned ſay what they will, there muſt certainly, quoth my uncle *Toby*, have been ſome ſort of conſanguinity betwixt the Ducheſs of *Suffolk* and her ſon.——

The vulgar are of the ſame opinion, quoth *Yorick*, to this hour.

CHAP. XXXI.

THOUGH my father was hugely tickled with the ſubtleties of theſe learned diſcourſes—'twas ſtill but like the anointing of a broken bone—The moment he got home, the weight of his afflictions returned upon him but ſo much the heavier, as is ever the caſe when the ſtaff we lean on ſlips from under us—He became penſive—walked frequently forth to the fiſh-pond—let down one loop of his hat—ſigh'd often—Forbore to ſnap——and, as the haſty ſparks of temper, which occaſion ſnapping, ſo much aſſiſt perſpiration and digeſtion, as *Hyppocrates* tells us—he had certainly fallen ill with the extinction of them, had not his thoughts been critically drawn off, and his health reſcued by a freſh train of diſquietudes left him, with a legacy of a thouſand pounds by my aunt *Dinah*.—

My father had ſcarce read the letter, when, taking the thing by the right end, he inſtantly began to plague and puzzle his head how to lay it out moſtly to the honour of his family—A hundred and fifty odd projects took poſſeſſion of his brains by turns—

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he would do this, and that, and t'other—He would go to *Rome*—he would go to law—he would buy ſtock—he would buy *John Hobſon*'s farm—he would new fore-front his houſe, and add a new wing to make it even—There was a fine water-mill on this ſide, and he would build a wind-will on the other ſide of the river, in full view, to anſwer it——But, above all things in the world, he would encloſe the great *Ox-moor*, and ſend out my brother *Bobby* immediately upon his travels.

But, as the ſum was *finite*, and conſequently could not do every thing——and in truth very few of theſe to any purpoſe,——of all the projects which offered themſelves upon this occaſion, the two laſt ſeemed to make the deepeſt impreſſion, and he would infallibly have determined upon both at once, but for the ſmall inconvenience hinted at above, which abſolutely put him under a neceſſity of deciding in favour either of the one or the other.

This was not altogether ſo eaſy to be done; for though 'tis certain my father had long before ſet his heart upon this neceſſary part of my brother's education, and, like a prudent man, had actually determined to carry it into execution with the firſt money that returned from the ſecond creation of actions in the *Miſſiſſippi*-ſcheme, in which he was an adventurer —yet the *Ox-moor*, which was a fine, large, whinny, undrained, unimproved common, belonging to the *Shandy* eſtate, had almoſt as old a claim upon him: He had long and affectionately ſet his heart upon turning it likewiſe to ſome account.

But having never hitherto been preſſed with ſuch

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a conjuncture of things, as made it neceſſary to ſettle either the priority or juſtice of their claims—— like a wiſe man, he had refrained entering into any nice or critical examination about them: ſo that upon the diſmiſſion of every other project at this criſis, —the two old projects, the Ox-moor and my Brother, divided him again; and ſo equal a match were they for each other, as to become the occaſion of no ſmall conteſt in the old gentleman's mind,— which of the two ſhould be ſet o'going firſt.

—People may laugh as they will——but the caſe was this.

It had ever been the cuſtom of the family, and by length of time was almoſt become a matter of common right, that the eldeſt ſon of it ſhould have free ingreſs, egreſs, and regreſs into foreign parts before marriage,——not only for the ſake of bettering his own private parts, by the benefit of exerciſe and change of ſo much air——but ſimply for the mere delectation of his fancy, by the feather put into his cap, of having been abroad——*tantum valet*, my father would ſay, *quantum ſonat*.

Now as this was a reaſonable, and, in courſe, a moſt Chriſtian indulgence——to deptive him of it, without why or wherefore,—and thereby make an example of him, as the firſt *Shandy* unwhirl'd about *Europe* in a poſt-chaiſe, and only becauſe he was a heavy lad——would be uſing him ten times worſe than a *Turk*.

On the other hand, the caſe of the *Ox-moor* was full as hard.

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Excluſive of the original purchaſe-money, which was eight hundred pounds——it had coſt the family eight hundred pounds more in a law-ſuit about fifteen years before——beſides the Lord knows what trouble and vexation.

It had been, moreover, in poſſeſſion of the *Shandy* family ever ſince the middle of the laſt century; and though it lay full in view before the houſe, bounded on one extremity by the water-mill, and on the other by the projected wind-mill ſpoken of above,—and, for all theſe reaſons, ſeemed to have the faireſt title of any part of the eſtate, to the care and protection of the family——yet, by an unaccountable fatality, common to men, as well as the ground they tread on—it had all along moſt ſhamefully been overlook'd; and, to ſpeak the truth of it, had ſuffered ſo much by it, that it would have made any man's heart have bled (*Obadiah* ſaid) who underſtood the value of the land, to have rode over it, and only ſeen the condition it was in.

However, as neither the purchaſing this tract of ground—nor, indeed, the placing of it where it lay, were either of them, properly ſpeaking, of my father's doing—he had never thought himſelf any way concerned in the affair—till the fifteen years before, when the breaking out of that curſed law-ſuit mentioned above (and which had aroſe about its boundaries)—which being altogether my father's own act and deed, it naturally awakened every other argument in its favour; and, upon ſumming them all up together, he ſaw, not merely in intereſt, but in

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honour, he was bound to do ſomething for it——and that now or never was the time

I think there muſt certainly have been a mixture of ill luck in it, that the reaſons on both ſides ſhould happen to be ſo equally balanced by each other; for, though my father weigh'd them in all humours and conditions——ſpent many an anxious hour in the moſt profound and abſtracted meditation upon what was beſt to be done—reading books of farming one day——books of travels another——laying aſide all paſſion whatever—viewing the arguments on both ſides in all their lights and circumſtances——communing every day with my uncle *Toby*——arguing with *Yorick*, and talking over the whole affair of the *Ox-moor* with *Obadiah*—yet nothing in all that time appeared ſo ſtrongly in behalf of the one, which was not either ſtrictly applicable to the other, or at leaſt ſo far counterbalanced by ſome conſideration of equal weight, as to keep the ſcales even.

For, to be ſure, with proper helps, and in the hands of ſome people, though the *Ox-moor* would undoubtedly have made a different appearance in the world from what it did, or ever could do in the condition it lay——yet every title of this was true, with regard to my brother *Bobby*——let *Obadiah* ſay what he would——

In point of intereſt—the conteſt, I own, at firſt ſight, did not appear ſo undecifive betwixt them; for, whenever my father took pen and ink in hand and ſet about calculating the ſimple expence of paring and burning, and fencing in the *Ox-moor*, &c.

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&c.—with the certain profit it would bring him in return—the latter turned out ſo prodigiouſly in his way of working the account, that you would have ſworn the *Ox-moor* would have carried all before it. For it was plain he ſhould reap an hundred laſts of rape, at twenty pounds a laſt, the very firſt year—beſides an excellent crop of wheat the year following——and the year after that, to ſpeak within bounds, an hundred—but in all likelihood, an hundred and fifty—if not two hundred quarters of peaſe and beans——beſides potatoes without end ——But then, to think he was all this while breeding up my brother like a hog to eat them——knocked all on the head again, and generally left the old gentleman in ſuch a ſtate of ſuſpenſe—that, as he often declared to my uncle *Toby*—he knew no more than his heels what to do.

No body, but he who has felt it, can conceive what a plaguing thing it is to have a man's mind torn aſunder by two projects of equal ſtrength, both obſtinately pulling in a contrary direction at the ſame time: For, to ſay nothing of the havoc, which, by a certain conſequence, is unavoidably made by it all over the finer ſyſtem of the nerves, which, you know, convey the animal ſpirits and more ſubtle juices from the heart to the head, and ſo on—it is not to be told in what a degree ſuch a wayward kind of friction works upon the more groſs and ſolid parts, waſting the fat and impairing the ſtrength of a man every time as it goes backwards and forwards.

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My father had certainly ſunk under this evil, as certainly as he had done under that of my CHRISTIAN NAME—had he not been reſcued out of it, as he was out of that, by a freſh evil—the misfortune of my brother *Bobby*'s death.

What is the life of man! Is it not a ſhift from ſide to ſide?—from ſorrow to ſorrow?—to button up one cauſe of vexation?——and unbutton another?

CHAP. XXXII.

FROM this moment, I am to be conſidered as heir apparent to the *Shandy* family—and it is from this point properly, that the ſtory of my LIFE and my OPINIONS ſets out; with all my hurry and precipitation I have but been clearing the ground to raiſe the building—and ſuch a building do I foreſee it will turn out, as never was planned, and as never was executed ſince *Adam*. In leſs than five minutes, I ſhall have thrown my pen into the fire, and the little drop of thick ink which is left remaining at the bottom of my ink-horn, after it——I have but half a ſcore things to do in the time——I have a thing to name—a thing to lament—a thing to hope—a thing to promiſe, and a thing to threaten—I have a thing to ſuppoſe—a thing to declare—a thing to conceal—a thing to chuſe, and a thing to pray for.——This chapter, therefore, I *name* the chapter of THINGS—and my next chapter to it, that is, the firſt chapter of my next volume, if I live, ſhall be my chapter upon

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WHISKERS, in order to keep up ſome ſort of connection in my works.

The thing I lament is, that things have crouded in ſo thick upon me, that I have not been able to get into that part of my work, towards which, I have, all the way looked forwards, with ſo much earneſt deſire; and that is the Campaigns, but eſpecially the amours of my uncle *Toby*, the events of which are of ſo ſingular a nature, and ſo Cervantic a caſt, that if I can ſo manage it, as to convey but the ſame impreſſions to every other brain, which the occurences themſelves excited in my own——I will anſwer for it, the book ſhall make its way in the world, much better than its maſter has done before it.—O *Triſtram! Triſtram!* can this but be once brought about ——the credit, which will attend thee as an author, ſhall counterbalance the many evils which have befallen thee as a man—thou wilt feaſt upon the one ——when thou has loſt all ſenſe and remembrance of the other!——

No wonder I itch ſo much as I do, to get at theſe amours—They are the choiceſt morſel of my whole ſtory! and when I do get at 'em——aſſure yourſelves, good folks—(nor do I value whoſe ſqueamiſh ſtomach takes offence at it), I ſhall not be at all nice in the choice of my words;——and that's the thing I have to *declare*.——I ſhall never get all thro' in five minutes, that I fear—and the thing I *hope* is, that your worſhips and reverences are not offended ——If you are, depend upon't I'll give you ſomething, my good gentry, next year, to be offended at —that's my dear *Jenny*'s way—but who my *Jenny*

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is—and which is the right and which the wrong end of a woman, is the thing to be concealed——it shall be told you the next chapter but one to my chapter of Button-holes,——and not one chapter before.

And now that you have just got to the end of these † three volumes——the thing I have to *ask*, is, how you feel your heads? my own aches dismally!—as for your healths, I know they are much better—True *Shandeism*, think what you will against it, opens the heart and lungs, and, like all those affections which partake of its nature, it forces the blood, and other vital fluids of the body, to run freely through its channels, and makes the wheel of life run long and cheerfully round.

Was I left like *Sancho Pança*, to choose my kingdom, it should not be maritime—or a kingdom of blacks to make a penny of—no, it should be a kingdom of hearty laughing subjects; and, as the bilious and more saturnine passions, by creating disorders in the blood and humours, have as bad an influence, I see, upon the body politic as body natural——and as nothing but a habit of virtue can fully govern those passions, and subject them to reason——I should add to my prayer——that God would give my subjects grace to be as WISE as they were MERRY; and then should I be the happiest monarch, and they the happiest people under heaven.—

And so, with this moral for the present, may it please your worships and your reverences, I take

† According to the preceding Editions.

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my leave of you till this time twelvemonth, when (unleſs this vile cough kill me in the meantime) I'll have another pluck at your beards, and lay open a ſtory to the world you little dream of.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

Dixero si quid forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis.—— HOR.

——Si quis calumnietur levius esse quam decet theologum, aut mordacius quam deceat Christianum——
non Ego, sed Democritus dixit.—— ERASMUS.

Si quis Clericus, aut Monachus, verba joculatoria, risum moventia scienter [illegible]thema esto.
Second Council of CARTHAGE.

VOL. V.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN, LORD VISCOUNT SPENCER.

My Lord,

I humbly beg leave to offer you these two Volumes*; they are the best my talents, with such bad health as I have, could produce:——had Providence granted me a larger stock of either, they had been a much more proper present to your Lordship.

I beg your Lordship will forgive me, if, at the same time I dedicate this work to you, I join Lady Spencer, in the liberty I take of inscribing the story of *Le Fevre*, in the fixth volume, to her name; for which I have no other motive, which my heart has informed me of, but that the story is a humane one.

I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most devoted,

And most humble servant,

Laur. Sterne.

* Volumes V. and VI. in the first Edition.

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THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

If it had not been for thoſe two mettleſome tits, and that madcap of a poſtilion, who drove them from Stilton to Stamford, the thought had never entered my head. He flew like lightening——there was a ſlop of three miles and a half——we ſcarce touched the ground—the motion was moſt rapid——moſt impetuous—'twas communicated to my brain—my heart partook of it——"By the great "god of day," ſaid I, looking towards the ſun, and thruſting my arm out of the fore-window of the chaiſe as I made my vow, "I will lock up my ſtudy "door the moment I get home, and throw the key "of it ninety feet below the ſurface of the earth, "into the draw-well at the back of my houſe."

The London waggon confirmed me in my reſolutions: it hung tottering upon the hill, ſcarce progreſſive, dragg'd——dragg'd up by eight *heavy beaſts*——

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" main ſtrength!" quoth I, nodding—" but your " betters draw the ſame way——and ſomething of " every body's——O rare!"

Tell me, ye learn'd, ſhall we for ever be adding ſo much to the *bulk*,—ſo little to the *flock?*

Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one veſſel into another?

Are we for ever to be twiſting and untwiſting the ſame rope? for ever in the ſame track——for ever at the ſame pace?

Shall we be deſtined to the days of eternity, on holidays, as well as working-days, to be ſhowing the *relics of learning*, as monks do the relics of their ſaints——without working one—one ſingle miracle with them?

Who made Man, with powers which dart him from earth to heaven in a moment—that great, that moſt excellent and moſt noble creature of the world—the *miracle* of nature, as *Zoroaſter* in his book περὶ φύσεως called him—the SHEKINAH of the divine preſence, as Chryſoſtom—the *image* of God, as Moſes—the *ray* of divinity, as Plato—the *marvel* of *marvels*, as Ariſtotle—to go ſneaking on at this pitiful—pimping—pettifogging rate?

I ſcorn to be as abuſive as *Horace* upon the occaſion—but if there is no catachreſis in the wiſh, and no ſin in it, I wiſh from my ſoul that every imitator in *Great Britain*, *France* and *Ireland*, had the fate for his pains; and that there was a good farcical houſe, large enough to hold——ay——and ſublimate them, *ſhag rag and bob-tail*, male and fe-

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male, all altogether——And this leads me to the affair of *Whiſkers*——but, by what chain of ideas—I leave as a legacy in *mort-main* to Prudes and Tartufs, to enjoy and make the moſt of.

UPON WHISKERS.

I am ſorry I made it—'twas as inconſiderate a promiſe as ever entered a man's head.——A chapter upon whiſkers! alas, the world will not bear it! ——'tis a delicate world——but I knew not of what metal it was made—nor had I ever ſeen the underwritten fragment otherwiſe, as ſurely as noſes are noſes, and whiſkers are whiſkers ſtill (let the world ſay what it will to the contrary), ſo ſurely would I have ſteered clear of this dangerous chapter.

THE FRAGMENT.

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

*——You are half aſleep, my good lady, ſaid the old gentleman, taking hold of the old lady's hand, and giving it a gentle ſqueeze as he pronounced the word *Whiſkers*—ſhall we change the ſubject? By no means, replied the old lady——I like your account of thoſe matters: ſo throwing a thin gauze handkerchief over her head, and leaning it back upon the chair with her face turned towards him, and advancing her two feet as ſhe reclined herſelf——I deſire, continued ſhe, you will go on.

The old gentleman went on as follows:

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———Whiskers! cried the queen of *Navarre*, dropping her knotting ball as *La Fosseuse* uttered the word——Whiskers! madam, said *La Fosseuse*, pinning the ball to the queen's apron, and making a courtesy as she repeated it.

La Fosseuse's voice was naturally soft and low, yet 'twas an articulate voice; and every letter of the word *Whiskers* fell distinctly upon the queen of *Navarre*'s ear——Whiskers, cried the queen, laying a greater stress upon the word, and as if she had still distrusted here ars—Whiskers! replied *La Fosseuse*, repeating the word a third time—There is not a cavalier, madam, of his age in *Navarre*, continued the maid of honour, pressing the page's interest upon the queen, that has so gallant a pair——Of what! cried *Margaret* smilling———Of whiskers, said *La Fosseuse*, with infinite modesty.

The word *Whiskers* still stood its ground, and continued to be made use of in most of the best companies throughout the little kingdom of *Navarre*, notwithstanding the indiscreet use which *La Fosseuse* had made of it: the truth was, *La Fosseuse* had pronounced the word, not only before the queen, but upon sundry other occasions at court, with an accent which always implied something of a mystery—And as the court of *Margaret*, as all the world knows, was at that time a mixture of gallantry and devotion—and whiskers being as applicable to the one as the other, the word naturally stood its ground——it gained full as much as it lost; that is, the clergy were for it—the laity were against it—and for the women,—*they* were divided.

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The excellency of the figure and mien of the young Sieur *de Croix*, was at that time beginning to draw the attention of the maids of honour towards the terrace before the palace gate, where the guard was mounted. The Lady *de Bauſſiere* fell deeply in love with him——*La Battarelle* did the ſame—it was the fineſt weather for it that ever was remembered in *Navarre*——*La Guyol*, *La Moronette*, *La Sabatiere*, fell in love with the Sieur *de Croix* alſo ——*La Rebours* and *La Foſſeuſe* knew better—*De Croix* had failed in an attempt to recommend himſelf to *La Rebours*; and *La Rebours* and *La Foſſeuſe* were inſeparable.

The queen of *Navarre* was ſitting with her ladies in the painted bow-window, facing the gate of the ſecond court, as *De Croix* paſſed through it. He is handſome, ſaid the lady *Bauſſiere*——He has a good mien, ſaid *La Battarelle*——He is finely ſhaped, ſaid *La Guyol*——I never ſaw an officer of the horſe-guards in my life, ſaid *La Maronette*, with two ſuch legs——Or who ſtood ſo well upon them, ſaid *La Sabatiere*—But he has no whiſkers, cried *La Foſſeuſe*——Not a pile, ſaid *La Rebours*.

The queen went directly to her oratory, muſing all the way, as ſhe walked through the gallery, upon the ſubject; turning it this way and that way in her fancy——*Ave Maria*——what can *La Foſſeuſe* mean? ſaid ſhe, kneeling down upon the cuſhion.

La Guyol, *La Battarelle*, *La Maronette*, *La Sabatiere*, retired inſtantly to their chambers—Whiſkers! ſaid all four of them to themſelves, as they bolted their doors on the inſide.

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The Lady *Carnavalette* was counting her beads with both hands, unſuſpected, under her farthingal ——from St. *Antony* down to St. *Urſula* incluſive, not a ſaint paſſed through her fingers without whiſkers; St. *Francis*, St. *Dominick*, St. *Bennet*, St. *Baſil*, St. *Bridget*, had all whiſkers.

The Lady *Bauſſiere* had got into a wilderneſs of conceits, with moralizing too intricately upon *La Foſſeuſe*'s text—She mounted her palfrey, her page followed her—the hoſt paſſed by, the Lady *Bauſſiere* rode on.

One denier, cried the order of mercy—one ſingle denier, in behalf of a thouſand patient captives, whoſe eyes look towards heaven and you for their redemption.

——The Lady *Bauſſiere* rode on.

Pity the unhappy, ſaid a devout, venerable, hoary-headed man, meekly holding up a box, begirt with iron, in his withered hands—I beg for the unfortunate—good, my Lady, 'tis for a priſon——for an hoſpital—'tis for an old man——a poor man undone by ſhipwreck, by ſuretyſhip, by fire——I call God and all his angels to witneſs——'tis to clothe the naked—to feed the hungry——'tis to comfort the ſick and the broken-hearted.

The Lady *Bauſſiere* rode on.

A decayed kinſman bowed himſelf to the ground.

The Lady *Bauſſiere* rode on.

He ran begging bare-headed on one ſide of her palfrey, conjuring her by the former bonds of friendſhip, alliance, conſanguinity, &c.——Couſin, aunt,

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ſiſter, mother——for virtue's ſake, for your own, for mine, for Chriſt's ſake, remember me—pity me.

——The Lady *Bauſſiere* rode on.

Take hold of my whiſkers, ſaid the Lady *Bauſſiere*.

——The page took hold of her palfrey. She diſmounted at the end of the terrace.

There are ſome trains of certain ideas which leave prints of themſelves about our eyes and eye-brows; and there is a conſciouſneſs of it, ſomewhere about the heart, which ſerves but to make theſe etchings the ſtronger—we ſee, ſpell and put them together without a dictionary.

Ha, ha! he, hee! cried *La Guyol* and *La Sabatiere*, looking cloſe at each other's prints——Ho, ho! cried *La Battarelle*, and *Maronette*, doing the ſame: —Whiſt! cried one——ſt, ſt,——ſaid a ſecond——huſh, quoth a third——poo, poo, replied a fourth. ——gramercy! cried the Lady *Carnavalette*—'twas ſhe who bewhiſker'd St. *Bridget*.

La Foſſeuſe drew her bodkin from the knot of her hair, and having traced the outline of a ſmall whiſker, with the blunt end of it, upon one ſide of her upper lip, put it into *La Rebours'* hand—*La Rebours* ſhook her head.

The Lady *Bauſſiere* cough'd thrice into the inſide of her muff—*La Guyol* ſmiled——Fy, ſaid the Lady *Bauſſiere*. The Queen of *Navarre* touched her eye with the tip of her fore-finger——as much as to ſay, I underſtand you all.

'Twas plain to the whole court, the word was ruined: *La Foſſeuſe* had given it a wound, and it was not the better for paſſing thro' all theſe defiles,—

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It made a faint ſtand, however, for a few months; by the expiration of which, the Sieur *de Croix*, finding it high time to leave *Navarre* for want of whiſkers—the word in courſe became indecent, and (after a few efforts) abſolutely unfit for uſe.

The beſt word, in the beſt language of the beſt world, muſt have ſuffered under ſuch combinations.——The curate of *d'Eſtella* wrote a book againſt them, ſetting forth the dangers of acceſſory ideas, and warning the *Navarrois* againſt them.

Does not all the world know, ſaid the curate *d'Eſtella* at the concluſion of his work, that Noſes ran the ſame fate ſome centuries ago in moſt parts of *Europe*, which Whiſkers have now done in the kingdom of *Navarre?*—The evil indeed ſpread no further then—but have not beds and bolſters; and night-caps and chamber-pots ſtood upon the brink of deſtruction ever ſince!——Are not trouſe, and placket-holes, and pump-handles——and ſpigots and faucets, in danger ſtill, from the ſame aſſociation?—Chaſtity, by nature the gentleſt of all affections——give it but its head—'tis like a ramping and a roaring lion.

The drift of the curate *d'Eſtella*'s argument was not underſtood—They ran the ſcent the wrong way—The world bridled his aſs at the tail—And when the *extremes* of DELICACY, and the *beginnings* of CONCUPISCENCE, hold their next provincial chapter together, they may decree that bawdy alſo.

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CHAP. II.

WHEN my father received the letter which brought him the melancholy account of my brother *Bobby*'s death, he was busy calculating the expence of his riding post from *Calais* to *Paris*, and so on to *Lyons*.

'Twas a most unauspicious journey; my father having had every foot of it to travel over again, and his calculation to begin afresh, when he had almost got to the end of it, by *Obadiah*'s opening the door, to acquaint him the family was out of yeast—and to ask, whether he might not take the great coach-horse early in the morning and ride in search of some.—With all my heart, *Obadiah*, said my father (pursuing his journey),—take the coach-horse, and welcome.——But he wants a shoe, poor creature! said *Obadiah*——Poor creature, said my uncle *Toby*, vibrating the note back again, like a string in unison.—Then ride the *Scotch* horse, quoth my father hastily——He cannot bear a saddle upon his back, quoth *Obadiah*, for the whole world.——The devil's in that horse;—then take PATRIOT, cried my father, and shut the door—PATRIOT is sold, said *Obadiah*.——Here's for you! cried my father, making a pause, and looking in my uncle *Toby*'s face, as if the thing had not been a matter of fact.—Your worship ordered me to sell him last *April*, said *Obadiah*.——Then go on foot for your pains, cried my father.—I had much rather walk than ride, said *Obadiah*, shutting the door.

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What plagues! cried my father, going on with his calculation.——But the waters are out, said *Obadiah*,—opening the door again.

Till that moment my father, who had a map of *Sanſon*'s, and a book of the poſt-roads before him, had kept his hand upon the head of his compaſſes, with one foot of them fixed upon *Nevers*, the laſt ſtage he had paid for—purpoſing to go on from that point with his journey and calculation, as ſoon as *Obadiah* quitted the room; but this ſecond attack of *Obadiah*'s, in opening the door, and laying the whole country under water, was too much.—He let go his compaſſes——or rather with a mixed motion betwixt accident and anger, he threw them upon the table; and then there was nothing for him to do, but to return back to *Calais* (like many others) as wiſe as he had ſet out.

When the letter was brought into the parlour, which contained the news of my brother's death, my father had got forwards again upon his journey, to within a ſtride of the compaſſes of the very ſame ſtage of *Nevers*.——By your leave, Monſ. *Sanſon*, cried my father, ſtriking the point of his compaſſes through *Nevers* into the table—and nodding to my uncle *Toby*, to ſee what was in the letter,—twice of one night is too much for an *Engliſh* gentleman and his ſon, Monſ. *Sanſon*, to be turned back from ſo louſy a town as *Nevers*,—what think'ſt thou, *Toby*? added my father, in a ſprightly tone.——Unleſs it be a garriſon town, ſaid my uncle *Toby*,—for then ——I ſhall be a fool, ſaid my father, ſmiling to himſelf, as long as I live.——So giving a ſecond nod—

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and keeping his compaſſes ſtill upon *Nevers* with one hand, and holding his book of the poſt roads in the other——half calculating and half liſtening, he leaned forwards upon the table with both elbows, as my uncle *Toby* hummed over the letter.

— — — — —
— — — — ——
—— — — — —
— — — — he's gone! ſaid my uncle *Toby*,—Where—Who? cried my father.—My nephew, ſaid my uncle *Toby*——What ——without leave—without money—without governor? cried my father, in amazement. No:——— he is dead, my dear brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*. ——Without being ill? cried my father again.—— I dare ſay not, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, in a low voice, and fetching a deep ſigh from the bottom of his heart, he has been ill enough, poor lad! I'll anſwer for him—for he is dead.

When *Agrippina* was told of her ſon's death, *Tacitus* informs us, that, not being able to moderate the violence of her paſſions, ſhe abruptly broke off her work.—My father ſtuck his compaſſes into *Nevers*, but ſo much the faſter.—What contrarieties! his, indeed, was matter of calculation!———*Agrippina*'s muſt have been quite a different affair; who elſe could pretend to reaſon from hiſtory?

How my father went on, in my opinion, deſerves a chapter to itſelf.——

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CHAP. III.

——And a chapter it ſhall have, and a devil of a one too——ſo look to yourſelves.

'Tis either *Plato*, or *Plutarch*, or *Seneca*, or *Xenophon*, or *Epictetus*, *Theophraſtus*, or *Lucian*—or ſome one, perhaps, of later date—either *Cardan*, or *Budæus*, or *Petrarch*, or *Stella*—or poſſibly it may be ſome divine or father of the church, St. *Auſtin*, or St. *Cyprian*, or *Bernard*, who affirms, that it is an irreſiſtible and natural paſſion, to weep for the loſs of our friends or children—and *Seneca* (I'm poſitive) tells us ſomewhere, that ſuch griefs evacuate themſelves beſt by that particular channel.——And accordingly, we find, that *David* wept for his ſon *Abſalom*—*Adrian* for his *Antinous*—*Niobe* for her children,—and that *Apollodorus* and *Crito* both ſhed tears for *Socrates* before his death.

My father managed his affliction otherwiſe; and indeed differently from moſt men, either ancient or modern; for he neither wept it away, as the *Hebrews* and the *Romans*——or ſlept it off, as the *Laplanders*——or hang'd it, as the *Engliſh*—or drown'd it, as the *Germans*——nor did he curſe it, or damn it, or excommunicate it, or rhyme it, or lullabullero it.——

He got rid of it, however.

Will your worſhips give me leave to ſqueeze in a ſtory between theſe two pages?

When *Tully* was bereft of his dear daughter *Tullia*, at firſt he laid it to his heart—he liſtened to the

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voice of nature, and modulated his own unto it.—O my *Tullia!* my daughter! my child!—ſtill, ſtill, ſtill,—'twas O my *Tullia!*—my *Tullia!*—Methinks I ſee my *Tullia*, I hear my *Tullia*, I talk with my *Tullia*.—But as ſoon as he began to look into the ſtores of philoſophy, and conſider how many excellent things might be ſaid upon the occaſion—no body upon earth can conceive, ſays the great orator, how happy, how joyful it made me.

My father was as proud of his eloquence as MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO could be for his life, and, for aught I am convinced of to the contrary at preſent, with as much reaſon: it was indeed his ſtrength—and his weakneſs too.—His ſtrength—for he was by nature eloquent; and his weakneſs——for he was hourly a dupe to it:—and provided an occaſion in life would but permit him to ſhew his talents, or ſay either a wiſe thing, a witty, or a ſhrewd one——(bating the caſe of a ſyſtematic misfortune)—he had all he wanted.—A bleſſing which tied up my father's tongue, and a misfortune which let it looſe with a good grace, were pretty equal: ſometimes, indeed, the misfortune was the better of the two; for inſtance, where the pleaſure of the harangue was as *ten*, and the pain of the misfortune but as *five*——my father gained half in half, and conſequently was as well again off as if it never had befallen him.

This clue will unravel, what otherwiſe would ſeem very inconſiſtent in my father's domeſtic character; and it is this, that in the provocations ariſing from the neglects and blunders of ſervants, or other miſhaps unavoidable in a family, his anger, or rather

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the duration of it, eternally ran counter to all conjecture.

My father had a favourite little mare which he had consigned over to a most beautiful Arabian horse, in order to have a pad out of her for his own riding: he was sanguine in all his projects; so talked about his pad every day with as absolute a security as if it had been reared, broke,—and bridled and saddled at his door ready for mounting. By some neglect or other in *Obadiah*, it so fell out, that my father's expectations were answered with nothing better than a mule, and as ugly a beast of the kind as ever was produced.

My mother and my uncle *Toby* expected my father would be the death of *Obadiah*—and that there never would be an end of the disaster.—See here! you rascal, cried my father, pointing to the mule, what you have done.—It was not me, said *Obadiah*. —How do I know that? replied my father.

Triumph swam in my father's eyes at the repartee——the *Attic* salt brought water into them——and so *Obadiah* heard no more about it.

Now let us go back to my brother's death.

Philosophy has a fine saying for every thing.—— For *Death*, it has an entire set; the misery was, they all at once rushed so into my father's head, that 'twas difficult to string them together, so as to make any thing of a consistent show out of them.——He took them as they came.

"'Tis an inevitable chance——the first statute in "*Magna Charta*—it is an everlasting act of parlia- "ment, my dear brother,—*All must die.*

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" If my ſon could not have died, it had been " matter of wonder,——not that he is dead,

" Monarchs and princes dance in the ſame ring " with us.

" ——*To die*, is the great debt and tribute due " unto nature: tombs and monuments, which ſhould " perpetuate our memories, pay it themſelves; and " the proudeſt pyramid of them all, which wealth " and ſcience have erected, has loſt its apex, and " ſtands obtruncated in the traveller's horizon."—— (My father found he got great eaſe, and went on) ——" Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and ci- " ties, have they not their periods? and when thoſe " principles and powers, which at firſt cemented " and put them together, have performed their ſe- " veral evolutions, they fall back."——Brother *Shandy*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, laying down his pipe at the word *evolutions*——Revolutions I meant, quoth my father—by heaven! I meant revolutions, brother *Toby*—evolutions is nonſenſe.—'Tis not nonſenſe,—ſaid my uncle *Toby*.—But is it not nonſenſe to break the thread of ſuch a diſcourſe, upon ſuch an occaſion? cried my father—do not—dear *Toby*, continued he, taking him by the hand, do not—— do not, I beſeech thee, interrupt me at this criſis. My uncle *Toby* put his pipe into his mouth.

" Where is *Troy*, and *Mycenæ*, and *Thebes*, and " *Delos*, and *Perſepolis*, and *Agrigentum*?"—continued my father, taking up his book of poſt roads, which he had laid down—" What is become, bro- " ther *Toby*, of *Nineveh* and *Babylon*, of *Cyzicum* and " *Mitylene*? the faireſt towns that ever the ſun roſe

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" upon, are now no more: the names only are left " and those (for many of them are wrong spelt) are " falling themselves by piecemeal to decay, and, in " length of time, will be forgotten, and involved " with every thing in a perpetual night: the world " itself, brother *Toby*, must——must come to an " end.

" Returning out of *Asia*, when I sailed from " *Ægina* towards *Megara*," (*when can this have been? thought my uncle Toby*) " I began to view the " country round about. *Ægina* was behind me, " *Megara* was before, *Pyræus* on the right hand, " *Corinth* on the left.—What flourishing towns, " now prostrate upon the earth! Alas! alas! said I " to myself, that man should disturb his soul for " the loss of a child, when so much as this lies aw- " fully buried in his presence.——Remember, said " I to myself again—remember thou art a man."—

Now, my uncle *Toby* knew not that this last paragraph was an extract of *Servius Sulpicius*'s consolatory letter to *Tully*.—He had as little skill, honest man, in the fragments, as he had in the whole pieces of antiquity.——And as my father, whilst he was concerned in the *Turkey* trade, had been three or four different times in the *Levant*, in one of which he had staid a whole year and an half at *Zant*, my uncle *Toby* naturally concluded, that, in some one of these periods, he had taken a trip across the *Archipelago* into *Asia*; and that all this sailing affair, with *Ægina* behind, and *Megara* before, and *Pyræus* on the right hand, &c. &c. was nothing more than the true course of my father's voyage and re-

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flections.——'Twas certainly in his *manner*,—and many an undertaking critic would have built two ſtories higher upon worſe foundations.——And pray, brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*, laying the end of his pipe upon my father's hand, in a kindly way of interruption—but waiting till he finiſhed the account——what year of our Lord was this?—'Twas no year of our Lord, replied my father.——That's impoſſible, cried my uncle *Toby*—Simpleton! ſaid my father,—'twas forty years before Chriſt was born.

My uncle *Toby* had but two things for it; either to ſuppoſe his brother to be the wandering *Jew*, or that his misfortnes had diſordered his brain.——"May the Lord God of heaven and earth protect "him and reſtore him," ſaid my uncle *Toby*, praying ſilently for my father, and with tears in his eyes.

——My father placed the tears to a proper account, and went on with his harangue with great ſpirit.

"There is not ſuch great odds, brother *Toby*, be"twixt good and evil, as the world imagines"—(this way of ſetting off, by the by, was not likely to cure my uncle *Toby*'s ſuſpicions.——"Labour, ſor"row, grief, ſickneſs, want, and woe, are the cau"ces of life."——Much good may it do them——ſaid my uncle *Toby* to himſelf.—

"My ſon is dead!—ſo much the better;—'tis "a ſhame, in ſuch a tempeſt, to have but one an"chor."

"But he is gone for ever from us!——be it ſo, "He is got from under the hands of his barber, be-

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" fore he was bald.—He is but riſen from a feaſt " before he was ſurfeited—from a banquet before " he had got drunken."

" The *Thracians* wept when a child was born"—(and we were very near it, quoth my uncle *Toby*)—" and feaſted and made merry when a man went " out of the world;—and with reaſon—Death opens " the gate of fame, and ſhuts the gate of envy af- " ter it—it unlooſes the chain of the captive, and " puts the bondſman's taſk into another man's " hands."

" Shew me the man who knows what life is, " who dreads it, and I'll ſhew thee a priſoner who " dreads his liberty."

Is it not better, my dear brother *Toby* (for mark, ——our appetites are but diſeaſes)——is it not better not to hunger at all, than to eat?——not to thirſt, than to take phyſic to cure it!

Is it not better to be freed from cares and agues, from love and melancholy, and the other hot and cold fits of life, than, like a galled traveller, who comes weary to his inn, to be bound to begin his journey afreſh.

There is no terror, brother *Toby*, in its looks, but what it borrows from groans and convulſions—and the blowing of noſes, and the wiping away of tears with the bottoms of curtains in a dying man's room.—Strip it of theſe, what is it?—'Tis better in battle than in bed, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.—Take away its herſes, its mutes, and its mourning,———its plumes, ſcutcheons, and other mechanic aids—what is it?—*Better in battle!* continued my father, ſmiling

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for he had abſolutely forgot my brother *Bobby*—'tis terrible no way—for conſider, brother *Toby*,—when we *are*—death is *not*;—and when death *is*—we are *not*. My uncle *Toby* laid down his pipe, to conſider the propoſition; my father's eloquence was too rapid to ſtay for any man—away it went,——and hurried my uncle *Toby*'s ideas along with it.

For this reaſon, continued my father, 'tis worthy to recollect, how little alteration in great men, the approaches of death have made——*Veſpaſian* died in a jeſt upon his cloſeſtool—*Galba* with a ſentence—*Septimus Severus* in a deſpatch——*Tiberius* in diſſimulation, and *Cæſar Auguſtus* in a compliment——I hope 'twas a ſincere one——quoth my uncle *Toby*.

—'Twas to his wife,—ſaid my father.

CHAP. IV.

——And laſtly——for of all the choice anecdotes which hiſtory can produce of this matter, continued my father,—this, like the gilded dome which covers the fabric——crowns all——

'Tis of *Cornelius Gallus*, the prætor,——which, I dare ſay, brother *Toby*, you have read—I dare ſay I have not, replied my uncle.—He died, ſaid my father, as * * * * * * * * * * *

——And if it was with his wife, ſaid my uncle *Toby*——there could be no hurt in it.——That's more than I know——replied my father.

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CHAP. V.

My mother was going very gingerly in the dark, along the paſſage which led to the parlour, as my uncle *Toby* pronounced the word *wife*.—'Tis a ſhrill penetrating ſound of itſelf, and *Obadiah* had helped it, by leaving the door a little a-jar, ſo that my mother heard enough of it, to imagine herſelf the ſubject of the converſation: ſo, laying the edge of her finger acroſs her two lips, holding in her breath, and bending her head a little downwards, with a twiſt of her neck—(not towards the door, but from it, by which means her ear was brought to the chink)—ſhe liſtened with all her powers:—the liſtening ſlave, with the Goddeſs of Silence at his back, could not have given a finer thought for an intaglio.

In this attitude, I am determined to let her ſtand for five minutes, till I bring up the affairs of the kitchen (as *Rapin* does thoſe of the church) to the ſame period.

CHAP. VI.

Though, in one ſenſe, our family was certainly a ſimple machine, as it conſiſted of a few wheels; yet there was thus much to be ſaid for it, that theſe wheels were ſet in motion by ſo many different ſprings and acted one upon the other from ſuch a variety of ſtrange principles and impulſes——that though it was a ſimple machine, it had all the honour and advantages of a complex one,——and a

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number of as odd movements within it, as ever were beheld in the inside of a *Dutch* silk-mill.

Amongst these there was one I am going to speak of, in which perhaps it was not altogether so singular, as in many others; and it was this, that whatever motion, debate, harangue, dialogue, project, or dissertation, was going forwards in the parlour, there was generally another, at the same time, and upon the same subject, running parallel along with it in the kitchen.

Now, to bring this about, whenever an extraordinary message, or letter, was delivered in the parlour, —or a discourse suspended till a servant went out— or the lines of discontent were observed to hang upon the brows of my father or mother——or, in short, when any thing was supposed to be upon the tapis worth knowing or listening to, 'twas the rule to leave the door, not absolutely shut, but somewhat a-jar—as it stands just now,——which, under covert of the bad hinge (and that possibly might be one of the many reasons why it was never mended), it was not difficult to manage, by which means, in all these cases, a passage was generally left, not, indeed, as wide as the *Dardanelles*, but wide enough, for all that, to carry on as much of this windward trade, as was sufficient to save my father the trouble of governing his house;——my mother at this moment stands profiting by it—*Obadiah* did the same thing, as soon as he had left the letter upon the table, which brought the news of my brother's death; so that before my father had well got over his surprise, and

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entered upon his harangue;——had *Trim* got upon his legs, to ſpeak his ſentiments upon the ſubject.

A curious obſerver of nature, had he been worth the inventory of all *Job*'s ſtock———though, by the by, *your curious obſervers are ſeldom worth a groat* —would have given the half of it to have heard Corporal *Trim* and my father, two orators ſo contraſted by nature and education, haranguing over the ſame bier.

My father—a man of deep reading—prompt memory——with *Cato*, and *Seneca*, and *Epictetus* at his fingers ends.—

The corporal—with nothing—to remember——of no deeper reading than his muſter roll—or greater names at his fingers ends than the contents of it.

The one proceeding from period to period, by metaphor and alluſion, and ſtriking the fancy as he went along (as men of wit and fancy do), with the entertainment and pleaſantry of his pictures and images.

The other, without wit or antitheſis or point, or turn, this way or that; but leaving the images on one ſide, and the picture on the other, going ſtraight forwards, as nature could lead him, to the heart. O *Trim!* would to heaven thou had'ſt a better hiſtorian!—would!——thy hiſtorian had a better pair of breeches!—O ye critics! will nothing melt you?

CHAP. VII.

——My young maſter in *London* is dead! ſaid *Obadiah*.——

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——A green ſatin night-gown of my mother's, which had been twice ſcoured, was the firſt idea which *Obadiah*'s exclamation brought into *Suſannah*'s head ——Well might *Locke* write a chapter upon the imperfections of words ——Then, quoth *Suſannah*, we muſt all go into mourning.——But note a ſecond time: the word *mourning*, notwithſtanding *Suſannah* made uſe of it herſelf—failed alſo of doing its office; it excited not one ſingle idea, tinged either with grey or black,—all was green.——The green ſatin night-gown hung there ſtill.

———O! 'twill be the death of my poor miſtreſs, cried *Suſannah*.——My mother's whole wardrobe followed.—What a proceſſion! her red damaſk,—— her orange-tawny,——her white and yellow lute-ſtrings,—her brown taffata,——her bone-laced caps, her bed-gowns, and comfortable under-petticoats—Not a rag was left behind ——" *No, ſhe will never look up again*," ſaid *Suſannah*.

We had a fat fooliſh ſcullion—my father, I think, kept her for her ſimplicity;—ſhe had been all autumn ſtruggling with a dropſy.—He is dead! ſaid *Obadiah*,—he is certainly dead!—So am not I, ſaid the fooliſh ſcullion.

——Here is ſad news, *Trim!* cried *Suſannah*, wiping her eyes as *Trim* ſtepp'd into the kitchen,—maſter *Bobby* is dead and *buried*—the funeral was an interpolation of *Suſannah*'s—we ſhall have all to go into mourning, ſaid *Suſannah*.

I hope not, ſaid *Trim*.——You hope not! cried *Suſannah* earneſtly.—The mourning ran not in *Trim*'s head, whatever it did in *Suſannah*'s—I hope, ſaid

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Trim, explaining himself, I hope in God the news is not true. I heard the letter read with my own ears, answered *Obadiah*; and we shall have a terrible piece of work of it in stubbing the *Ox-moor*.——Oh! he's dead, said *Susannah*.—As sure, said the scullion, as I am alive.

I lament for him from my heart and my soul, said *Trim*, fetching a sigh.—Poor creature!—poor boy! poor gentleman!

———He was alive last *Whitsuntide!*—said the coachman.——*Whitsuntide!* alas! cried *Trim*, extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon,—what is *Whitsuntide*, *Jonathan* (for that was the coachman's name), or *Shrovetide*, or any tide or time past to this? Are we not here now, continued the corporal (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability)—and are we not—(dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! in a moment?—'Twas infinitely striking! *Susannah* burst into a flood of tears.—We are not stocks and stones.——*Jonathan*, *Obadiah*, the cook-maid, all melted—The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was roused with it.—The whole kitchen crowded about the corporal.

Now, as I perceive plainly, that the preservation of our constitution in church and state,—and possibly the preservation of the whole world—or, what is the same thing, the distribution and balance of its property and power, may in time to come depend greatly upon the right understanding of this stroke

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of the corporal's eloquence—I do demand your attention;—your worſhips and reverences, for any ten pages together, take them where you will in any other part of the work, ſhall ſleep for it at your eaſe.

I ſaid, "we are not ſtocks and ſtones"—'tis very well. I ſhould have added, nor are we angels, I wiſh we were,—but men clothed with bodies, and governed by our imaginations;——and what a junketting piece of work of it there is, betwixt theſe and our ſeven ſenſes, eſpecially ſome of them; for my own part, I own it, I am aſhamed to confeſs. Let it ſuffice to affirm, that of all the ſenſes, the eye (for I abſolutely deny the touch, though moſt of your *Barbati*, I know, are for it), has the quickeſt commerce with the ſoul,—gives a ſmarter ſtroke, and leaves ſomething more inexpreſſible upon the fancy, than words can either convey—or ſometimes get rid of.

——I've gone a little about—no matter, 'tis for health—let us only carry it back in our mind to the mortality of *Trim*'s hat—"Are we not here now—"and gone in a moment?"—There was nothing in the ſentence—'twas one of your ſelf-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if *Trim* had not truſted more to his hat than his head—he had made nothing at all of it.

———"Are we not here now,"——continued the corporal, "and are we not"——(dropping his hat plumb upon the ground—and pauſing, before he pronounced the word)——"gone! in a moment?" The deſcent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of

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clay had been kneaded into the crown of it.—Nothing could have expreſſed the ſentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and forerunner, like it,——his hand ſeemed to vaniſh from under it,—it fell dead,——the corporal's eye fixed upon it, as upon a corpſe,——and *Suſannah* burſt into a flood of tears.

Now——ten thouſand, and ten thouſand times ten thouſand (for matter and motion are infinite) are the ways by which a hat may be dropped upon the ground, without any effect.———Had he flung it, or thrown it, or caſt it, or ſkimmed it, or ſquirted it, or let it ſlip or fall in any poſſible direction under heaven,—or in the beſt direction that could be given to it,——had he dropped it like a gooſe—like a puppy——like an aſs——or in doing it, or even after he had done it, had he looked like a fool——like a ninny——like a nincompoop——it had failed, and the effect upon the heart had been loſt.

Ye who govern this mighty world, and its mighty concerns with the *engines* of eloquence,—who heat it, and cool it, and melt it, and mollify it,——and then harden it again to *your purpoſe*———

Ye who wind and turn the paſſions with this great windlaſs,——and, having done it, lead the owners of them whither ye think meet—

Ye, laſtly, who drive——and why not, Ye alſo who are driven, like turkeys to market, with a ſtick and a red clout——meditate—meditate, I beſeech you, upon *Trim's* hat.

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CHAP. VIII.

STAY——I have a ſmall account to ſettle with the reader, before *Trim* can go on with his harangue.—It ſhall be done in two minutes.

Amongſt many other book-debts, all of which I ſhall diſcharge in due time,—I own myſelf a debtor to the world for two items,——a chapter upon *chamber-maids and button-holes*, which, in the former part of my work, I promiſed and fully intended to pay off this year: but ſome of your worſhips and reverences telling me, that the two ſubjects, eſpecially ſo connected together, might endanger the morals of the world,—I pray the chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes may be forgiven me,——and that they will accept of the laſt chapter in lieu of it; which is nothing, an't pleaſe your reverences, but a chapter of *chamber-maids, green-gowns, and old hats*.

Trim took his off the ground,——put it upon his head, and then went on with his oration upon death in manner and form following——

CHAP. IX.

——To us, *Jonathan*, who know not what want or care is——who live here in the ſervice of two of the beſt of maſters—bating, in my own caſe, his majeſty King *William* the Third, whom I had the honour to ſerve both in *Ireland* and *Flanders*)——I own it, that from *Whitſuntide* to within three weeks

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of *Chriſtmas*, 'tis not long——'tis like nothing;——but to thoſe, *Jonathan*, who know what death is, and what havoc and deſtruction he can make, before a man can well wheel about—'tis like a whole age.—O *Jonathan!* 'twould make a good-natur'd man's heart bleed, to conſider, continued the corporal (ſtanding perpendicularly), how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid ſince that time!——And truſt me, *Suſy*, added the corporal, turning to *Suſannah*, whoſe eyes were ſwimming in water—before that time comes round again,—many a bright eye will be dim—*Suſannah* placed it to the right ſide of the page—ſhe wept—but ſhe court'ſied too.——Are we not, continued *Trim*, looking ſtill at *Suſannah*—are we not like a flower of the field—(a tear of pride ſtole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation——elſe no tongue could have deſcribed *Suſannah*'s affliction)—is not all fleſh graſs?—'Tis clay,—'tis dirt.——They all looked directly at the ſcullion,—the ſcullion had juſt been ſcouring a fiſh-kettle——It was not fair.——

——What is the fineſt face that ever man looked at!——I could hear *Trim* talk ſo for ever, cried *Suſannah*—what is it!—(*Suſannah* laid her hand upon *Trim*'s ſhoulder)——but corruption!——*Suſannah* took it off.

——Now I love you for this—and 'tis this delicious mixture within you, which make you dear creatures what you are——and he who hates you for it——all I can ſay of the matter is, That he has either a pumpkin for his head——or a pippen for his

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heart,—and whenever he is diſſected 'twill be found ſo.

CHAP. X.

WHETHER *Suſannah*, by taking her hand too ſuddenly from off the corporal's ſhoulder (by the whiſking about of her paſſions),——broke a little the chain of his reflections——

Or whether the corporal began to be ſuſpicious he had got into the doctor's quarters, and was talking more like the chaplain than himſelf——

Or whether - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Or whether——for in all ſuch caſes a man of invention and parts may with pleaſure fill a couple of pages with ſuppoſitions—which of all theſe was the cauſe, let the curious phyſiologiſt, or the curious any body, determine—'tis certain at leaſt, the corporal went on thus with his harangue.

For my own part, I declare it, that out of doors, I value not death at all:——not this . . . added the corporal, ſnapping his fingers,——but with an air, which no one but the corporal could have given to the ſentiment.——In battle I value death not this . . . and let him not take me cowardly, like poor *Joe Gibbons*, in ſcouring his gun.—What is he? A pull of a trigger—a puſh of a bayonet an inch this way or that—makes the difference.——Look along the line——to the right——ſee! *Jack's* down! well,—'tis worth a regiment of horſe to him——No—'tis *Dick*. Then *Jack*'s no worſe. Never mind which,—we paſs on,——in hot purſuit the wound itſelf

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which brings him is not felt——the beſt way is to ſtand up to him,—the man who flies is in ten times more danger than the man who marches up into his jaws.——I've look'd him, added the corporal, an hundred times in the face,—and know what he is.—He's nothing, *Obadiah*, at all in the field.——But he's very frightful in an houſe, quoth *Obadiah*?—I never mind it myſelf, ſaid *Jonathan*, upon a coach-box.—It muſt in my opinion, be moſt natural in bed, replied *Suſannah*.—And could I eſcape him by creeping into the worſt calf's ſkin that ever was made into a knapſack, I would do it there—ſaid *Trim*——but that is nature.

—Nature is nature, ſaid *Jonathan*.—And that is the reaſon cried *Suſannah*, I ſo much pity my miſtreſs.——She will never get the better of it.—Now I pity the captain the moſt of any one in the family, anſwered *Trim*.—Madam will get eaſe of heart in weeping——and the Squire in talking about it,——but my poor maſter will keep it all in ſilence to himſelf.——I ſhall hear him ſigh in his bed for a whole month together, as he did for lieutenant *Le Fevre*. An' pleaſe your honour, do not ſigh ſo piteouſly, I would ſay to him as I laid beſide him. I cannot help it *Trim*, my maſter would ſay,—'tis ſo melancholy an accident——I cannot get it off my heart.—Your honour fears not death yourſelf——I hope, *Trim*, I fear nothing, he would ſay, but the doing a wrong thing. Well, he would add, whatever betides, I will take care of *Le Fevre*'s boy.—And with that, like a quieting draught, his honour would fall aſleep.

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I like to hear *Trim*'s stories about the captain, said *Susannah*.——He is a kindly-hearted gentleman, said *Obadiah*, as ever lived.—Ay—and as brave a one too, said the corporal, as ever stept before a platoon.—There never was a better officer in the king's army, ——or a better man in God's world; for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon, though he saw the lighted match at the very touch-hole.——and yet, for all that, he has a heart as soft as a child for other people; he would not hurt a chicken ——I would sooner, quoth *Jonathan*, drive such a gentleman for seven pounds a-year——than some for eight ——Thank thee, *Jonathan!* for thy twenty shillings—as much, *Jonathan*, said the corporal shaking him by the hand, as if thou hadst put the money into my own pocket.—I would serve him to the day of my death, out of love. He is a friend and a brother to me—and could I be sure my poor brother *Tom* was dead—continued the corporal, taking out his handkerchief,—was I worth ten thousand pounds, I would leave every shilling of it to the captain—— *Trim* could not refrain from tears at this testamentary proof he gave of his affection to his master.—— The whole kitchen was affected ——Do tell us this story of the poor lieutenant, said *Susannah*—with all my heart, answered the corporal.

Susannah, the cook, *Jonathan*, *Obadiah*, and Corporal *Trim*, formed a circle about the fire; and as soon as the scullion had shut the kitchen door,—the corporal began.

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CHAP. XI.

I AM a *Turk* if I had not as much forgot my mother, as if Nature had plaſtered me up, and ſet me down naked upon the banks of the river *Nile*, without one.—Your moſt obedient ſervant, Madam——I've coſt you a great deal of trouble—I wiſh it may anſwer——but you have left a crack in my back—and here's a great piece fallen off here before,——and what muſt I do with this foot?——I ſhall never reach *England* with it.

For my own part, I never wonder at any thing;——and ſo often has my judgment deceived me in my life, that I always ſuſpect it, right or wrong,—at leaſt I am ſeldom hot upon cold ſubjects. For all this, I reverence truth as much as any body; and when it has ſlipped us, if a man will but take me by the hand, and go quietly and ſearch for it, as for a thing we have both loſt, and can neither of us do well without,—I'll go to the world's end with him:—But I hate diſputes,—and therefore (bating religious points, or ſuch as touch ſociety) I would almoſt ſubſcribe to any thing which does not choke me in the firſt paſſage, rather than be drawn into one.—But I cannot bear ſuffocation, and bad ſmells worſt of all.——For which reaſons, I reſolved from the beginning, That if ever the army of martyrs was to be augmented,—or a new one raiſed,—I would have no hand in it, one way or t'other.

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CHAP. XII.

—But to return to my mother.—My uncle *Toby*'s opinion, Madam, "that there could be no harm in "*Cornelius Gallus*, the *Roman* prætor's lying with "his wife;"——or rather the laſt word of that opinion—(for it was all my mother heard of it), caught hold of her by the weak part of the whole ſex:—— You ſhall not miſtake me,—I mean her curioſity,—ſhe inſtantly concluded herſelf the ſubject of the converſation; and with that prepoſſeſſion upon her fancy, you will readily conceive every word my father ſaid was accommodated either to herſelf or her family concerns.

——Pray, Madam, in what ſtreet does the lady live, who would not have done the ſame?

From the ſtrange mode of *Cornelius*'s death, my father had made a tranſition to that of *Socrates*, and was giving my uncle *Toby* an abſtract of his pleading before his judges;—'twas irreſiſtible:—not the oration of *Socrates*,—but my father's temptation to it——He had wrote the * Life of *Socrates* himſelf the year before he left off trade, which, I fear, was the means of haſtening him out of it;—ſo that no one was able to ſet out with ſo full a ſail, and in ſo ſwelling a tide of heroic loftineſs upon the occaſion, as my father was. Not a period in *Socrates*'s oration which cloſed with a ſhorter word than *tranſmigration*

* This book my father would never conſent to publiſh; 'tis in manuſcript, with ſome other Tracts of his, in the family, all or moſt of which will be printed in due time.

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or *annihilation*, or a worſe thought in the middle of it than, *to be—or not to be*,—the entering upon a new and untried ſtate of things,—or, upon a long, a profound and peaceful ſleep, without dreams, without diſturbance?—*That we and our children were born to die——but neither of us born to be ſlaves.*——No——there I miſtake; that was part of *Eleazer*'s oration, as recorded by *Joſephus* (*de Bel. Judaic.*) *Eleazer* owns he had it from the philoſophers of *India*; in all likelihood *Alexander* the Great, in his irruption into *India*, after he had overrun *Perſia*, amongſt the many things he ſtole,—ſtole that ſentiment alſo; by which means it was carried, if not all the way by himſelf (for we all know he died at *Babylon*), at leaſt by ſome of his marauders, into *Greece*,—from *Greece* it got to *Rome*,——from *Rome* to *France*,—and from *France* to *England*:——So things come round.

By land-carriage, I can conceive no other way.

By water the ſentiment might eaſily have come down the *Ganges* into the *Sinus Gangeticus* or *Bay of Bengal*, and ſo into the *Indian Sea*; and following the courſe of trade (the way from *India* by the *Cape of Good Hope* being then unknown), might be carried with other drugs and ſpices up the *Red Sea* to *Joddah*, the port of *Mecca*, or elſe to *Tor* or *Suez*, towns at the bottom of the gulf; and from thence by carravans to *Coptos*, but three days journey diſtant, ſo down the *Nile* directly to *Alexandria*, where the SENTIMENT would be landed at the very foot of the great ſtair-caſe of the *Alexandrian* library,—and from that ſtore-houſe it would be fetched.——Bleſs me!

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what a trade was driven by the learned in thoſe days!

CHAP. XIII.

——Now my father had a way a little like that of *Job*'s, in caſe there ever was ſuch a man——if not, there's an end of the matter.

Though by the by, becauſe your learned men find ſome difficulty in fixing the preciſe era in which ſo great a man lived;—whether, for inſtance, before or after the patriarchs, &c.—to vote, therefore, that he never lived *at all*, is a little cruel,—'tis not doing as they would be done by.——Happen that as it may———my father, I ſay, had a way, when things went extremely wrong with him, eſpecially upon the firſt ſally of his impatience,——of wondering why he was begot,—wiſhing himſelf dead.—ſometimes worſe:—And when the provocation ran high, and grief touched his lips with more than ordinary powers———Sir, you ſcarce could have diſtinguiſhed him from *Socrates* himſelf.—Every word would breathe the ſentiments of a ſoul diſdaining life, and careleſs about all its iſſues; for which reaſon, though my mother was a woman of no deep reading, yet the abſtract of *Socrates*'s oration, which my father was giving my uncle *Toby*, was not altogether new to her.—She liſtened to it with compoſed intelligence, and would have done ſo to the end of the chapter, had not my father plunged (which he had no occaſion to have done) into that part of the pleading where the great phi-

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loſopher reckons up his connections, his alliances, and children; but renounces a ſecurity to be ſo won by working upon the paſſions of his judges.——"I "have friends—I have relations—I have three de- "ſolate children," ſays *Socrates*.—

—Then, cried my mother, opening the door,—you have one more, Mr. *Shandy*, than I know of.

By heaven! I have one leſs——ſaid my father, getting up and walking out of the room.

CHAP. XIV.

——They are *Socrates*'s children, ſaid my uncle *Toby*. He has been dead a hundred years ago, replied my mother.

My uncle *Toby* was no chronologer—ſo not caring to advance one ſtep but upon ſafe ground, he laid down his pipe deliberately upon the table, and riſing up, and taking my mother moſt kindly by the hand, without ſaying another word, either good or bad to her, he led her out after my father, that he might finiſh the eccleirciſſement himſelf.

CHAP. XV.

HAD this volume been a farce, which, unleſs every one's life and opinions are to be looked upon as a farce, as well as mine, I ſee no reaſon to ſuppoſe—the laſt chapter, Sir, had finiſhed the firſt act of it, and then this chapter muſt have ſet off thus:

Ptr..r..r..ing——twing——twang——prut——trut——'tis a curſed bad fiddle——

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Do you know whether my fiddle is in tune or no? —trut..prut..——They ſhould be *fifths*.———'Tis wickedly ſtrung——tr..a.e.i.o.u.——twang——— The bridge is a mile too high, and the ſound-poſt abſolutely down——elſe——trut..prut—hark! 'tis not ſo bad a tone——Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle, dum. There is nothing in playing before good judges, but there's a man there—no—not him with the bundle under his arm—the grave man in black.——'Sdeath! not the gentleman with the ſword on.—Sir, I had rather play a *Caprichio* to *Calliope* herſelf, than draw my bow acroſs my fiddle before that very man; and yet I'll ſtake my *Cremona* to a *Jew*'s trump, which is the greateſt muſical odds that ever were laid, that I will this moment ſtop three hundred and fifty leagues out of tune upon my fiddle, without puniſhing one ſingle nerve that belongs to him.—Twaddle diddle tweddle diddle ——twiddle diddle, twoddle diddle,—twaddle diddle,—prut-trut—kriſh, kraſh, kruſh.—I've undone you, Sir——but you ſee he is no worſe.—and was *Apollo* to take his fiddle after me, he can make him no better.

Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle—hum —dum drum.

—Your worſhips and your reverences love muſic —and God has made you all with good ears—and ſome of you play delightfully yourſelves—trut-prut, ——prut-trut.

O! there is whom I could ſit and hear whole days——whoſe talents lie in making what he fiddles to be felt,—who inſpires me with his joys and hopes,

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and put the moſt hidden ſprings of my heart into motion.—If you would borrow five guineas of me, Sir,——which is generally ten guineas more than I have to ſpare—or you, Meſſrs. Apothecary and Taylor, want your bills paying,—that's your time.

CHAP. XVI.

THE firſt thing which entered my father's head, after affairs were a little ſettled in the family, and *Suſannah* had got poſſeſſion of my mother's green ſatin night-gown——was to ſit down coolly, after the example of *Xenophon*, and write a TRISTRA-*pædia*, or ſyſtem of education for me; collecting, firſt, for that purpoſe, his own ſcattered thoughts, counſels, and notions; and binding them together, ſo as to form an INSTITUTE for the government of my childhood and adoleſcence. I was my father's laſt ſtake—he had loſt my brother *Bobby* entirely,——he had loſt, by his own computation, full three-fourths of me—that is, he had been unfortunate in his three firſt great caſts for me——my geniture, noſe and name,—there was but this one left; and accordingly, my father gave himſelf up to it with as much devotion as ever my uncle *Toby* had done to his doctrine of projectiles.——The difference between them was, that my uncle *Toby* drew his whole knowledge of projectiles from *Nicolas Tartaglia*——My father ſpun his, every thread of it, out of his own brain—or had ſo reeled and croſs-twiſted what all other ſpinners and ſpinſters had ſpun before him, that 'twas pretty near the ſame torture to him.

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In about three years, or ſomething more, my father had got advanced almoſt into the middle of his work. Like all other writers, he met with diſappointments. He imagined he ſhould be able to bring whatever he had to ſay, into ſo ſmall a compaſs, that, when it was finiſhed and bound, it might be rolled up in my mother's huſſive——Matter grows under our hands.——Let no man ſay,—"Come—"I'll write a duodecimo."

My father gave himſelf up to it, however, with the moſt painful diligence, proceeding ſtep by ſtep in every line, with the ſame kind of caution and circumſpection (though I cannot ſay upon quite ſo religious a principle) as was uſed by *John de la Caſſe*, the lord archbiſhop of *Benevento*, in compaſſing his *Galatea*; in which his Grace of *Benevento* ſpent near forty years of his life: and when the thing came out, it was not of above half the ſize or the thickneſs of a *Rider's* Almanack.——How the holy man managed the affair, unleſs he ſpent the greateſt part of his time in combing his whiſkers, or playing at *primero* with his chaplain,—would poſe any mortal not let into the true ſecret;—and therefore, 'tis worth explaining to the world, was it only for the encouragement of thoſe few in it, who write not ſo much to be fed—as to be famous.

I own, had *John de la Caſſe*, the archbiſhop of *Benevento*, for whoſe memory (notwithſtanding his *Galatea*) I retain the higheſt veneration,——had he been, Sir, a ſlender clerk—of dull wit—ſlow parts,—coſtive head, and ſo forth——he and his *Galatea* might have jogged on together to the age of *Methu-*

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ſelah for me—the phenomenon had not been worth a parentheſis.

But the reverſe of this was the truth: *John de la Caſſe* was a genius of fine parts and fertile fancy; and yet, with all theſe great advantages of nature, which ſhould have pricked him forwards with his *Galatea*, he lay under an impuiſſance at the ſame time of advancing above a line and a half in the compaſs of a whole ſummer's day: this diſability in his Grace aroſe from an opinion he was afflicted with,—which opinion was this,—viz. That whenever a chriſtian was writing a book (not for his private amuſement, but) where his intent and purpoſe was, *bona fide*, to print and publiſh it to the world, his firſt thoughts were always the temptations of the evil one.—This was the ſtate of ordinary writers: but when a perſonage of venerable character and high ſtation, either in church or ſtate, once turned author—he maintained, that from the very moment he took pen in hand——all the devils in hell broke out of their holes to cajole him.——'Twas term time with them,——every thought, firſt and laſt, was captious;—how ſpecious and good ſoever,—'twas all one;—in whatever form or colour it preſented itſelf to the imagination,——'twas ſtill a ſtroke of one or other of 'em levelled at him, and was to be fenced off.—So that the life of a writer, whatever he might fancy to the contrary, was not ſo much a ſtate of *compoſition*, as a ſtate of *warfare*; and his probation in it, preciſely that of any other man militant upon earth, both depending alike, not

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half ſo much upon the degrees of his WIT—as his RESISTANCE.

My father was hugely pleaſed with this theory of *John de la Caſſe*, archbiſhop of *Benevento*; and (had it not cramped him a little in his creed) I believe would have given ten of the beſt acres in the *Shandy* eſtate, to have been the broacher of it.—How far my father actually believed in the devil, will be ſeen when I come to ſpeak of my father's religious notions, in the progreſs of this work; 'tis enough to ſay here, as he could not have the honour of it, in the literal ſenſe of the doctrine——he took up with the allegory of it;—and would often ſay, eſpecially when his pen was a little retrograde, there was as much good meaning, truth, and knowledge, couched under the veil of *John de la Caſſe*'s parabolical repreſentation,—as was to be found in any one poetic fiction, or myſtic record of antiquity.—Prejudice of education, he would ſay, *is the devil*,—and the multitudes of them which we ſuck in with our mother's milk——*are the devil and all.*——We are haunted with them, brother *Toby*, in all our lucubrations and reſearches; and, was a man fool enough to ſubmit tamely to what they obtruded upon him,—what would his book be? Nothing,—he would add, throwing his pen away with a vengeance,——nothing but a farago of the clack of nurſes, and of the nonſenſe of the old women, (of both ſexes) throughout the kingdom.

This is the beſt account I am determined to give of the ſlow progreſs my father made in his *Triſtrapædia*: at which (as I ſaid) he was three years and

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ſomething more, indefatigably at work, and at laſt had ſcarce completed, by his own reckoning, one half of his undertaking: the misfortune was, that I was all that time totally neglected and abandoned to my mother: and, what was almoſt as bad, by the very delay, the firſt part of the work, upon which my father had ſpent the moſt of his pains, was rendered entirely uſeleſs,——every day, a page or two became of no conſequence.—

—Certainly it was ordained as a ſcourge upon the pride of human wiſdom, That the wiſeſt of us all ſhould thus outwit ourſelves, and eternally forego our purpoſes in the intemperate act of purſuing them.

In ſhort, my father was ſo long in all his acts of reſiſtance,—or, in other words——he advanced ſo very ſlow with his work, and I began to live and get forwards at ſuch a rate, that, if an event had not happened,——which, when we get to it, if it can be told with decency, ſhall not be concealed a moment from the reader—I verily believe, I had put by my father, and left him drawing a ſun-dial, for no better purpoſe than to be buried under ground.

CHAP. XVII.

——'Twas nothing,——I did not loſe two drops of blood by it—'twas not worth calling in a ſurgeon, had he lived next door to us—thouſands ſuffer by choice, what I did by accident,—Doctor *Slop* made ten times more of it than there was occaſion:—ſome men riſe by the art of hanging great weights upon

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small wires,—and I am this day (*August* the 10th 1761) paying part of the price of this man's reputation.——O, 'twould provoke a stone, to see how things are carried on in this world?—The chamber-maid had left no ******* *** under the bed:—— Cannot you contrive, master, quoth *Susannah*, lifting up the sash with one hand, as she spoke, and helping me up into the window seat with the other——— cannot you manage, my dear, for a single time, to **** *** ** *** ******?

I was five years old.—*Susannah* did not consider that nothing was well hung in our family,——so slap came the sash down like lightning upon us;— Nothing is left,—cried *Susannah*,—nothing is left—for me, but to run my country.

My uncle *Toby*'s house was a much kinder sanctuary; and so *Susannah* fled to it.

CHAP. XVIII.

When *Susannah* told the corporal the misadventure of the sash, with all the circumstances which attended the *murder* of me (as she called it),——the blood forsook his cheeks;—all accessories in murder being principals,—*Trim*'s conscience told him he was as much to blame as *Susannah*; and, if the doctrine had been true, my uncle *Toby* had as much of the bloodshed to answer for to heaven as either of 'em; —so that neither reason or instinct, separate or together, could possibly have guided *Susannah*'s steps to so proper an asylum. It is in vain to leave this to the reader's imagination:——to form any kind of

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hypotheſis, that will render theſe propoſitions feaſible, he muſt cudgel his brains ſore,—and to do it without—he muſt have ſuch brains as no reader ever had before him.——Why ſhould I put them either to trial or to torture? 'Tis my own affair: I'll explain it myſelf.

CHAP. XXIX.

'Tis a pity, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, reſting with his hand upon the corporal's ſhoulder, as they both ſtood ſurveying their work,—that we have not a couple of field-pieces to mount in the gorge of that new redoubt;—'twould ſecure the lines all along there, and make the attack on that ſide quite complete—get me a couple caſt, *Trim*.

Your honour ſhall have them, replied *Trim*, before to-morrow morning.

It was the joy of *Trim*'s heart,—nor was his fertile head ever at a loſs for expedients in doing it, to ſupply my uncle *Toby* in his campaigns, with whatever his fancy called for; had it been his laſt crown, he would have ſat down and hammered it into a paderero, to have prevented a ſingle wiſh in his maſter. The corporal had already,—what with cutting off the ends of my uncle *Toby*'s ſpouts,——hacking and chiſeling up the ſides of his leaden gutters,—melting down his pewter ſhaving-baſon,—and going at laſt, like *Lewis* the Fourteenth, on to the top of the church, for ſpare ends, &c.—he had that very campaign, brought no leſs than eight new battering cannons, beſides three demiculverins, into

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the field: my uncle *Toby*'s demand for two more pieces for the redoubt, had set the corporal at work again; and no better resource offering, he had taken the two leaden weights from the nursery window; and as the sash pulleys, when the lead was gone, were of no kind of use, he had taken them away also, to make a couple of wheels for one of their carriages.

He had dismantled every sash-window in my uncle *Toby*'s house long before, in the very same way,—though not always in the same order; for sometimes the pulleys have been wanted, and not the lead,—so then he began with the pulleys,—and the pulleys being picked out, then the lead became useless,—and so the lead went to pot too.

—A great MORAL might be picked handsomely out of this, but I have not time—'tis enough to say, wherever the demolition began, 'twas equally fatal to the sash-window.

CHAP. XX.

THE corporal had not taken his measures so badly in this stroke of artilleryship, but that he might have kept the matter entirely to himself, and left *Susannah* to have sustained the whole weight of the attack, as she could:—true courage is not content with coming off so.—The corporal, whether as general or comptroller of the train,—'twas no matter,—had done that, without which, as he imagined, the misfortune could never have happened, *at least in* Susannah's *hands;*—how would your honours have be-

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haved?—He determined at once not to take ſhelter behind *Suſannah*,——but to give it; and, with this reſolution upon his mind, he marched up right into the parlour, to lay the whole *manœuvre* before my uncle *Toby*.

My uncle *Toby* had juſt then been giving *Yorick* an account of the battle of *Steenkirk*, and of the ſtrange conduct of Count *Solmes*, in ordering the foot to halt, and the horſe to march, where it could not act; which was directly contrary to the king's commands, and proved the loſs of the day.

There are incidents in ſome families ſo pat to the purpoſe of what is going to follow——they are ſcarce exceeded by the invention of a dramatic writer,——I mean of ancient days.——

Trim, by the help of his fore-finger, laid flat upon the table, and the edge of his hand ſtriking acroſs it, at right angles, made a ſhift to tell his ſtory ſo, that prieſts and virgins might have liſtened to it; ——and the ſtory being told, the dialogue went on as follows:

CHAP. XXI.

—I would be piquetted to death, cried the corporal as he concluded *Suſannah*'s ſtory, before I would ſuffer the woman to come to any harm,—— 'twas my fault, an' pleaſe your honour,—not her's.

Corporal *Trim*, replied, my uncle *Toby*, putting on his hat, which lay upon the table,—if any thing can be ſaid to be a fault, when the ſervice abſolutely re-

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quires it ſhould be done,—'tis I certainly who deſerve the blame,——you obeyed your orders.

Had Count *Solmes*, *Trim*, done the ſame at the battle of *Steenkirk*, ſaid *Yorick*, drolling a little upon the corporal, who had been run over by a dragoon in the retreat,——he had ſaved thee;——Saved! cried *Trim*, interrupting *Yorick*, and finiſhing the ſentence for him after his own faſhion,——he had ſaved five battalions, an' pleaſe your reverence, every ſoul of them:——there was *Cutt*'s——continued the corporal, clapping the fore-finger of his right hand upon the thumb of his left, and counting round his hand,—there was *Cutt*'s—*Mackay*'s—*Angus*'s—*Graham*'s—and *Leven*'s, all cut to pieces;—and ſo had the *Engliſh* life-guards too, had it not been for ſome regiments upon the right, who marched up boldly to their relief, and received the enemy's fire in their faces, before any one of their own platoons diſcharged a muſket:——they'll go to heaven for it, added *Trim*.——*Trim* is right, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, nodding to *Yorick*,—he's perfectly right. What ſignified his marching the horſe, continued the corporal, where the ground was ſo ſtrait, that the *French* had ſuch a nation of hedges, and copſes, and ditches, and fell'd trees laid this way and that, to cover them (as they always have)?——Count *Solmes* ſhould have ſent us—we would have fired muzzle to muzzle with them, for their lives;——there was nothing to be done for the horſe:—he had his foot ſhot off, however, for his pains, continued the corporal, the very next campaign at *Landen*.—Poor *Trim* got his wound there, quoth my uncle

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Toby.——'Twas owing, an' pleaſe your honour, entirely to Count *Solmes*,——had he drubb'd them ſoundly at *Steenkirk*, they would not have fought us at *Landen*.—Poſſibly not, *Trim*—ſaid my uncle *Toby*; ——tho' if they have the advantage of a wood, or you give them a moment's time to entrench themſelves, they are a nation which will pop and pop for ever at you.—There is no way but to march coolly up to them,—receive their fire, and fall in upon them, pell-mell——Ding dong, added *Trim*.——Horſe and foot, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.——Helter-ſkelter, ſaid *Trim*.——Right and left, cried my uncle *Toby*—Blood and 'ounds, ſhouted the corporal:—— the battle raged—*Yorick* drew his chair a little to one ſide for ſafety, and after a moment's pauſe, my uncle *Toby* ſinking his voice a note,——reſumed the diſcourſe as follows.

CHAP. XXII.

KING *William*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, addreſſing himſelf to *Yorick*, was ſo terribly provoked at Count *Solmes* for diſobeying his orders, that he would not ſuffer him to come into his preſence for many months after.——I fear, anſwered *Yorick*, the ſquire will be as much provoked at the corporal, as the King at the Count.——But 'twould be ſingularly hard in this caſe, continued he, if corporal *Trim*, who has behaved ſo diametrically oppoſite to Count *Solmes*, ſhould have the fate to be rewarded with the ſame diſgrace;—too oft, in this world, do things take that train——I would ſpring a mine, cried my uncle

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Toby, rising up, and blow up my fortifications, and my house with them, and we should perish under their ruins, ere I would stand by and see it.——*Trim* directed a slight—but a grateful bow towards his master,—and so the chapter ends.

CHAP. XXIII.

—Then, *Yorick*, replied my uncle *Toby*, you and I will lead the way abreast,———and do you, corporal, follow a few paces behind us.——And *Susannah*, an' please your honour, said *Trim*, shall be put in the rear.——'Twas an excellent disposition; and in this order, without either drums beating, or colours flying, they marched slowly from my uncle *Toby*'s house to *Shandy-hall*.

——I wish, said *Trim*, as they entered the door, ——instead of the sash-weights, I had cut off the church-spout, as I once thought to have done.—You have cut off spots enow, replied *Yorick*.———

CHAP. XXII.

As many pictures as have been given of my father, how like him soever in different airs and attitudes, ——not one or all of them can ever help the reader to any kind of preconception of how my father would think, speak, or act, upon any untried occasion or occurrence of life —There was that infinitude of oddities in him, and of chances along with it, by which handle he would take a thing,—it baffled, Sir, all calculations.——The truth was, his

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road lay so very far on one side, from that wherein most men travelled—that every object before him presented a face and section of itself to his eye, altogether different from the plan and elevation of it seen by the rest of mankind.——In other words, 'twas a different object,—and, in course, was differently considered.

This is the true reason, that my dear *Jenny* and I, as well as all the world besides us, have such eternal squabbles about nothing.—She looks at her outside,——I, at her in.——How is it possible we should agree about her value?

CHAP. XXV.

'Tis a point settled,——and I mention it for the comfort of * *Confucius*, who is apt to get entangled in telling a plain story,——that provided he keeps along the line of his story, he may go backwards and forwards as he will,——'tis still held to be no digression.

This being premised, I take the benefit of the *act of going backwards* myself.

CHAP. XXVI.

Fifty thousand pannier loads of devils—(not of the archbishop of *Benevento*'s—I mean of *Rabelais*'s devils) with their tails chopped off by their rumps, could not have made so diabolical a scream of it, as

* Mr. *Shandy* is supposed to mean ******* ***, Esq. member for ******,—and not the *Chinese* Legislator.

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I did—when the accident befel me: it ſummoned up my mother inſtantly into the nurſery,——ſo that *Suſannah* had but juſt time to make her eſcape down the back ſtairs, as my mother came up the fore.

Now, though I was old enough to have told the ſtory myſelf,——and young enough, I hope, to have done it without malignity; yet *Suſannah*, in paſſing by the kitchen for fear of accidents, had left it in ſhort-hand with the cook—the cook had told it with a commentary to *Jonathan*, and *Jonathan* to *Obadiah*; ſo that by the time my father had rung the bell half a dozen times, to know what was the matter above,—was *Obadiah* enabled to give him a particular account of it, juſt as it had happened. ——I thought as much ſaid my father, tucking up his night-gown; and ſo walked up ſtairs.

One would imagine from this—(though for my own part I ſomewhat queſtion it)——that my father before that time, had actually wrote that remarkable chapter in the *Triſtra-pædia*, which to me is the moſt original and entertaining one in the whole book;——and that is the *chapter upon ſaſh-windows*, with a bitter *Philippic* at the end of it upon the forgetfulneſs of chamber-maids.—I have but two reaſons for thinking otherwiſe.

Firſt, Had the matter been taken into conſideration before the event happened, my father certainly would have nailed up the ſaſh-window for good and all;——which, conſidering with what difficulty he compoſed books,——he might have done with ten times leſs trouble than he could have wrote the

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chapter: this argument, I foreſee, holds good againſt his writing the chapter, even after the event; but 'tis obviated under the ſecond reaſon, which I have the honour to offer to the world in ſupport of my opinion, that my father did not write the chapter upon ſaſh-windows and chamber-pots, at the time ſuppoſed,—and it is this—

—That in order to render the *Triſtra-pædia* complete,—I wrote the chapter myſelf.

CHAP. XXVII.

My father put on his ſpectacles—looked—took them off,—put them into the caſe——all in leſs than a ſtatutable minute; and without opening his lips, turned about, and walked precipitately down ſtairs: my mother imagined he had ſtepped down for lint and baſilicon; but ſeeing him return with a couple of folios under his arm, and *Obadiah* following him with a large reading deſk, ſhe took it for granted 'twas an herbal, and ſo drew him a chair to the bed-ſide, that he might conſult upon the caſe at his eaſe.

—If it be but right done,—ſaid my father, turning to the *Section—de ſede vel ſubjecto circumciſionis*,—for he had brought up *Spencer de Legibus Hebræorum Ritualibus*—and *Maimonides*, in order to confront and examine us altogether.—

—If it be but right done, quoth he—Only tell us, cried my mother, interrupting him, what herbs.——For that, replied my father, you muſt ſend for Dr. *Slop*.

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My mother went down, and my father went on, reading the ſection as follows:

* * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
* *—Very well,——ſaid my father, * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

——nay, if it has that convenience—and ſo without ſtopping a moment to ſettle it firſt in his mind whether the *Jews* had it from the *Egyptians*, or the *Egyptians* from the *Jews*,—he roſe up, and rubbing his forehead two or three times acroſs with the palm of his hand, in the manner we rub out the footſteps of care when evil has trod lighter upon us than we foreboded,——he ſhut the book, and walked down ſtairs,—Nay, ſaid he, mentioning the name of a different great nation upon every ſtep as he ſet his foot upon it—if the EGYPTIANS,—the SYRIANS,—the PHOENICIANS,—the ARABIANS,—the CAPPADOCIANS—if the COLCHI, and TROGLODYTES did it—if SOLON and PYTHAGORAS ſubmitted, what is TRISTRAM? Who am I, that I ſhould fret or fume one moment about the matter?

CHAP. XXVIII.

DEAR *Yorick*, ſaid my father ſmiling (for *Yorick* had broke his rank with my uncle *Toby* in coming thro' the narrow entry, and ſo had ſtept firſt into the parlour),——this *Triſtram* of ours, I find, comes very hardly by all his religious rites.—Never was the ſon of *Jew*, *Chriſtian*, *Turk*, or *Infidel*, initiated into

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them in ſo oblique and ſlovenly a manner.—But he is no worſe, I truſt, ſaid *Yorick*——There has been certainly, continued my father, the deuce and all to do in ſome part or other of the ecliptic, when this offspring of mine was formed —That you are a better judge of than I, replied *Yorick*. Aſtrologers, quoth my father, know better than us both:——the trine and ſextile aſpects have jumped awry,——or the oppoſite of their aſcendants have not hit it, as they ſhould,—or the lords of the genitures (as they call them) have been at *bo-peep*,—or ſomething has been wrong above or below with us.

'Tis poſſible, anſwered *Yorick*.—But is the child, cried my uncle *Toby*, the worſe?——The *Troglodytes* ſay not, replied my father.——And your theologiſts, *Yorick*, tell us——Theologically? ſaid *Yorick*——or ſpeaking after the manner of * apothecaries?—— † ſtateſmen?—or § waſherwomen?

——I'm not ſure, replied my father,—but they tell us, brother *Toby*, he's the better for it.——Provided, ſaid *Yorick*, you travel him into *Egypt*.—— Of that, anſwered my father, he will have the advantage, when he ſees the *Pyramids*.

Now, every word of this, quoth my uncle *Toby*, is *Arabic* to me.—I wiſh, ſaid *Yorick*, 'twas ſo—to half the world.

* Χαλεπῆς νόσου, καὶ δυσιάτου ἀπαλλαγὴ, ἣν ἀνθρακα καλοῦσιν. PHILO.

† Τὰ τιμώμενα τῶν ἐθνῶν πολυγονώτατα, καὶ πολυανθρωπότατα ὄντα.

§ Καθαριότητος ἕνεκεν. BOCHART.

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—* ILUS, continued my father, circumcised his whole army one morning ——Not without a court-martial? cried my uncle *Toby*.—Though the learned, continued he, taking no notice of my uncle *Toby*'s remark, but turning to *Yorick*,—are greatly divided still who *Ilus* was;—some say *Saturn*;—some the Supreme Being; others, no more than a brigadier-general under *Pharaoh-neco*. Let him be who he will, said my uncle *Toby*, I know not by what article of war he could justify it.

The controvertists, answered my father, assign two-and-twenty different reasons for it—others indeed, who have drawn their pens on the opposite side of the question, have shown the world the futility of the greatest part of them. But then again, our best polemic divines——I wish there was not a polemic divine, said *Yorick*, in the kingdom;—one ounce of practical divinity is worth a painted ship-load of all their reverences have imported these fifty years.—Pray, Mr. *Yorick*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, do tell me what a polemic divine is.—The best description, Captain *Shandy*, I have ever read, is of a couple of 'em, replied *Yorick*, in the account of the battle fought single hands betwixt *Gymnast* and Captain *Tripet*; which I have in my pocket.—I beg I may hear it, quoth my uncle *Toby* earnestly—You shall, said *Yorick*.——And as the corporal is waiting for me at the door,—and I know the description of a battle will do the poor fellow more good than his

* Ὁ Ἶλος, τὰ ἀιδοῖα περιτέμνεται ταυτο ποιῆσαι καὶ τὺς ἁμ' αὐτῷ συμάχους κακαλπάσας. SANCHUNIATHO.

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ſupper,—I beg, brother, you'll give him leave to come in.—With all my ſoul, ſaid my father.—*Trim* came in, erect and happy as an emperor: and having ſhut the door, *Yorick* took a book from his right hand coat pocket, and read, or pretended to read, as follows:

CHAP. XXIX.

" —Which words being heard by all the ſoldiers " which were there, divers of them being inwardly " terrified, did ſhrink back, and make room for the " aſſailant: all this did *Gymnaſt* very well remark " and conſider; and therefore, making as if he " would have alighted from off his horſe, as he was " poiſing himſelf on the mounting ſide, he moſt " nimbly (with his ſhort ſword by his thigh) ſhift- " ing his feet in the ſtirrup, and performing the " ſtirrup-leather feat, whereby, after the inclining " of his body downwards, he forthwith launched " himſelf aloft into the air, and placed both his " feet together upon the ſaddle, ſtanding upright, " with his back turned towards his horſe's head,— " Now (ſaid he) my caſe goes forward. Then ſud- " denly, in the ſame poſture wherein he was, he " fetched a gambol upon one foot, and turning to " the left hand, failed not to carry his body perfect- " ly round, juſt into his former poſition, without " miſſing one jot.—Ha! ſaid *Tripet*, I will not do " that at this time,—and not without cauſe. Well, " ſaid *Gymnaſt*, I have failed,——I will undo this " leap; then with a marvellous ſtrength and agility,

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" turning towards the right hand, he fetched ano-
" ther friſking gambol as before; which done, he
" ſet his right hand thumb upon the bow of the
" ſaddle, raiſed himſelf up, and ſprung into the air,
" poiſing and upholding his whole weight upon the
" muſcle and nerve of the ſaid thumb, and ſo turn-
" ed and whirled himſelf about three times: at the
" fourth, reverſing his body, and overturning it up-
" ſide down, and fore ſide back, without *touching any*
" *thing*, he brought himſelf betwixt the horſe's two
" ears, and then giving himſelf a jerking ſwing, he
" ſeated himſelf upon the crupper."—

[This can't be fighting ſaid my uncle *Toby*.—The corporal ſhook his head at it.—Have patience, ſaid *Yorick*.]

" Then (*Tripet*) paſs'd his right leg over the ſad-
" dle, and placed himſelf *en croup*. —But, ſaid he,
" 'twere better for me to get into the ſaddle; then
" putting the thumbs of both hands upon the crup-
" per before him, and thereupon leaning himſelf,
" as upon the only ſupporters of his body, he in-
" continently turned heels over head in the air, and
" ſtraight found himſelf betwixt the bow of the
" ſaddle in a tolerable ſeat; then ſpringing into the
" air with a ſummerſet, he turned him about like
" a windmill, and made above an hundred friſks,
" turns, and demipommadas."—Good God! cried *Trim*, loſing all patience——one home thruſt of a bayonet is worth it all.——I think ſo too, replied *Yorick*.

I am of a contrary opinion quoth my father,

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CHAP. XXX.

—No,—I think I have advanced nothing, replied my father, making anſwer to a queſtion which *Yorick* had taken the liberty to put to him—I have advanced nothing in the *Triſtra-pædia* but what is as clear as any one propoſition in *Euclid*.——Reach me, *Trim*, that book from off the ſcrutoire:—it has oft-times been in my mind, continued my father, to have read it over, both to you *Yorick*, and to my brother *Toby*; and I think it a little unfriendly in myſelf in not having done it long ago;—ſhall we have a ſhort chapter or two now,—and a chapter or two hereafter, as occaſions ſerve, and ſo on, till we get thro' the whole? My uncle *Toby* and *Yorick* made the obeiſance which was proper; and the corporal, though he was not included in the compliment, laid his hand upon his breaſt and made his bow at the ſame time.——The company ſmiled. *Trim*, quoth my father, has paid the full price for ſtaying out the *entertainment*.—He did not ſeem to reliſh the play, replied *Yorick*.—'Twas a Tom-fool battle, an' pleaſe your reverence, of Captain *Tripet*'s and that other officer, making ſo many ſummerſets as they advanced;—the *French* come on cajoling now and then in that way,—but not quite ſo much.

My uncle *Toby* never felt the conſciouſneſs of his exiſtence with more complacency, than what the corporal's, and his own reflections, made him do at that moment;—he lighted his pipe,—*Yorick* drew his chair cloſer to the table,—*Trim* ſnuff'd the candle,

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my father ſtirr'd up the fire,——took up the book,——cough'd twice, and began.

CHAP. XXXI.

THE firſt thirty pages, ſaid my father, turning over the leaves,——are a little dry; and as they are not cloſely connected with the ſubject,——for the preſent we'll paſs them by:——tis a preface introductory introduction, continued my father, or an introductory preface (for I am not determined which name to give it) upon political or civil government; the foundation of which being laid in the firſt conjunction betwixt male and female, for procreation of the ſpecies—I was inſenſibly led into it.——'twas natural, ſaid *Yorick*.

The original of ſociety, continued my father, I'm ſatisfied, is, what *Politian* tells us, *i. e.* merely conjugal, and nothing more than the getting together of one man and one woman;——to which (according to *Heſiod*), the philoſopher adds a ſervant:——but ſuppoſing, in the firſt beginning, there were no men ſervants born,——he lays the foundation of it in a man,—a woman,—and a bull.—I believe 'tis an ox, quoth *Yorick*, quoting the paſſage (οἶκον μὲν πρώτιστα, γυναῖκα τε, βοῦν ἀροτῆρα).—A bull muſt have given more trouble than his head was worth.——But there is a better reaſon ſtill, ſaid my father (dipping his pen into his ink), for the ox, being the moſt patient of animals, and the moſt uſeful withal in tilling the ground for their nouriſhment—was the propereſt inſtrument, and emblem too, for the new joined

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couple that the creation could have associated with them.—And there is a stronger reason, added my uncle *Toby*, than them all for the ox.——My father had not power to take his pen out of his ink-horn till he had heard my uncle *Toby*'s reason—For, when the ground was tilled, said my uncle *Toby*, and made worth enclosing, then they began to secure it by walls and ditches, which was the origin of fortification.—True, true, dear *Toby*, cried my father, striking out the bull, and putting the ox in his place.

My father gave *Trim* a nod to snuff the candle, and resumed his discourse.

——I enter upon this speculation, said my father carelessly, and half shutting the book, as he went on,—merely to shew the foundation of the natural relation between a father and his child; the right and jurisdiction over whom he acquires these several ways:—

1st, By marriage.

2d, By adoption.

3d, By legitimation.

And, 4th, By procreation; all which I consider in their order.

I lay a slight stress upon one of them, replied *Yorick*——the act, especially where it ends there, in my opinion, lays as little obligation upon the child, as it conveys power to the father.—You are wrong,—said my father, argutely, and for this plain reason. * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * *

—I own, added my father, that the offspring, upon this account, is not so under the power and juris-

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diction of the mother.—But the reason, replied *Yorick*, equally holds good for her.—She is under authority herself, said my father;—and besides, continued my father, nodding his head, and laying his finger upon the side of his nose, as he assigned his reason,—*she is not the princpal agent*, Yorick. ——In what? quoth my uncle *Toby*, stopping his pipe.—Though, by all means added my father (not attending to my uncle *Toby*), "*The son ought to pay her respect*," as you may read, *Yorick*, at large, in the first book of the Institutes of *Justinian*, at the eleventh title and the tenth section.—I can read it as well, replied *Yorick*, in the Catechism.

CHAP. XXXII.

TRIM can repeat every word of it by heart, quoth my uncle *Toby*—Pugh! said my father, not caring to be interrupted with *Trim*'s saying his Catechism. He can, upon my honour, replied my uncle *Toby*—ask him, Mr. *Yorick*, any question you please.——

—The fifth commandment, *Trim*——said *Yorick*, speaking mildly, and with a gentle nod, as to a modest Catechumen. The corporal stood silent.—You don't ask him right, said my uncle *Toby*, raising his voice, and giving it rapidly like the word of command;—the fifth—cried my uncle *Toby*——I must [illegible] with the first [illegible] an' please your Honour, said [illegible] ral.—

[illegible] co[illegible] bear smiling.———Your [illegible] said the corporal, shoul- [illegible] and marching into the

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middle of the room, to illuſtrate his poſition,—that 'tis exactly the ſame thing as doing one's exerciſe in the field.—

"*Join your right hand to your firelock,*" cried the corporal, giving the word of command, and performing the motion.—

"*Poiſe your firelock,*" cried the corporal, doing the duty ſtill of both adjutant and private man.—

"*Reſt your firelock,*"—one motion, an' pleaſe your reverence, you ſee leads into another.—If his honour will begin but with the *firſt*.

The *firſt*—cried my uncle *Toby*, ſetting his hand upon his ſide—* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *.

The *ſecond*—cried my uncle *Toby*, waving his tobacco-pipe, as he would have done his ſword at the head of a regiment.—The corporal went through his *manual* with exactneſs; and having *honoured his father and mother*, made a low bow and fell back to the ſide of the room.

Every thing in this world, ſaid my father, is big with jeſt,—and has wit in it, and inſtruction too,—if we can but find it out.

——Here is the ſcaffold work of inſtruction,—its true point of folly without the building behind it.—

Here is the glaſs for pedagogues, preceptors, tutors, governors, gerund grinders, and bear-leaders to view themſelves in, in their true dimenſions.—

Oh! there is a huſk and ſhell, *Yorick*, which grows up with learning, which their unſkilfulneſs knows not how to fling away!

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Sciences may be learned by wrote, but Wisdom not.

Yorick thought my father inspired—I will enter into obligations this moment, said my father, to lay out all my aunt Dinah's legacy in charitable uses, (of which, by the bye, my father had no high opinion) if the corporal has any one determinate idea annexed to any one word he has repeated.—Prithee, *Trim*, quoth my father, turning round to him,—What dost thou mean, by "honouring thy father and mother?"

Allowing them, an' please your honour, three half-pence a day out of my pay, when they grow old.——And didst thou do that, *Trim*? said *Yorick*.—He did indeed, replied my uncle *Toby*.—Then, *Trim*, said *Yorick*, springing out of his chair, and taking the corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator on that part of the decalogue; and I honour thee more for it, corporal *Trim*, than if thou hadst had a hand in the *Talmud* itself.

CHAP. XXXIII.

O BLESSED health! cried my father, making an exclamation, as he turned over the leaves to the next chapter,—thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlarges the soul,——and openest all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue—He that has thee, has little more to wish for;——and he that is so wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee.

I have concentrated all that can be said into this

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important head, said my father, into very little room, therefore we'll read the chapter quite through.

My father read as follows:

"The whole secret of health depending upon the "due contention for mastery betwixt the radical "heat and the radical moisture"—You have proved that matter of fact, I suppose, above, said *Yorick*. Sufficiently, replied my father.

In saying this, my father shut the book,—not as if he resolved to read no more of it, for he kept his fore-finger in the chapter:—not pettishly——for he shut the book slowly; his thumb resting, when he had done it, upon the upper side of the cover, as his three fingers supported the lower side of it, without the least compressive violence.——

I have demonstrated the truth of that point, quoth my father, nodding to *Yorick*, most sufficiently in the preceding chapter.

Now, could the man in the moon be told, that a man in the earth had wrote a chapter, sufficiently demonstrating that the secret of all health depended upon the due contention for mastery betwixt the *radical heat* and the *radical moisture*,—and that he had managed the point so well, that there was not one single word wet or dry upon radical heat or radical moisture, throughout the whole chapter,—or a single syllable in it *pro* or *con*, directly or indirectly, upon the contention betwixt these two powers in any part of the animal economy—

"O thou eternal Maker of all beings!"—he would cry, striking his breast with his right hand, (in case he had one)—"Thou whose power and

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" goodneſs can enlarge the faculties of thy creatures " to this infinite degree of excellence and perfection, " —What have we MOONITES done ?"

CHAP XXXIV.

WITH two ſtrokes, the one at *Hippocrates*, the other at Lord *Verulam*, did my father atchieve it.

The ſtroke at the prince of phyſicians, with which he began, was no more than a ſhort inſult upon his ſorrowful complaint of the *Ars longa*,——and *Vita brevis*.—Life ſhort, cried my father,——and the art of healing tedious! And who are we to thank for both the one and the other, but the ignorance of quacks themſelves,——and the ſtage loads of chemical noſtrums, and peripatetic lumber, with which, in all ages, they have firſt flatter'd the world, and at laſt deceived it.

——O my Lord *Verulam!* cried my father, turning from *Hippocrates*, and making his ſecond ſtroke at him, as the principal of noſtrum-mongers, and the fitteſt to be made an example of to the reſt,—— What ſhall I ſay to thee, my great Lord *Verulam?* What ſhall I ſay to thy internal ſpirit,——thy opium,—thy ſaltpetre,——thy greaſy unction,——thy daily purges,—thy nightly gliſters, and ſuccedaneums?

——My father was never at a loſs what to ſay to any man, upon any ſubject; and had the leaſt occaſion for the exordium of any man breathing: how he dealt with his lordſhip's opinion,—you ſhall ſee;

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but when—I know not :—we muſt firſt ſee what his lordſhip's opinion was.

CHAP. XXXV.

" THE two great cauſes which conſpire with each " other to ſhorten life, ſays Lord *Verulam*, are " firſt—

" The internal ſpirit, which, like a gentle flame, " waſtes the body down to death :—And ſecondly, " the external air, that parches the body up to " aſhes :—which two enemies attacking us on both " ſides of our bodies together, at length deſtroy our " organs, and render them unfit to carry on the " functions of life."

This being the ſtate of the caſe, the road to longevity was plain; nothing more being required, ſays his lordſhip, but to repair the waſte committed by the internal ſpirit, by making the ſubſtance of it more thick and denſe, by a regular courſe of opiates on one ſide, and by refrigerating the heat of it on the other, by three grains and a half of ſaltpetre every morning before you get up.—

Still this frame of ours was left expoſed to the inimical aſſaults of the air without; but this was fenced off again by a courſe of greaſy unctions, which ſo fully ſaturated the pores of the ſkin, that no ſpicula could enter ;——nor could any one get out.—This put a ſtop to all perſpiration, ſenſible and inſenſible, which being the cauſe of ſo many ſcurvy diſtempers—a courſe of gliſters was requiſite

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to carry off redundant humours,—and render the ſyſtem complete.

What my father had to ſay to my Lord of *Verulam*'s opiates, his ſaltpetre, and greaſy unctions and gliſters, you ſhall read,—but not to-day—or to-morrow: time preſſes upon me,—my reader is impatient——I muſt get forwards.—You ſhall read the chapter at your leiſure (if you chooſe it), as ſoon as ever the *Triſtra-pædia* is published.——

Sufficeth it at preſent, to ſay, my father levelled the hypotheſis with the ground, and in doing that, the learned know, he built up and eſtabliſhed his own.

CHAP. XXXVI.

THE whole ſecret of health, ſaid my father, beginning the ſentence again, depending evidently upon the due contention betwixt the radical heat and radical moiſture within us;—the leaſt imaginable ſkill had been ſufficient to have maintained it, had not the ſchoolmen confounded the taſk, merely (as *Van Helmont*, the famous chemiſt, has proved) by all along miſtaking the radical moiſture for the tallow and fat of animal bodies.

Now the radical moiſture is not the tallow or fat of animals, but an oily and balſamous ſubſtance; for the fat and tallow, as alſo the phlegm or watery parts are cold; whereas the oily and balſamous parts are of a lively heat and ſpirit, which accounts for the obſervation of *Ariſtotle*, "*Quod omne animal poſt coitum eſt triſte.*"

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Now it is certain, that the radical heat lives in the radical moisture; but whether *vice versa*, is a doubt: however, when the one decays, the other decays also; and then is produced, either an unnatural heat, which causes an unnatural dryness—or an unnatural moisture, which causes dropsies.—So that if a child, as he grows up, can be but taught to avoid running into fire or water, as either of them threaten his destruction,—'twill be all that is needful to be done upon that head.—

CHAP. XXVII.

THE description of the siege of *Jericho* itself, could not have engaged the attention of my uncle *Toby* more powerfully than the last chapter;——his eyes were fixed upon my father throughout it;—he never mentioned radical heat and radical moisture, but my uncle *Toby* took his pipe out of his mouth, and shook his head; and as soon as the chapter was finished, he beckoned to the corporal to come close to his chair, to ask him the following question, *aside*—* * * * * * * * * * * * *. It was at the siege of *Limerick*, an' please your honour, replied the corporal, making a bow.

The poor fellow and I, quoth my uncle *Toby*, addressing himself to my father, were scarce able to crawl out of our tents, at the time the siege of *Limerick* was raised, upon the very account you mention.—Now what can have got into that precious noddle of thine, my dear brother *Toby?* cried my father, mentally.—By heaven! continued he, com-

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muning ſtill with himſelf, it would puzzle an *Oedipus* to bring it in point.—

I believe, an' pleaſe your honour, quoth the corporal, that if it had not been for the quantity of brandy we ſet fire to every night, and the claret and cinnamon with which I plied your honour off;—— and the geneva, *Trim*, added my uncle *Toby*, which did us more good than all——I verily believe, continued the corporal, we had both, an' pleaſe your honour, left our lives in the trenches, and been buried in them too.——The nobleſt grave, corporal! cried my uncle *Toby*, his eyes ſparkling as he ſpoke, that a ſoldier could wiſh to lie down in.—But a piteiful death for him, an' pleaſe your honour, replied the corporal.

All this was as much *Arabic* to my father, as the rites of the *Colchi* and *Troglodites* had been before to my uncle *Toby*; my father could not determine whether he was to frown or to ſmile.—

My uncle *Toby* turning to *Yorick*, reſumed the caſe at *Limerick*, more intelligibly than he had begun it,—and ſo ſettle the point for my father at once.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

It was undoubtedly, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, a great happineſs for myſelf and the corporal, that we had all along a burning fever, attended with a moſt raging thirſt, during the whole five and twenty days the flux was upon us in the camp; otherwiſe, what my brother calls the radical moiſture, muſt, as I

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conceive it, inevitably have got the better.——My father drew in his lungs top full of air, and looking up, blew it forth again, as ſlowly as he poſſibly could.—

——It was heaven's mercy to us, continued my uncle *Toby*, which put it into the corporal's head, to maintain that due contention between the radical heat and the radical moiſture, by reinforcing the fever, as he did all along, with hot wines and ſpices; wherehy the corporal kept up (as it were) a continual firing, ſo that the radical heat ſtood its ground from the beginning to the end, and was a fair match for the moiſture, terrible as it was.—Upon my honour, added my uncle *Toby*, you might have heard the contention within our bodies, brother *Shandy*, twenty toiſes.—If there was no firing, ſaid *Yorick*.

Well—ſaid my father, with a full aſpiration, and pauſing a while after the word——Was I a judge, and the laws of the country which made me one, permitted it, I would condemn ſome of the worſt malefactors, provided they had had their clergy.——*Yorick* foreſeeing the ſentence was likely to end with no ſort of mercy, laid his hand upon my father's breaſt, and begged he would reſpite it for a few minutes, till he aſked the corporal a queſtion.——Prithee, *Trim* ſaid *Yorick*, without ſtaying for my father's leave,—tell us honeſtly, what is thy opinion concerning this ſelf-ſame radical heat and radical moiſture?

With humble ſubmiſſion to his honour's better judgment, quoth the corporal, making a bow to my uncle *Toby*——Speak thy opinion freely, corporal.

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ſaid my uncle *Toby*.——The poor fellow is my ſervant,—not my ſlave,—added my uncle *Toby*, turning to my father.

The corporal put his hat under his left arm, and with his ſtick hanging upon the wriſt of it, by a black thong ſplit into a taſſel about the knot, he marched up to the ground where he had performed his catechiſm; then touching his under jaw with the thumb and fingers of his hand before he opened his mouth—he delivered his notion thus.

CHAP XXXIX.

Just as the corporal was humming to begin——in waddled Dr. *Slop*.—'Tis not twopence matter—the corporal ſhall go on in the next chapter, let who will come in.—

Well, my good doctor, cried my father ſportively, for the tranſitions of his paſſions were unaccountably ſudden,——and what has this whelp of mine to ſay to the matter?

Had my father been aſking after the amputation of the tail of a puppy-dog——he could not have done it in a more careleſs air: the ſyſtem which Dr. *Slop* had laid down, to treat the accident by, no way allowed of ſuch a mode of enquiry.—He ſat down.

Pray, Sir, quoth my uncle *Toby*, in a manner which could not go unanſwered,—in what condition is the boy?——'I will end in a *phimoſis*, replied Dr. *Slop*.

I am no wiſer than I was, quoth my uncle *Toby*,

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—returning his pipe into his mouth.——Then let the corporal go on, ſaid my father, with his medical lecture —The corporal made a bow to his old friend, Dr. *Slop*, and then delivered his opinion concerning radical heat and radical moiſture, in the following words.

CHAP XL.

THE city of *Limerick*, the ſiege of which was begun under his Majeſty King *William* himſelf, the year after I went into the army——lies, an' pleaſe your honours, in the middle of a deviliſh wet, ſwampy country—'Tis qu te ſurrounded, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, with the *Shannon*, and is by its ſituation, one of the ſtrongeſt fortified places in *Ireland*.——

I think this is a new faſhion, quoth Dr. *Slop*, of beginning a medical lecture.——'Tis all true, anſwered *Trim*.——Then I wiſh the faculty would follow the cut of it, ſaid *Yorick*.——'Tis all cut through, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid the corporal, with drains and bogs: and beſides, there was ſuch a quantity of rain fell during the ſiege, the whole country was like a puddle,——'twas that, and nothing elſe, which brought on the flux, and which had like to have killed both his honour and myſelf. Now there was no ſuch thing after the firſt ten days, continued the corporal, for a ſoldier to lie dry in his tent, without cutting a ditch round it, to draw off the water;—nor was this enough, for thoſe who could afford it as his honour could, without ſetting fire every night to a pewter diſh full of brandy,

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which took off the damp of the air, and made the inside of the tent as warm as a stove.—

And what conclusion dost thou draw, corporal *Trim*, cried my father, from all these premises?

I infer, an' please your worship, replied *Trim*, that the radical moisture is nothing in the world but ditch-water——and that the radical heat of those who can go to the expence of it, is burnt brandy,—the radical heat and moisture of a private man, an' please your honour, is nothing but ditch-water—and a dram of geneva—and give us but enough of it, with a pipe of tobacco to give us spirits, and drive away the vapours,—we know not what it is to fear death.

I am at a loss, Captain *Shandy*, quoth Doctor *Slop*, to determine in what branch of learning your servant shines most, whether in physiology or divinity.—*Slop* had not forgot *Trim*'s comment upon the sermon.

It is but an hour ago, replied *Yorick*, since the corporal was examined in the latter, and passed muster with great honour.—

The radical heat and moisture, quoth Doctor *Slop*, turning to my father, you must know, is the basis and foundation of our being,—as the root of a tree is the source and principle of its vegetation.—It is inherent in the seeds of all animals, and may be preserved sundry ways, but principally, in my opinion, by *con-substantials*, *impriments*, and *occludents*.—Now this poor fellow, continued Dr. *Slop*, pointing to the corporal, has had the misfortune to have heard some superficial empiric discourse upon this nice

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point—That he has,—ſaid my father.—Very likely, ſaid my uncle—I'm ſure of it,—quoth *Yorick*.

CHAP. XLI.

DOCTOR *Slop* being called out to look at a cataplaſm he had ordered, it gave my father an opportunity of going on with another chapter in the *Triſtrapædia*—Come! cheer up, my lads; I'll ſhew you land—for when we have tugged through that chapter, the book ſhall not be opened again this twelvemonth.—Huzza!—

CHAP. XLII.

———FIVE years with a bib under his chin;

Four years in travelling from Chriſt-croſs-row to *Malachi*;

A year and a half in learning to write his own name;

Seven long years and more ſpelling it, at Greek and Latin;

Four years at his *probations*, and his *negations*—the fine ſtatue ſtill lying in the middle of the marble block:—and nothing done, but his tools ſharpened to hew it out!—'Tis a piteous delay!—Was not the great *Julius Scaliger* within an ace of never getting his tools ſharpened at all?——Forty-four years old was he before he could manage his Greek?—and *Peter Damianus*, lord biſhop of *Oſtia*, as all the world knows, could not ſo much as read, when he was of man's eſtate.——And *Baldus* himſelf, as emi-

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nent as he turned out after, entered upon the law ſo late in life, that every body imagined he intended to be an advocate in the other world: no wonder, when *Euaamidas*, the ſon of *Archidimas*, heard *Xenocrates* at ſeventy-five diſputing about *wiſdom*, that he aſked gravely,——*If the old man be yet diſputing and inquiring concerning wiſdom,—what time will he have to make uſe of it.*

Yorick liſtened to my father with great attention; there was a ſeaſoning of wiſdom unaccountably mixed up with his ſtrangeſt whims, and he had ſometimes ſuch illuminations in the darkeſt of his eclipſes, as almoſt atoned for them:—be wary, Sir, when you imitate him.

I am convinced, *Yorick*, continued my father, half reading and half diſcourſing, that there is a North-weſt paſſage to the intellectual world; and that the ſoul of man has ſhorter ways of going to work, in furniſhing itſelf with knowledge and inſtruction, than we generally take with it.——But, alack! all fields have not a river or a ſpring running beſide them;——every child, *Yorick*! has not a parent to point it out.

—The whole entirely depends, added my father, in a low voice, upon the *auxiliary verbs*, Mr *Yorick*.

Had *Yorick* trod upon *Virgil's* ſnake, he could not have looked more ſurpriſed——I am ſurpriſed too, cried my father, obſerving it,—and I reckon it as one of the greateſt calamities which ever befel the republic of letters, that thoſe who have been intruſted with the education of our children, and whoſe buſineſs it was to open their minds, and ſtock them

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early with ideas, in order to ſet the imagination looſe upon them, have made ſo little uſe of the auxiliary verbs in doing it as they have done——So that, except *Raymond Lullius*. and the elder *Pelegrini*, the laſt of which arrived to ſuch perfection in the uſe of 'em, with his topics, that, in a few leſſons, he could teach a young gentleman to diſcourſe with plauſibility upon any ſubject, *pro* and *con*, and to ſay and write all that could be ſpoken or written concerning it. without blotting a word, to the admiration of all who beheld him——I ſhould be glad, ſaid *Yorick*, interrupting my father, to be made to comprehend this matter. You ſhall, ſaid my father.

The higheſt ſtretch of improvement a ſingle word is capable of is a high metaphor,—for which, in my opinion, the idea is generally the worſe, and not the better;——but be that as it may,—when the mind has done that with it—there is an end,——the mind and the idea are at reſt,—until a ſecond idea enters,—and ſo on.

Now the uſe of the *auxiliaries*, is, at once, to ſet the ſoul a-going by herſelf upon the materials, as they are brought her; and by the verſability of this great engine, round which they are twiſted, to open new tracts of enquiry, and make every idea engender millions.

You excite my curioſity greatly, ſaid *Yorick*.

For my own part, quoth my uncle *Toby*, I have given it up.——The *Danes*, an' pleaſe your honour, quoth the corporal, who went on the left at the ſiege of *Limerick* were all auxiliaries ——And very good ones, ſaid my uncle *Toby*—And your honour roul'd

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with them——captains with captains——very well, ſaid the corporal.—But the auxiliaries, *Trim*, my brother is talking about, anſwered my uncle *Toby*, ——I conceive to be different things.——

—You do? ſaid my father, riſing up.

CHAP. XLIII.

My father took a ſingle turn acroſs the room, then ſat down and finiſhed the chapter.

The verbs auxiliary we are concerned in here, continued my father, are, *am*; *was*; *have*; *had*; *do*; *did*; *make*; *made*; *ſuffer*; *ſhall*; *ſhould*; *will*; *would*; *can*; *could*; *owe*; *ought*; *uſed*, or is *wont*. And theſe varied with tenſes, *preſent*, *paſt*, *future*; and conjugated with the verb *ſee*, or with theſe queſtions added to them;——*Is it? Was it? Will it be? Would it be? May it be? Might it be?* And theſe again put negatively,——*Is it not? Was it not? Ought it not?*—Or affirmatively,——*It is*; *It was*; *It ought to be?* Or chronologically——*Has it been always? Lately? How long ago?* Or hypothetically, —*If it was? If it was not?*——What would follow?—If the *French* ſhould beat the *Engliſh?*—If the *Sun* go out of the *Zodiac?*

Now, by the right uſe and application of theſe, continued my father, in which a child's memory ſhould be exerciſed, there is no one idea can enter his brain, how barren ſoever, but a magazine of conceptions and concluſions may be drawn forth from it —Did'ſt thou ever ſee a white bear? cried my father, turning his head round to *Trim*, who

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ſtood at the back of his chair :—No, an' pleaſe your honour, replied the corporal.—But thou could'ſt diſcourſe about one *Trim*, ſaid my father, in caſe of need?——How is it poſſible, brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*, if the corporal never ſaw one?—'Tis the fact I want, replied my father; and the poſſibility of it is as follows :

A WHITE BEAR! Very well. Have I ever ſeen one? Might I ever have ſeen one? Am I ever to ſee one? Ought I ever to have ſeen one? Or, can I ever ſee one?

Would I had ſeen a white bear? (for how can I imagine it?)

If I ſhould ſee a white bear, what ſhould I ſay? If I ſhould never ſee a white bear, what then?

If I never have, can, muſt, or ſhall ſee a white bear alive; have I ever ſeen the ſkin of one? Did I ever ſee one painted?——deſcribed? Have I never dreamed of one?

Did my father, mother, uncle, aunt, brothers or ſiſters, ever ſee a white bear? What would they give? How would they behave? How would the white bear have behaved? Is he wild? Tame? Terrible? Rough? Smooth?

—Is the white bear worth ſeeing?

—Is there no ſin in it?

—Is it better than a BLACK ONE?

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THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

Dixero si quid fortè jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis.—— HOR.

———Si quis calumnietur levius esse quam decet theologum, aut mordacius quam deceat Christianum———non Ego, sed Democritus dixit.——
ERASMUS.

Si quis Clericus, aut Monachus, verba joculatoria, risum moventia sciebat, anathema esto.
Second Council of CARTHAGE.

VOL. VI.

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THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

——WE'LL not ſtop two minutes, my dear Sir, ——only, as we have got through theſe five volumes* (do, Sir, ſit down upon a ſet—they are better than nothing) let us juſt look back upon the country we have paſſed through.—

What a wilderneſs has it been! and what a mercy that we have not both of us been loſt, or devoured by wild beaſts in it!

Did you think the world itſelf, Sir, had contained ſuch a number of Jack Aſſes?—How they view'd and review'd us as we paſſed over the rivulet at the bottom of that little valley!—and when we climbed over that hill, and were juſt getting out of ſight ——good God! what a braying did they all ſet up together!

* In the firſt Edition, the fifth volume began with this chapter.

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—Prithee, Shepherd, who keeps all thoſe Jack Aſſes? * * *

—Heaven be their comforter—What! are they never curried?—Are they never taken in in winter?—Bray—bray—bray. Bray on,—the world is deeply your debtor;—louder ſtill—that's nothing;——in good ſooth, you are ill uſed:—Was I a Jack Aſs, I ſolemnly declare, I would bray in G-ſol-re-ut from morning even unto night.

CHAP. II.

When my father had danced his white bear backwards and forwards through half a dozen pages, he cloſed the book for good and all,—and in a kind of triumph redelivered it into *Trim's* hand, with a nod to lay it upon the ſcrutoire where he found it.—— *Triſtram*, ſaid he, ſhall be made to conjugate every word in the dictionary, backwards and forwards the ſame way;—every word, *Yorick*, by this means, you ſee, is converted into a theſis or an hypotheſis;—every theſis and hypotheſis have an offspring of propoſitions;—— and each propoſition has its own conſequences and concluſions;—every one of which leads the mind on again into freſh tracts of inquiries and doubtings.—The force of this engine, added my father, is incredible, in opening a child's head.—'Tis enough, brother *Shandy*, cried my uncle *Toby*, to burſt it into a thouſand ſplinters.—

I preſume, ſaid *Yorick*, ſmiling,—it muſt be owing to this,—(for, let logicians ſay what they will, it is not to be accounted for ſufficiently from the

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bare uſe of the ten predicaments)——that the famous *Vincent Quirino*, amongſt the many other aſtoniſhing feats of his childhood, of which the Cardinal *Bembo* has given the world ſo exact a ſtory——ſhould be able to paſte up at the public ſchools at *Rome*, ſo early as in the eighth year of his age, no leſs than four thouſand five hundred and fifty different theſes, upon the moſt abſtruſe points of the moſt abſtruſe theology;—and to defend and maintain them in ſuch ſort, as to cramp and dumfound his oponents.——What is that, cried my father, to what is told us of *Alphonſus Toſtatus*, who, almoſt in his nurſe's arms, learned all the ſciences and liberal arts, without being taught any one of them?—What ſhall we ſay of the great *Pereſkius?*—That's the very man, cried my uncle *Toby*, I once told you of, brother *Shandy*, who walked a matter of five hundred miles, reckoning from *Paris* to *Scheveling*, and from *Scheveling* back again, merely to ſee *Stevinus*'s flying chariot.—He was a very great man! added my uncle *Toby* (meaning *Stevinus*),—He was ſo, brother *Toby*, ſaid my father (meaning *Pereſkius*)—and had multiplied his ideas ſo faſt, and increaſed his knowledge to ſuch a prodigious ſtock, that, if we may give credit to an anecdote concerning him, which we cannot withhold here, without ſhaking the authority of all anecdotes whatever——at ſeven years of age, his father committed entirely to his care the education of his younger brother, a boy of five years old,—with the ſole management of all his concerns?——Was the father as wiſe as the ſon? quoth my uncle *Toby*:—I ſhould think not, ſaid

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Yorick:—But what are theſe, continued my father—(breaking out into a kind of enthuſiaſm)—what are theſe, to thoſe prodigies of childhood in *Grotius*, *Scioppius*, *Heinſius*, *Politian*, *Paſcal*, *Joſeph Scaliger*, *Ferdinand de Cardoue*, and others—ſome of which left off their *ſubſtantial forms* at nine years old, or ſooner, and went on reaſoning without them?——Others went through their claſſics at ſeven—wrote tragedies at eight;——*Ferdinand de Cardoue* was ſo wiſe at nine, 'twas thought the devil was in him;—and at *Venice* gave ſuch proofs of his knowledge and goodneſs, that the monks imagined he was *Antichriſt*, or nothing.—Others were maſters of fourteen languages at ten,—finiſhed the courſe of their rhetoric, poetry, logic, and ethics, at eleven,—put forth their commentaries upon *Servius* and *Martianus Capella* at twelve—and at thirteen received their degrees in philoſophy, laws and divinity:—But you forgot the great *Lipſius*, quoth *Yorick*, who compoſed a work * the day he was born ——They ſhould have wiped it up, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, and ſaid no more about it.

* Nous aurions quelque interet, ſoys *Baillet*, de montrer qu'il n'a rien de ridicule s'il etoit veritable, au moin dans le ſens enigmatique que *Nicius Erythraus* a ta he de lui donner. Cet auteur dit, que pour comprendre comme *Lipſe* il a pu compoſer un ouvrage le premier jour de ſa vie, il faut s'imaginer, que ce premier jour n'eſt pas celui de ſa naiſſance charnelle, mais celui au quel il a commence d'uſer de la raiſon; il veut que c'ait ete a l'age de *neuf* ans; et il nous veut perſuader que ce fut en cet age, que *Lipſe* fit un poeme.—Le tour eſt ingenieux, &c. &c.

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CHAP. III.

WHEN the cataplasm was ready, a scruple of *decorum* had unseasonably rose up in *Susannah*'s conscience about holding the candle, whilst *Slop* tied it on; *Slop* had not treated *Susannah*'s distemper with anodynes,—and so a quarrel had ensued betwixt them.

——Oh! oh! said *Slop*, casting a glance of undue freedom in *Susannah*'s face as she declined the office;——then, I think, I know you. Madam.—— You know me, Sir! cried *Susaunah* fastidiously, and with a toss of her head, levelled evidently, not at his profession, but at the doctor himself,——you know me, cried *Susannah* again.——Dr. *Slop* clapped his finger and his thumb instantly upon his nostrils:—*Susannah*'s spleen was ready to burst at it;—'Tis false, said *Susannah*.—Come, come, Mrs. Modesty, said *Slop*, not a little elated with the success of his last thrust,—if you won't hold the candle and look——you may hold it and shut your eyes:—— That's one of your popish shifts, cried *Susannah*:——'Tis better, said *Slop*, with a nod, than no shift at all, young woman;——I defy you, Sir, cried *Susannah*, pulling her shift-sleeve below her elbow.

It was almost impossible for two persons to assist each other, in a surgical case, with a more splenetic cordiality.

Slop snatch'd up the cataplasm,—*Susannah* snatch'd up the candle;—A little this way, said *Slop*;—— *Susannah* looking one way, and rowing another, instantly set fire to *Slop*'s wig, which being somewhat

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bushy and unctuous withal, was burnt out before it was well kindled.——You impudent whore! cried *Slop*——(for what is passion but a wild beast),—— you impudent whore, cried *Slop*, getting upright, with the cataplasm in his hand:——I never was the destruction of any body's nose, said *Susannah*,—— which is more than you can say:——Is it?—cried *Slop*, throwing the cataplasm in her face?——Yes it is, cried *Susannah*, returning the compliment with what was left in the pan.——

CHAP. IV.

Doctor *Slop* and *Susannah* filed cross-bills against each other in the parlour; which done, as the cataplasm had failed, they retired into the kitchen, to prepare a fomentation for me;——and whilst that was doing, my father determined the point as you will read.

CHAP. V.

You see 'tis high time, said my father, addressing himself equally to my uncle *Toby* and *Yorick*, to take this young creature out of these women's hands, and put him into those of a private governor. *Marcus Antoninus* provided fourteen governors all at once to superintend his son *Commodus*'s education,—and in six weeks he cashiered five of them:——I know very well, continued my father, that *Commodus*' mother was in love with a gladiator at the time of her conception; which accounts for a great ma-

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ny of *Commodus*'s cruelties when he became emperor;—but ſtill I am of opinion, that thoſe five whom *Antoninus* diſmiſſed, did *Commodus*'s temper, in that ſhort time, more hurt than the other nine were able to rectify all their lives long.

Now, as I conſider the perſon who is to be about my ſon, as the mirror in which he is to view himſelf from morning to night, and by which he is to adjuſt his looks, his carriage, and, perhaps, the inmoſt ſentiments of his heart,——I would have one, *Yorick*, if poſſible, poliſhed at all points, fit for my child to look into —This is very good ſenſe, quoth my uncle *Toby* to himſelf.

———There is, continued my father, a certain mien and motion of the body and all its parts, both in acting and ſpeaking, which argues a man *well within*;——and I am not at all ſurpriſed that *Gregory* of *Nazianzum*, upon obſerving the haſty and untoward geſtures of *Julian*, ſhould fortel that he would one day become an apoſtate;———or that St. *Ambroſe* ſhould turn his *amanuenſis* out of doors becauſe of an indecent motion of his head, which went backwards and forwards like a flail;———or that *Democritus* ſhould conceive *Protagoras* to be a ſcholar, from ſeeing him bind up a faggot, and thruſting, as he did it, the ſmall twigs inwards.—There are a thouſand unnoticed openings, continued my father, which let a penetrating eye at once into a man's ſoul: and I maintain it, added he, that a man of ſenſe does not lay down his hat in coming into a room,——or take it up in going out of it, but ſomething eſcapes, which diſcovers him.

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It is for theſe reaſons, continued my father, that the governor I make choice of, ſhall neither * liſp, or ſquint, or wink, or talk loud, or look fierce, or fooliſh;—or bite his lips, or grind his teeth, or ſpeak through his noſe, or pick it, or blow it with his fingers —

He ſhall neither walk faſt,——or ſlow, or fold his arms,—for that is lazineſs;——or hang them down,—for that is folly; or hide them in his pocket, for that is nonſenſe.——

He ſhall neither ſtrike, or pinch, or tickle,—— or bite, or cut his nails, or hawk, or ſpit, or ſnift, or drum with his feet or fingers in company;—nor (according to *Eraſmus*) ſhall he ſpeak to any one in making water,——nor ſhall he point to carrion or excrement.—Now, this is all nonſenſe again, quoth my uncle *Toby*, to himſelf.

I will have him, continued my father, cheerful, facete, jovial: at the ſame time prudent, attentive to buſineſs, vigilant, acute, argute, inventive, quick in reſolving doubts and ſpeculative queſtions;—he ſhall be wiſe, and judicious, and learned:——and why not humble, and moderate, and gentle tempered, and good! ſaid *Yorick*:——And why not, cried my uncle *Toby*, free, and generous, and bountiful, and brave?—He ſhall, my dear *Toby*, replied my father, getting up and ſhaking him by his hand——Then, brother *Shandy*, anſwered my uncle *Toby*, raiſing himſelf off the chair, and laying down his pipe to take hold of my father's other hand,—I humbly

* Vide *Pellegrina*.

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beg I may recommend poor *Le Fevre*'s ſon to you; ——a tear of joy of the firſt warer ſparkled in my uncle *Toby*'s eye,—and another the fellow to it, in the corporal's, as the propoſition was made;—you will ſee why when you read *Le Fevres* ſtory: fool that I was! nor can I recollect, (nor perhaps you) without turning back to the place, what it was that hindred me from letting the corporal tell it in his own words;—but the occaſion is loſt,—I muſt tell it now in my own.

CHAP. VI.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

It was ſometime in the ſummer of that year in which *Dendermond* was taken by the allies—which was about ſeven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time that my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* had privately decamped from my father's houſe in town, in order to lay ſome of the fineſt ſieges to ſome of the fineſt fortified cities in *Europe*—when my uncle *Toby* was one evening with *Trim* ſitting behind him at a ſmall ſideboard ——I ſay ſitting,——for in conſideration of the corporal's lame knee (which ſometimes gave him exquiſite pain)——when my uncle *Toby* dined or ſupped alone, he would never ſuffer the corporal to ſtand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his maſter was ſuch, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle *Toby* could have taken *Dendermond* itſelf with leſs trouble than he was able to gain his point over

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him: for many a time, when my uncle *Toby* ſuppoſed the corporal's leg was arreſt, he would look back, and detect him ſtanding behind him with the moſt dutiful reſpect; this bred more little ſquabbles betwixt them, than all other cauſes for five and twenty years together.—But this is neither here nor there—why do I mention it?—Aſk my pen,—it governs me—I govern not it.

He was one evening ſitting thus at his ſupper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village, came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glaſs or two of ſack: 'Tis for a poor gentleman——I think of the army, ſaid the landlord, who has been taken ill at my houſe four days ago, and has never held up his head ſince, or had a deſire to taſte any thing till juſt now, that he has a fancy for a glaſs of ſack and a thin toaſt——I think, ſays he, taking his hand from his head, it would comfort me:—

If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy ſuch a thing,——added the landlord, I would almoſt ſteal it for the poor gentleman, he is ſo ill,—I hope in God he will ſtill mend, continued he,—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good natured ſoul, I will anſwer for thee, cried my uncle *Toby*; and thou ſhalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glaſs of ſack thyſelf—and take a couple of bottles, with my ſervice, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

Though I am perſuaded, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, as the landlord ſhut the door, he is a very compaſſionate

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fellow—*Trim*,——yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his gueſt too; there muſt be ſomething more than common in him, that, in ſo ſhort a time, ſhould win ſo much upon the affections of his hoſt:—And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, ſaid my uncle *Toby*,—do, *Trim*,—and aſk if he knows his name.

——I have quite forgot it, truly, ſaid the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can aſk his ſon again:—Has he a ſon with him then? ſaid my uncle *Toby*.—A boy, replied the landlord of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has taſted almoſt as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:—He has not ſtirred from the bed-ſide theſe two days.

My uncle *Toby* laid down his knife and fork, and thruſt his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and *Trim*, without being ordered, took it away, without ſaying one word, and, in a few minutes after, brought him his pipe and tobacco.—Stay in the room a little, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.——

Trim!——ſaid my uncle *Toby*, after he lighted his pipe, and ſmoked about a dozen whiffs—*Trim* came in front of his maſter, and made his bow;—my uncle *Toby* ſmoked on, and ſaid no more.—Corporal! ſaid my uncle *Toby*——the corporal made his bow.—My uncle *Toby* proceeded no farther, but finiſhed his pipe.

Trim, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, I have a project in,

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my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myſelf up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a viſit to this poor gentleman.—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, ſince the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. *Nicholas*;——and beſides, it is ſo cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear ſo, replied my uncle *Toby*; but I am not at reſt in my mind, *Trim*, ſince the account the landlord has given me.——I wiſh I had not known ſo much of this affair,—added my uncle *Toby*,——or that I had known more of it;—— How ſhall we manage it?——Leave it, an' pleaſe your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;——I'll take my hat and ſtick, and go to the houſe and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour,——Thou ſhalt go, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, and here's a ſhilling for thee to drink with his ſervant.—I ſhall get it all out of him, ſaid the corporal, ſhutting the door.

My uncle *Toby* filled his ſecond pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with conſidering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenaille a ſtraight line as a crooked one,——he might be ſaid to have thought of nothing elſe but poor *Le Fevre* and his boy, the whole time he ſmoked it.

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CHAP. VII.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CONTINUED.

IT was not till my uncle *Toby* had knocked the aſhes out of his third pipe that corporal *Trim* returnèd from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I deſpaired at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor ſick lieutenant—Is he in the army then? ſaid my uncle *Toby*——He is, ſaid the corporal——and in what regiment? ſaid my uncle *Toby*——I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing ſtraight forwards, as I learnt it. —Then, *Trim*, I'll fill another pipe, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, and not interrupt thee till thou haſt done; ſo ſit down at thy eaſe, *Trim*, in the window-ſeat and begin thy ſtory again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally ſpoke as plain as a bow could ſpeak it——*Your honour is good:*——And having done that, he ſat down, as he was ordered,——and began the ſtory to my uncle *Toby* over again, in pretty near the ſame words.

I deſpaired at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his ſon; for when I aſked where his ſervant was, from whom I made myſelf ſure of knowing every thing which was proper to be aſked—That's a right diſtinction, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby* —I was anſwered, an' pleaſe your honour, that he had no ſervant with him;—that he had come to the

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inn with hired horſes, which, upon finding himſelf unable to proceed (to join, I ſuppoſe, the regiment), he had diſmiſſed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, ſaid he, as he gave his purſe to his ſon to pay the man,——we can hire horſes from hence.——But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, ſaid the landlady to me,——for I heard the death-watch all night long;——and when he dies, the youth, his ſon, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toaſt the landlord ſpoke of;—but I will do it for my father myſelf, ſaid the youth.——Pray let me ſave you the trouble, young gentleman, ſaid I, taking up a fork for the purpoſe, and offering him my chair to ſit down upon by the fire, whilſt I did it.——I believe, Sir, ſaid he, very modeſtly, I can pleaſe him beſt myſelf.—I am ſure, ſaid I, his honour will not like the toaſt the worſe for being toaſted by an old ſoldier——The youth took hold of my hand, and inſtantly burſt into tears.—Poor youth! ſaid my uncle *Toby*,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a ſoldier, *Trim*, ſounded in his ears like the name of a friend;——I wiſh I had him here.

——I never in the longeſt march, ſaid the corporal, had ſo great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:——What could be the matter with me, an' pleaſe your honour? Nothing in the world, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, blowing his noſe,—but that thou art a good natured-fellow,

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When I gave him the toaſt, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain *Shandy*'s ſervant, and that your honour (though a ſtranger) was extremely concerned for his father; ——and that if there was any thing in your houſe or cellar—(And thou might'ſt have added my purſe too, ſaid my uncle *Toby*)—he was heartily welcome to it:—He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour), but no anſwer,—for his heart was full—ſo he went up ſtairs with the toaſt;——I warrant you, my dear, ſaid I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again—Mr. *Yorick*'s curate was ſmoking a pipe by the kitchen-fire,—— but ſaid not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth.—I thought it wrong, added the corporal—I think ſo too, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

When the lieutenant had taken his glaſs of ſack and toaſt, he felt himſelf a little revived, and ſent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes, he ſhould be glad if I would ſtep up ſtairs.—I believe, ſaid the landlord, he is going to ſay his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair, by the bed-ſide, and as I ſhut the door, I ſaw his ſon take up a cuſhion.—

I thought, ſaid the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. *Trim*, never ſaid your prayers at all. ——I heard the poor gentleman ſay his prayers laſt night, ſaid the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you ſure of it? replied the curate.—A ſoldier an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, prays as often (of his own accord as a parſon; and when he is fighting for his

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king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the moſt reaſon to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well ſaid of thee, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.——But when a ſoldier, ſaid I, an' pleaſe your reverence, has been ſtanding for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, ſaid I, for months together, in long and dangerous marches;—haraſſed, perhaps, in his rear to-day,——haraſſing others to-morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;—relieving this night out upon his arms;—beat up in his ſhirt the next; benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without ſtraw in his tent to kneel on;—muſt ſay his prayers *how* and *when* he can.——I believe, ſaid I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, that when a ſoldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parſon,—though not with all his fuſs and hypocriſy—Thou ſhouldſt not have ſaid that *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not;—At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then),—it will be ſeen who has done their duties in this world,—and who has not; and we ſhall be advanced, *Trim*, accordingly.——I hope we ſhall, ſaid *Trim*.—It is in the ſcripture ſaid my uncle *Toby* and I will ſhew it thee to-morrow:—in the mean time, we may depend upon it, *Trim*, for our comfort ſaid my uncle *Toby*, that God Almighty is ſo good and juſt a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be inquired into whether

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we have done them in a red coat or a black one:—I hope not, said the corporal.—But go on, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it:——The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed, he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed, and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time——Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bed side:—If you are Captain *Shandy*'s servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them for his courtesy to me:——if he was of *Leven*'s——said the lieutenant—I told him your honour was—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in *Flanders*, and remember him,—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him that he knows nothing of me——You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him, is one *Le Fevre*, a lieutenant in *Angus*'s——but he knows me not,—said he a second time, musing;——possibly he may my story, added he——pray tell the captain I was the ensign at *Breda*, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my

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arms in my tent—I remember the ſtory, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid I, very well.—Do you ſo? ſaid he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,——then well may I.——In ſaying this, he drew a little ring out of his boſom, which ſeemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kiſs'd it twice.—Here, *Billy*, ſaid he,——the boy flew acroſs the room to the bed-ſide,——and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kiſſed it too,——then kiſſed his father, and ſat down upon the bed and wept.

I wiſh, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, with a deep ſigh—I wiſh, *Trim*, I was aſleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned;—ſhall I pour your honour out a glaſs of ſack to your pipe?—Do, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

I remember, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, ſighing again, the ſtory of the enſign and his wife, with a circumſtance his modeſty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as ſhe, upon ſome account or other, (I forget what), was univerſally pitied by the whole regiment;——but finiſh the ſtory thou art upon?—'Tis finiſhed already, ſaid the corporal,—for I could ſtay no longer,—ſo wiſhed his honour a good night; young *Le Fevre* roſe from off the bed, and ſaw me to the bottom of the ſtairs; and as we went down together, told me they had come from *Ireland*, and were on their route to join the regiment in *Flanders*.——But, alas! ſaid the corporal,—the lieutenant's laſt day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy! cried my uncle *Toby*.

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CHAP. VIII.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CONTINUED.

IT was to my uncle *Toby*'s eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the ſake of thoſe who, when coop'd in betwixt a natural and a poſitive law, know not, for their ſouls, which way in the world to turn themſelves——That notwithſtanding my uncle *Toby* was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the ſiege of *Dendermond*, parallel with the allies, who preſſed theirs on ſo vigorouſly, that they ſcarce allowed him time to get his dinner,——that nevertheleſs he gave up *Dendermond*, though he had already made a lodgement upon the counterſcarp,—and bent his whole thoughts towards the private diſtreſſes at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be ſaid to have turned the ſiege of *Dendermond* into a blockade—he left *Dendermond* to itſelf,—to be relieved or not by the *French* King, as the *French* King thought good; and only conſidered how he himſelf ſhould relieve the poor lieutenant and his ſon.

—That kind BEING who is a friend to the friendleſs, ſhall recompence thee for this.

Thou haſt left this matter ſhort, ſaid my uncle *Toby* to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed, and I will tell thee in what, *Trim*,——In the firſt place, when thou madeſt an offer of my ſervices to *Le Fevre*,—as ſickneſs and travelling are both ex-

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penſive, and thou knoweſt he was but a poor lieutenant, with a ſon to ſubſiſt, as well as himſelf out of his pay,——that thou didſt not make an offer to him of my purſe; becauſe, had he ſtood in need, thou knoweſt, *Trim*, he had been as welcome to it as myſelf.———Your honour knows, ſaid the corporal, I had no orders:—True, quoth my uncle *Toby*—thou didſt very right, *Trim*, as a ſoldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the ſecond place, for which indeed thou haſt the ſame excuſe, continued my uncle *Toby*,——when thou offeredſt him whatever was in my houſe—thou ſhouldſt have offered him my houſe too;——A ſick brother officer ſhould have the beſt quarters, *Trim*; and if we had him with us,——we could tend and look to him:—Thou art an excellent nurſe thyſelf, *Trim*, and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and ſet him upon his legs.—

——In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle *Toby*, ſmiling—he migh march.—He will never march, an' pleaſe your honour, in this world, ſaid the corporal:——He will march, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, riſing up from the ſide of the bed, with one ſhoe off.——An pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal, he will never march, but to his grave:——He ſhall march, cried my uncle *Toby*, marching the foot which had a ſhoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he ſhall march to his regiment,——He cannot ſtand it, ſaid the corporal—He ſhall be ſupported, ſaid my uncle *Toby*—He'll drop at laſt,

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said the corporal, and what will become of his boy? ——He shall not drop, said my uncle *Toby*, firmly. ——A-well-o' day, do what we can for him, said *Trim*, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die.——He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle *Toby*.

—The ACCUSING SPIRIT which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in; and the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

CHAP. IX.

—My uncle *Toby* went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed, and fell asleep,

CHAP. X.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CONCLUDED.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but *Le Fevre*'s and his afflicted son's; the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eyelids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern, turn round its circle,—when my uncle *Toby*, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the

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curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did —how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him:—and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him—

—You shall go home directly, *Le Fevre*, said my uncle *Toby*, to my house,—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse; —and I'll be your servant, *Le Fevre*.

There was a frankness in my uncle *Toby*,—not the *effect* of familiarity, but the *cause* of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle *Toby* had half finished the kind offers he he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of *Le Fevre*, which were waxing cold and flow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,—rallied back,—the film forsook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wishfully in my uncle *Toby*'s face,—then cast a look upon his boy,—and that *ligament*, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly ebb'd again,—the film return'd to

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its place,—the pulſe fluttered——ſtopp'd—went on—throbb'd—ſtopp'd again—moved—ſtopp'd—ſhall I go on?—No.

CHAP. XI.

I AM ſo impatient to return to my own ſtory, that what remains of young *Le Fevre*'s, that is, from this turn of his fortune, to the time my uncle *Toby* recommended him for my preceptor, ſhall be told in a very few words in the next chapter.——All that is neceſſary to be added to this chapter is as follows:———

That my uncle *Toby*, with young *Le Fevre* in his hand, attended the poor lieutenant, as chief mourners, to his grave.

That the governor of *Dendermond* paid his obſequies all military honours, and that *Yorick* not to be behind hand——paid him all eccleſiaſtic——for he buried him in his chancel;—and it appears likewiſe he preached a funeral ſermon over him—I ſay it *appears*,—for it was *Yorick*'s cuſtom, which I ſuppoſe a general one with thoſe of his profeſſion, on the firſt leaf of every ſermon which he compoſed, to chronicle down the time, the place, and the occaſion of its being preached: to this he was ever wont to add ſome ſhort comment or ſtricture upon the ſermon itſelf, ſeldom, indeed, much to its credit:——For inſtance, *This ſermon upon the Jewiſh diſpenſation,—I don't like it at all:—Though I own there is a world of* WATER-LANDISH *knowledge in it;—but 'tis all tritical, and moſt tritically put together*——

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This is but a flimsy kind of a composition; what was in my head when I made it?

—N. B. *The excellency of this text is, that it will suit any sermon,—and of this sermon—that it will suit any text.*

—*For this sermon I shall be hanged,—for I have stolen the greatest part of it. Doctor* Paidaganus *found me out*——☞ set a thief to catch a thief.——

On the back of half a dozen, I find written, *So so*, and no more—and upon a couple, *Moderato*; by which, as far as any one may gather from *Altieri*'s *Italian* dictionary,——but mostly from the authority of a piece of green whip cord, which seemed to have been the unravelling of *Yorick*'s whip-lash, with which he has left us the two sermons marked *Moderato*, and the half dozen of *So, so*, tied fast together in one bundle by themselves, one may safely suppose he meant pretty near the same thing.

There is but one difficulty in the way of this conjecture, which is this, that the *moderato*'s are five times better than the *so so*'s——show ten times more knowledge of the human heart;—have seventy times more wit and spirit in them:—(and to rise properly in my climax)——discover a thousand times more genius;—and, to crown all, are infinitely more entertaining than those tied up with them—for which reason, whenever *Yorick*'s *dramatic* sermons are offered to the world, though I shall admit but one out of the whole number of the *so so*'s, I shall nevertheless, adventure to print the two moderato's without any sort of scruple.

What *Yorick* could mean by the words *lentamente*

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—*tenute*,—*grave*—and sometimes *adagio*,—as appears to *theological* compositions, and with which he has characterised some of these sermons, I dare not venture to guess.——I am more puzzled still upon finding *a l'ottava alta* upon one;—*Con strepito* upon the back of another;—*Scicilliana* upon a third;—*Alla capella* upon a fourth,—*Con l'Arco* upon this;—*Senza l'Arco* upon that:—All I know is, that they are musical terms and have a meaning;——and as he was a musical man, I will make no doubt but that by some quaint application of such metaphors to the compositions in hand, they impressed very distinct ideas of their several characters upon his fancy,—whatever they may do upon that of others.

Amongst these there is that particular sermon which has unaccountably led me into this digression ——the funeral sermon upon poor *Le Fevre*, wrote out very fairly, as from a hasty copy.——I take no joy of it the more because it seems to have been his favourite composition—it is upon mortality, and is tied lengthways and crossways with a yarn thrum, and then rolled up and twisted round with a half sheet of dirty blue paper, which seems to have been once the cast cover of a general review, which to this day smells horribly of horse drugs.—Whether these marks of humiliation were designed,—I something doubt;—because at the end of the sermon (and not at the beginning of it),—very different from his way of treating the rest, he had wrote———

Bravo!

——though not very offensively,—for it is at two inches at least and a half's distance from, and below

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the concluding line of the ſermon, at the very extremity of the page, and in that right hand corner of it, which, you know, is generally covered with your thumb; and, to do it juſtice, it is wrote beſides with a crow's quill, ſo faintly, in a ſmall *Italian* hand, as ſcarce to ſolicit the eye towards the place, whether your thumb is there or not,—ſo that from the *manner of it*, it ſtands half excuſed; and being wrote, moreover with very pale ink, diluted almoſt to nothing,——'tis more like a *ritratto* of the ſhadow of vanity than of VANITY herſelf—of the two; reſembling rather a faint thought of tranſient applauſe ſecretly ſtirring up in the heart of the compoſer, than a groſs mark of it, coarſely obtruded upon the world.

With all theſe extenuations, I am aware, that in publiſhing this, I do no ſervice to *Yorick*'s character as a modeſt man;——but all men have their failings! and what leſſens this ſtill farther, and almoſt wipes it away, is this, That the word was ſtruck through ſomething afterwards (as appears from a different tint of the ink) with a line quite acroſs it in this manner, BRAVO—as if he had retracted or was aſhamed of the opinion he had once entertained of it.

Theſe ſhort characters of his ſermons were always written, excepting in this one inſtance, upon the firſt leaf of his ſermon, which ſerved as a cover to it; and uſually upon the inſide of it, which was turned towards the text,—but at the end of his diſcourſe, where, perhaps, he had five or ſix pages, and ſometimes, perhaps a whole ſcore to turn himſelf in,—he took a large circuit, and, indeed, a much more mettleſome one;——as if he had ſnatched the occa-

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ſion of unlacing himſelf with a few more frolickſome ſtrokes at vice, than the ſtraitneſs of the pulpit allowed.——Theſe, though haſſar-like, they ſkirmiſh lightly and out of all order, are ſtill auxiliaries on the ſide of virtue;——tell me then, Mynheer Vander Blonederdondergewdenſtronke, why they ſhould not be printed together?

CHAP. XII.

WHEN my uncle *Toby* had turned every thing into money, and ſettled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and *Le Fevre*, and betwixt *Le Fevre* and all mankind,—there remained nothing more in my uncle *Toby*'s hands than an old regimental coat and a ſword; ſo that my uncle *Toby* found little or no oppoſition from the world in taking adminiſtration. The coat my uncle *Toby* gave the corporal:—Wear it *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, as long as it will hold together, for the ſake of the poor lieutenant—And this,—ſaid my uncle *Toby*, taking up the ſword in his hand, and drawing it out of the ſcabbard as he ſpoke—and this, *Le Fevre*, I'll ſave for thee,——'tis all the fortune, continued my uncle *Toby*, hanging it upon a crook, and pointing to it,——'tis all the fortune, my dear *Le Fevre*, which God has left thee; but if he has given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world,—— and thou doeſt it like a man of honour,——'tis enough for us.

As ſoon as my uncle *Toby* had laid a foundation, and taught him to inſcribe a regular polygon in a circle, he ſent him to a public ſchool, where, except-

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ing *Whitſuntide* and *Chriſtmas*, at which times the corporal was punctually deſpatched for him,—he remained to the ſpring of the year ſeventeen; when the ſtories of the emperor's ſending his army into *Hungary* againſt the *Turks*, kindling a ſpark of fire in his boſom, he left his *Greek* and *Latin* without leave, and throwing himſelf upon his knees before my uncle *Toby* begged his father's ſword, and my uncle *Toby*'s leave along with it, to go and try his fortune under *Eugene*.——Twice did my uncle *Toby* forget his wound, and cry out, *Le Fevere!* I will go with thee, and thou ſhalt fight beſide me——And twice he laid his hand upon his groin, and hung down his head in ſorrow and diſconſolation,—

My uncle *Toby* took down the ſword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ever ſince the lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the corporal to brighten up;—and having detained *Le Fevre* a ſingle fortnight to equip him, and contract for his paſſage to *Leghorn*,—he put the ſword into his hand,——If thou art brave, *Le Fevre*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, this will not fail thee——but Fortune, ſaid he (muſing a little),—Fortune may—And if ſhe does—added my uncle *Toby*, embracing him, come back again to me, *Le Fevre*, and we will ſhape thee another courſe.

The greateſt injury could not have oppreſſed the heart of *Le Fevre* more than my uncle *Toby*'s paternal kindneſs;—he parted from my uncle *Toby* as the beſt of ſons from the beſt of fathers—both dropped tears—and as my uncle *Toby* gave him his laſt kiſs, he ſlipped ſixty guineas, tied up in an old purſe of

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his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand,——and bid God bleſs him.

CHAP. XIII.

LE FEVRE got up to the Imperial army juſt time enough to try what metal his ſword was made of, at the defeat of the *Turks* before *Belgrade*; but a ſeries of unmerited miſchances had purſued him from that moment, and trod cloſe upon his heels for four years together after: he had withſtood theſe buffetings to the laſt, till ſickneſs overtook him at *Marſeilles*, from whence he wrote my uncle *Toby* word he had loſt his time, his ſervices, his health, and, in ſhort, every thing but his ſword;—and was waiting for the firſt ſhip to return back to him.

As this letter came to hand about ſix weeks before *Suſannah*'s accident, *Le Fevre* was hourly expected; and was uppermoſt in my uncle *Toby*'s mind all the time my father was giving him and *Yorick* a deſcription of what kind of a perſon he would chooſe for a preceptor to me: but as my uncle *Toby* thought my father at firſt ſomewhat fanciful in the accompliſhments he required, he forbore mentioning *Le Fevre*'s name—till the character, by *Yorick*'s interpoſition, ending, unexpectedly, in one who ſhould be gentle-tempered, and generous, and good, it impreſſed the image of *Le Fevre*, and his intereſt, upon my uncle *Toby* ſo forcibly, he roſe inſtantly off his chair; and laying down his pipe, in order to take hold of both my father's hands——I beg, brother *Shandy*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, I may recommend poor

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Le Fevre's ſon to you—I beſeech you do, added *Yorick*—He has a good heart, ſaid my uncle *Toby*——And a brave one too, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal.

——The beſt hearts, *Trim*, are ever the braveſt, replied my uncle *Toby*——And the greateſt cowards, an' pleaſe your honour, in our regiment, were the greateſt raſcals in it——There was ſerjeant *Kumber*, and enſign—

We'll talk of them, ſaid my father, another time.

CHAP. XIV.

WHAT a jovial and a merry world would this be, may it pleaſe your worſhips, but not for that inextricable labyrinth of debts, cares, woes, want, grief, diſcontent, melancholy, large jointures, impoſitions, and lies!

Doctor *Slop*, like a ſon of a w——, as my father called him for it,——to exalt himſelf——debaſed me to death, and made ten thouſand times more of *Suſannah*'s accident than there was any grounds for; ſo that in a week's time, or leſs, it was in every body's mouth, *That poor Maſter Shandy* * * * * entirely.——And FAME, who loves to double every thing,—in three days more, had ſworn poſitively ſhe ſaw it; and all the world, as uſual, gave credit to her evidence——"That the nurſery window had
"not only * * * * * * * *
"but that * * * * * * * *
"* * * * * * 's alſo."

Could the world have been ſued like a BODY COR-

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PORATE,—my father had brought an action upon the caſe, and trounced it ſufficiently; but, to fall foul of individuals about it——as every ſoul who had mentioned the affair, did it with the greateſt pity imaginable——'twas like flying in the very face of his beſt friends:——And yet to acquieſce under the report, in ſilence—was to acknowledge it openly,——at leaſt in the opinion of one half of the world; and to make a buſtle again, in contradicting it——was to confirm it as ſtrongly in the opinion of the other half.——

—Was ever poor devil of a country-gentleman ſo hampered? ſaid my father.

I would ſhow him publicly, ſaid my uncle *Toby* at the market-croſs.

—'Twill have no effect, ſaid my father.

CHAP. XV.

——I'll put him, however, into breeches, ſaid my father,—let the world ſay what it will.

CHAP. XVI.

THERE are a thouſand reſolutions, Sir, both in church and ſtate, as well as in matters, Madam, of a more private concern,—which, though they have carried all the appearance in the world of being taken, and entered upon in a haſty, hair-brained, and unadviſed manner, were, notwithſtanding this (and could you or I have got into the cabinet, or ſtood behind the curtain, we ſhould have found it was ſo),

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weighed, poized and perpended—argued upon—canvaſſed through—entered into, and examined on all ſides with ſo much coolneſs, that the GODDESS of COOLNESS herſelf (I do not take upon me to prove her exiſtence), could neither have wiſhed it, or done it better.

Of the number of theſe was my father's reſolution of putting me into breeches; which though determined at once——in a kind of huff, and a defiance of all mankind, had, nevertheleſs, been *pro'd* and *con'd*, and judicially talked over betwixt him and my mother about a month before, in two ſeveral *beds of juſtice*, which my father had held for that purpoſe. I ſhall explain the nature of theſe beds of juſtice in my next chapter; and, in the chapter following that, you ſhall ſtep with me, Madam, behind the curtain, only to hear in what kind of manner my father and my mother debated between themſelves, this affair of the breeches,—from which you may form an idea how they debated all leſſer matters.

CHAP. XVII.

THE ancient *Goths* of *Germany*, who (the learned *Cluverius* is poſitive (were firſt ſeated in the country between the *Viſtula* and the *Oder*, and who afterwards incorporated the *Herculi*, the *Bugians*, and ſome other *Vandallic* clans to 'em, had all of them a wiſe cuſtom of debating every thing of importance to their ſtate, twice; that is,—once drunk, and once ſober;—Drunk—that their councils might not

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want vigour;——and ſober—that they might not want diſcretion.

Now, my father, being entirely a water-drinker, ——was a long time gravelled almoſt to death, in turning this as much to his advantage, as he did every other thing, which the ancients did or ſaid: and it was not till the ſeventh year of his marriage, after a thouſand fruitleſs experiments and devices, that he hit upon an expedient which anſwered the purpoſe:—and that was, when any difficult or momentous point was to be ſettled in the family which required great ſobriety, and great ſpirit too, in its determination,—he fixed and ſet apart the firſt *Sunday* night in the month, and the *Saturday* night which immediately preceded it, to argue it over, in bed with my mother: By which contrivance, if you conſider, Sir, with yourſelf, *.

Theſe my father, humorouſly enough, called his *beds of juſtice*;——for, from the two different councils taken in theſe two different humours, a middle one was generally found out, which touched the point of wiſdom as well as if he had got drunk and ſober and hundred times.

It muſt not be made a ſecret of to the world, that this anſwers full as well in literary diſcuſſions, as either in military or conjugal; but it is not every author that can try the experiment as the *Goths* and *Vandals* did it——or, if he can, may it be always for his body's health? and to do it, as my father did it,——am I ſure it would be always for his ſoul's?

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My way is this:——

In all nice and tickliſh diſcuſſions——(of which, heaven knows, there are but too many in my book),—where I find I cannot take a ſtep without the danger of having either their worſhips or their reverences upon my back——I write one half *full*, and t'other *faſting*;——or write it all full, and correct it faſting;——or write it faſting, and correct it full,——for they all come to the ſame thing:—So that, with a leſs variation from my father's plan, than my father's from the *Gothic*—I feel myſelf upon a par with him in his firſt bed of juſtice,—and noway inferior to him in his ſecond,——Theſe different and almoſt irreconcileable effects, flow uniformly from the wiſe and wonderful mechaniſm of Nature,——of which—be hers the honour.——All that we can do, is, to turn and work the machine to the improvement and better manufactory of the arts and ſciences.——

Now, when I write full,—I write as if I was never to write faſting again as long as I live;—that is, I write free from the cares, as well as the terrors of the world.—I count not the number of my ſcars,—nor does my fancy go forth into dark entries and by-corners to antedate my ſtabs.——In a word, my pen takes its courſe: and I write on, as much from the fulneſs of my heart as my ſtomach.——

But when, an' pleaſe your honours, I indite faſting, 'tis a different hiſtory.——I pay the world all poſſible attention and reſpect,—and have as great a ſhare (whilſt it laſts) of that underſtrapping virtue of diſcretion, as the beſt of you.——So that be-

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twixt both, I write a careleſs kind of a civil, nonſenſical, good-humoured, *Shandean* book, which will do your hearts good.———

——And all your heads too,——provided you underſtand it.

CHAP. XVIII.

WE ſhould begin, ſaid my father, turning himſelf half round in bed, and ſhifting his pillow a little towards my mother's, as he opened the debate—— we ſhould begin to think, Mrs. *Shandy*, of putting this boy into breeches.—

We ſhould ſo,——ſaid my mother.——We defer it, my dear, quoth my father, ſhamefully.———

I think we do, Mr. *Shandy*,—ſaid my mother.

—Not but the child looks extremely well, ſaid my father, in his veſts and tunicks.——

—He does look very well in them,—replied my mother.—

—And for that reaſon, it would be almoſt a ſin, added my father, to take him out of 'em.

It would ſo—ſaid my mother:——But indeed, he is growing a very tall lad,—rejoined my father.

—He is very tall for his age, indeed—ſaid my mother.—

——I can-not (making two ſyllables of it) imagine, quoth my father, who the deuce he takes after.—

I cannot conceive, for my life,——ſaid my mother.———

Humph!—ſaid my father.

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(The dialogue ceaſed for a moment.)

—I am very ſhort, myſelf,———continued my father gravely.

You are very ſhort, Mr. *Shandy*,—ſaid my mother.

Humph! quoth my father to himſelf, a ſecond time: in muttering which, he plucked his pillow a little farther from my mother's—and turning about again, there was an end of the debate for three minutes and an half.

—When he gets theſe breeches made, cried my father, in a higher tone, he'll look like a beaſt in 'em.

He will be very awkward in them at firſt, replied my mother.——

—And 'twill be lucky, if that's the worſt on't, added my father.

It will be very lucky, anſwered my mother.

I ſuppoſe, replied my father,———making ſome pauſe firſt—he'll be exactly like other people's children.—

Exactly, ſaid my mother.—

———Though I ſhall be ſorry for that, added my father; and ſo the debate ſtopped again.

—They ſhould be of leather, ſaid my father, turning him about again.—

They will laſt him, ſaid my mother, the longeſt.

But he can have no linings to 'em, replied my father.

He cannot, ſaid my mother.

'Twere better to have them of fuſtian, quoth my father.

Nothing can be better, quoth my mother.—

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——Except dimity replied my father.—'Tis beſt of all,—replied my mother.—

—One muſt not give him his death, however,—interrupted my father.

By no means, ſaid my mother:—and ſo the dialogue ſtood ſtill again.

I am reſolved, however, quoth my father, breaking ſilence the fourth time, he ſhall have no pockets in them.——

——There is no occaſion for any, ſaid my mother.——

I mean in his coat and waiſtcoat,—cried my father.

——I mean ſo too, replied my mother.

——Though if he gets a gig or top——poor ſouls! it is a crown and ſceptre to them,—they ſhould have where to ſecure it.—

Order it as you pleaſe, Mr. *Shandy*, replied my mother.—

—But don't you think it right? added my father, preſſing the point home to her.

Perfectly, ſaid my mother, if it pleaſes you, Mr. *Shandy*.——

—There's for you! cried my father, loſing temper—Pleaſes me!——you never will diſtinguiſh, Mrs. *Shandy*, nor ſhall I ever teach you to do it, betwixt a point of pleaſure and a point of convenience.——This was on the *Sunday* night;—and further this chapter ſayeth not.

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CHAP. XIX.

AFTER my father had debated the affair of the breeches with my mother,—he conſulted *Albertus Rubenius* upon it; and *Albertus Rubenius* uſed my father ten times worſe in the conſultation (if poſſible) than even my father had uſed my mother: For as *Rubenius* had wrote a quarto *expreſs*, *De re Veſtiaria Veterum*,——it was *Rubenius*'s buſineſs to have given my father ſome lights.—On the contrary, my father might as well have thought of extracting the ſeven cardinal virtues out of a long beard, as of extracting a ſingle word out of *Rubenius* upon the ſubject.

Upon every other article of ancient dreſs, *Rubenius* was very communicative to my father; gave him a full and ſatisfactory account of

The Toga, or looſe gown.
The Chlamys.
The Ephod.
The Tunica, or Jacket.
The Syntheſis.
The Pænula.
The Lacerna, with its Cucullus.
The Paludamentum.
The Prætexte.
The Sagum, or ſoldier's Jerkin.
The Trabea; of which, according to *Seutonius*, there were three kinds.——

—But what are all theſe to the breeches? ſaid my father.

Rubenius threw him down upon the counter all

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kinds of ſhoes which had been in faſhion with the *Romans*—There was,

The open ſhoe.
The cloſe ſhoe.
The ſlip ſhoe.
The wooden ſhoe.
The ſoc.
The buſkin.
And The military ſhoe with hob-nails in it, which *Juvenal* takes notice of.

There were, The clogs.
The patins.
The pantoufles.
The brogues.
The ſandals, with latchets to them.

There was, The felt ſhoe.
The linen ſhoe.
The laced ſhoe.
The braided ſhoe.
The calceus incifus.
And The calceus roſtratus.

Rubenius ſhowed my father how well they all fitted,——in what manner they laced on,——with what points, ſtraps, thongs, latchets, ribbands, jaggs, and ends.——

—But I want to be informed about the breeches, ſaid my father.

Albertus Rubenius informed my father, that the *Romans* manufactured ſtuffs of various fabrics,——ſome plain,—ſome ſtriped,—others diapered throughout the whole contexture of the wool, with ſilk and gold—That linen did not begin to be in common uſe,

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till towards the declenſion of the empire, when the *Egyptians*, coming to ſettle amongſt them, brought it into vogue.

———That perſons of quality and fortune diſtinguiſhed themſelves by the fineneſs and whiteneſs of their clothes; which colour (next to purple, which was appropriated to the great offices) they moſt affected and wore on their birth-days and public rejoicings.—That it appeared from the beſt hiſtorians of thoſe times, that they frequently ſent their clothes to the fuller to be cleaned and whitened—but that the inferior people, to avoid that expence, generally wore brown clothes, and of a ſomething coarſer texture,—till towards the beginning of *Auguſtus*'s reign, when the ſlave dreſſed like his maſter, and almoſt every diſtinction of habiliment was loſt, but the *Latus Clavus*.

And what was the *Latus Clavus?* ſaid my father.

Rubenius told him, that the point was ſtill litigating amongſt the learned:—That *Egnatius*, *Sigonius*, *Boſſius*, *Ticinenſis*, *Bayfius*, *Budæus*, *Salmaſius*, *Lipſius*, *Lazius*, *Iſaac Caufabon*, and *Joſeph Scaliger*, all differed from each other,—and he from them: That ſome took it to be the button,———ſome the coat itſelf,—others only the colour of it:———That the great *Bayfius*, in his Wardrobe of the Ancients, chap. xii. ———honeſtly ſaid, he knew not what it was,——— whether a tibula,—a ſtud, a button,—a loop,—a buckle,—or claſps and keepers.—

—My father loſt the horſe, but not the ſaddle—They are *hooks* and *eyes*, ſaid my father———and

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with hooks and eyes he ordered my breeches to be made.

CHAP. XX.

We are now going to enter upon a new ſcene of events—

—Leave we then the breeches in the taylor's hands, with my father ſtanding over him with his cane, reading him as he ſat at work a lecture upon the *latus clavus*, and pointing to the preciſe part of the waiſtband, where he was determined to have it ſewed on.——

Leave we my mother——(trueſt of all the *Poco-curante's* of her ſex)—careleſs about it, as about every thing elſe in the world which concerned her;—that is,—indifferent whether it was done this way or that,—provided it was but done at all.—

Leave we *Slop* likewiſe to the full profits of all my diſhonours.

Leave we poor *Le Fevre* to recover, and get home from *Marſeilles* as he can.——And laſt of all—becauſe the hardeſt of all,—

Let us leave, if poſſible, *myſelf*:——But 'tis impoſſible,—I muſt go along with you to the end of the work.

CHAP. XXI.

If the reader has not a clear conception of the rood and a half of ground which lay at the bottom of my uncle *Toby's* kitchen garden, and which was the ſcene of ſo many of his delicious hours,——the fault

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is not in me, but in his imagination;—for I am ſure I gave him ſo minute a deſcription, I was almoſt aſhamed of it.

When FATE was looking forwards one afternoon into the great tranſactions of future times,—and recollected for what purpoſes this little plot, by a decree faſt bound down in iron, had been deſtined,—ſhe gave a nod to NATURE—'Twas enough— Nature threw half a ſpadeful of the kindlieſt compoſt upon it, with juſt ſo *much* clay in it, as to retain the forms of angles and indentings,——and ſo *little* of it too, as not to cling to the ſpade, and render works of ſo much glory, naſty in foul weather.

My uncle *Toby* came down, as the reader has been informed, with plans along with him, of almoſt every fortified town in *Italy* and *Flanders*; ſo, let the Duke of *Marlborough*, or the allies, have ſat down before what town they pleaſed, my uncle *Toby* was prepared for them.

His way, which was the ſimpleſt one in the world, was this; as ſoon as ever a town was inveſted (but ſooner when the deſign was known), to take the plan of it (let it be what town it would) and enlarge it upon a ſcale to the exact ſize of his bowling-green; upon the ſurface of which, by means of a large roll of packthread, and a number of ſmall piquets driven into the ground, at the ſeveral angles and redans, he tranſferred the lines from his paper; then taking the profile of the place, with its works, to determine the depths and ſlops of the ditches,—the talus of the glacis, and the preciſe height of the ſeveral banquets, parapets, &c.—he ſet the corporal to work—and

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ſweetly went it on:—The nature of the ſoil,——the nature of the work itſelf,—and above all, the good nature of my uncle *Toby*, ſitting by from morning to night, and chatting kindly with the corporal upon paſt done deeds,——left LABOUR little elſe but the ceremony of the name.

When the place was finiſhed in this manner, and put into a proper poſture of defence,——it was inveſted,——and my uncle *Toby* and the corporal began to run their firſt parallel——I beg I may not be interrupted in my ſtory, by being told, *That the firſt parallel ſhould be at leaſt three hundred toiſes diſtant from the main body of the place,—and that I have not left a ſingle inch for it;*—for my uncle *Toby* took the liberty of encroaching upon his kitchen-garden, for the ſake of enlarging his works on the bowling-green; and for that reaſon generally ran his firſt and ſecond parallels betwixt two rows of his cabbages and his cauliflowers; the conveniences and inconveniences of which will be conſidered at large in the hiſtory of my uncle *Toby*'s and the corporal's campaigns, of which this I'm now writing is but a ſketch, and will be finiſhed, if I conjecture right, in three pages (but there is no gueſſing)——The campaigns themſelves will take up as many books; and therefore I apprehend it would be hanging too great a weight of one kind of matter in ſo flimſy a performance as this, to rhapſodize them, as I once intended, into the body of the work——ſurely they had better be printed apart—We'll conſider the affair—ſo take the following ſketch of them in the mean time.

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CHAP. XXII.

WHEN the town, with its works, was finiſhed, my uncle *Toby* and the corporal began to run their firſt parallel—not at random, or any how—but from the ſame points and diſtances the allies had begun to run theirs; and regulating their approaches and attacks by the accounts my uncle *Toby* received from the daily papers,—they went on, during the whole ſiege, ſtep by ſtep with the allies.

When the Duke of *Marlborough* made a lodgment,—my uncle *Toby* made a lodgment too—And when the face of a baſtion was battered down, or a defence ruined,—the corporal took his mattock and did as much,———and ſo on;———gaining ground, and making themſelves maſters of the works one after another, till the town fell into their hands.

To one who took pleaſure in the happy ſtate of others,—there could not have been a greater ſight in the world, than on a poſt morning, in which a practicable breach had been made by the Duke of *Marlborough*, in the main body of the place,——to have ſtood behind the horn-beam hedge, and obſerved the ſpirit with which my uncle *Toby*, with *Trim* behind him, ſallied forth;——the one with the *Gazette* in his hand,—the other with a ſpade on his ſhoulder to execute the contents.———What an honeſt triumph in my uncle *Toby's* looks, as he marched up to the ramparts! What intenſe pleaſure ſwimming in his eye as he ſtood over the corporal, reading the paragraph ten times over to him, as he was at work, leſt

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peradventure, he ſhould make the breach an inch too wide,—or leave it an inch too narrow.—But when the *chamade* was beat, and the corporal helped my uncle up to it, and followed with the colours in his hand, to fix them upon the ramparts——Heaven! Earth! Sea!——but what avail apoſtrophes?——with all your elements, wet or dry, ye never compounded ſo intoxicating a draught!

In this tract of happineſs for many years, without one interruption to it, except now and then when the wind continued to blow due weſt for a week or ten days together, which detained the *Flanders* mail, and kept them ſo long in torture,—but ſtill 'twas the torture of the happy—In this tract, I ſay, did my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* move for many years, every year of which, and ſometimes every month, from the invention of either the one or the other of them, adding ſome new conceit or quirk of improvement to their operations, which always opened freſh ſprings of delight in carrying them on.

The firſt year's campaign was carried on from beginning to end, in the plain and ſimple method I've related.

In the ſecond year, in which my uncle *Toby* took *Liege* and *Ruremond*, he thought he might afford the expence of four handſome draw-bridges, of two of which I have given an exact deſcription of, in the former part of my work.

At the latter end of the ſame year, he added a couple of gates with portculliſes;—Theſe laſt were converted afterwards into orgues, as the better thing; and during the winter of the ſame year, my uncle

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Toby, instead of a new suit of clothes, which he always had at *Christmas*, treated himself with a handsome sentry-box, to stand at the corner of the bowling-green, betwixt which point and the foot of the glacis, there was left a little kind of an esplanade for him and the corporal to confer and hold councils of war upon.

—The sentry-box was in case of rain.

All these were painted white three times over the ensuing spring, which enabled my uncle *Toby* to take the field with great splendour.

My father would often say to *Yorick*, that if any mortal in the whole universe had done such a thing, except his brother *Toby*, it would have been looked upon by the world as one of the most refined satires upon the parade and prancing manner in which *Lewis* XIV. from the beginning of the war, but particularly that very year, had taken the field——But 'tis not my brother *Toby*'s nature, kind soul! my father would add, to insult any one.

—But let us go on.

CHAP. XXIII.

I MUST observe, that although, in the first year's campaign, the word *town* is often mentioned,—— yet there was no town at that time within the polygon; that addition was not made till the summer following the spring in which the bridges and sentry-box were painted, which was the third year of my uncle *Toby*'s campaigns——when upon his taking *Amberg*, *Bonn*, and *Rhinberg* and *Huy* and *Limbourg*,

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one after another, a thought came into the corporal's head, that to talk of taking ſo many towns, *without one* TOWN *to ſhow for it*,—was a very nonſenſical way of going to work, and ſo propoſed to my uncle *Toby*, that they ſhould have a little model of a town built for them,—to be run up together, of ſlit deals, and then painted, and clapped within the interior polygon to ſerve for all.

My uncle *Toby* felt the good of the project inſtantly, and inſtantly agreed to it, but with the addition of two ſingular improvements, of which he was almoſt as proud as if he had been the original inventor of the project himſelf.

The one was, to have the town built exactly in the ſtyle of thoſe, of which it was moſt likely to be the repreſentative;—with grated windows, and the gable ends of the houſes facing the ſtreets, &c. &c. as thoſe in *Ghent* and *Bruges* and the reſt of the towns in *Brabant* and *Flanders*.

The other was, not to have the houſes run up together, as the corporal propoſed, but to have every houſe independent, to hook on or off, ſo as to form into the plain of whatever town they pleaſed. This was put directly into hand, and many and many a look of mutual congratulation was exchanged between my uncle *Toby* and the corporal, as the carpenter did the work.

——It anſwered prodigiouſly the next ſummer—the town was a perfect *Proteus*—It was *Landen*, and *Trerebach*, and *Santvlieth* and *Druſen*, and *Hagenau*, ——and then it was *Oſtend*, and *Menin*, and *Aeth*, and *Dendermond*.

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—Surely never did any TOWN act ſo many parts, ſince *Sodom* and *Gommorrah*, as my uncle *Toby*'s town did.

In the fourth year, my uncle *Toby* thinking a town looked fooliſhly without a church, added a very fine one with a ſteeple.—*Trim* was for having bells in it ——My uncle *Toby* ſaid, the metal had better be caſt into cannon.

This led the way the next campaign for half a dozen braſs field-pieces,—to be planted three and three, on each ſide of my uncle *Toby*'s ſentry-box; and in a ſhort time theſe led the way for a train of ſomewhat larger,—and ſo on——(as muſt always be the caſe in hobby-horſical affairs (from pieces of half an inch bore, till it came at laſt to my father's jack-boots.

The next year, which was that in which *Liſle* was beſieged, and at the cloſe of which both *Ghent* and *Bruges* fell into our hands,—my uncle *Toby* was ſadly put to it for *proper* ammunition;—I ſay proper ammunition—becauſe his great artillery would not bear powder;—and 'twas well for the *Shandy* family they would not.——For ſo full were the papers, from the beginning to the end of the ſiege, of the inceſſant firings kept up by the beſiegers—and ſo heated was my uncle *Toby*'s imagination with the accounts of them, that he had infallibly ſhot away all his eſtate.

SOMETHING, therefore, was wanting, as a *ſuccedaneum*, eſpecially in one or two of the more violent paroxyſms of the ſiege, to keep up ſomething like a continual firing in the imagination,—and this *ſome-*

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thing the corporal, whose principal strength lay in invention, supplied by an entire new system of battering of his own,—without which, this had been objected to by military critics, to the end of the world, as one of the great *desiderata* of my uncle *Toby*'s apparatus.

This will not be explained the worse, for setting off, as I generally do, at a little distance from the subject.

CHAP. XXIV.

WITH two or three other trinkets, small in themselves, but of great regard, which poor *Tom*, the corporal's unfortunate brother, had sent him over, with the account of his marriage with the *Jew*'s widow—there was

A *Montero*-cap and two *Turkish* tobacco pipes.

The *Montero*-cap I shall describe by and by.—— The *Turkish* tobacco pipes had nothing particular in them; they were fitted up and ornamented as usual, with flexible tubes of *Morocco* leather and gold wire, and mounted at their ends, the one of them with ivory,——the other with black ebony, tipp'd with silver.

My father, who saw all things in lights different from the rest of the world, would say to the corporal, that he ought to look upon these two presents, more as tokens of his brother's nicety, than his affection. *Tom* did not care, *Trim*, he would say, to put on the cap, or to smoke in the tobacco pipe of a *Jew*. ——God bless your honour, the corporal would say

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giving a ſtrong reaſon to the contrary)—how can that be?—

The Montero-cap was ſcarlet, of a ſuperfine *Spaniſh* cloth, dyed in grain, and mounted all round with fur, except about four inches in the front, which was faced with a light blue, ſlightly embroidered,—and ſeemed to have been the property of a *Portugueſe* quarter-maſter, not of foot, but of horſe, as the word denotes.

The corporal was not a little proud of it, as well for its own ſake, as the ſake of the giver, ſo ſeldom or never put it on but upon GALA-days; and yet never was a Montero-cap put to ſo many uſes: for in all controverted points whither military or culinary, provided the corporal was ſure he was in the right,—it was either his *oath*,—his *wager*,—or his *gift*.

——'Twas his gift in the preſent caſe.

I'll be bound, ſaid the corporal, ſpeaking to himſelf, to *give* away my Montero-cap to the firſt beggar who comes to the door, if I do not manage this matter to his honour's ſatisfaction.

The completion was no further off, than the very next morning: which was that of the ſtorm of the counterſcarp betwixt the *Lower Deule*, to the right, and the gate of St. *Andrew*,—and on the left between St. *Magdalen*'s and the river.

As this was the moſt memorable attack in the whole war,——the moſt gallant and obſtinate on both ſides,——and, I muſt add, the moſt bloody too, for it coſt the allies themſelves that morning above

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eleven hundred men,—my uncle *Toby* prepared himſelf for it with a more than ordinary ſolemnity.

The eve which preceded, as my uncle *Toby* went to bed, he ordered his ramallie wig, which had lain inſide out for many years in the corner of an old campaigning trunk, which ſtood by his bed-ſide, to be taken out and laid upon the lid of it, ready for the morning;—and the very firſt thing he did in his ſhirt, when he had ſtepped out of bed, my uncle *Toby*, after he had turned the rough ſide outwards—put it on:—This done, he proceeded next to his breeches, and having buttoned the waiſtband, he forthwith buckled on his ſword-belt and had got his ſword half way in,—when he conſidered he ſhould want ſhaving, and that it would be very inconvenient doing it with his ſword on,—ſo took it off:—In aſſaying to put on his regimental coat and waiſtcoat, my uncle *Toby* found the ſame objection in his wig, ſo that went off too:—So that what with one thing, and what with another, as always falls out when a man is in the moſt haſte,—'twas ten o'clock, which was half an hour later than his uſual time, before my uncle *Toby* ſallied out.

CHAP. XXV.

My uncle *Toby* had ſcarce turned the corner of his yewhedge, which ſeparated his kitchen-garden from his bowling-green, when he perceived the corporal had begun the attack without him.——

Let me ſtop and give you a picture of the corporal's apparatus; and of the corporal himſelf in the

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height of his attack, juſt as it ſtruck my uncle *Toby*, as he turned towards the ſentry-box, where the corporal was at work,——for in nature there is not ſuch another,——nor can any combination of all that is groteſque and whimſical in her works produce its equal.

The corporal——

——Tread lightly on his aſhes, ye men of genius, ——for he was your kinſman:

Weed his grave clean, ye men of goodneſs,—— for he was your brother.—Oh corporal; had I thee but now,—now that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection,——how would I cheriſh thee! thou ſhould'ſt wear thy Montero-cap every hour of the day, and every day of the week,—and when it was worn out, I would purchaſe thee a couple like it:— But alas! alas! alas! now that I can do this, in ſpite of their reverences——the occaſion is loſt—for thou art gone:—thy genius fled up to the ſtars, from whence it came;—and that warm heart of thine, with all its generous and open veſſels, compreſſed into a *clod of the valley!*

——But what ——what is this to that future and dreaded page, where I look towards the velvet pall, decorated with the military enſigns of thy maſter—the firſt—the foremoſt of created beings, where—I ſhall ſee thee faithful ſervant! laying his ſword and ſcabbard, with a trembling hand, acroſs his coffin, and then returning pale as aſhes to the door to take his mourning horſe by the bridle, to follow his herſe, as he directed thee;——where——all my father's ſyſtems ſhall be baffled by his ſorrows; and,

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in ſpite of his philoſophy, I ſhall behold him, as he inſpects the lackered plate, twice taking his ſpectacles from off his noſe, to wipe away the dew which nature has ſhed upon them.——When I ſee him caſt in the roſemary with an air of diſconſolation, which cries thro' my years,——O *Toby!* in what corner of the world ſhall I ſeek thy fellow;

—Gracious powers! which erſt have opened the lips of the dumb in his diſtreſs, and made the tongue of the ſtammerer ſpeak plain——when I ſhall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me, then, with a ſtinted hand.

CHAP. XXVI.

THE corporal, who the night before had reſolved in his mind, to ſupply the grand *deſideratum*, of keeping up ſomething like an inceſſant firing upon the enemy, during the heat of the attack,——had no farther idea in his fancy at that time, than a contrivance of ſmoking tobacco againſt the town, out of one of my uncle *Toby*'s ſix field-pieces, which were planted on each ſide of his ſentry-box; the means of effecting which occurring to his fancy at the ſame time, though he had pledged his cap, he thought it in no danger from the miſcarriage of his projects.

Upon turning it this way, and that, a little in his mind, he ſoon began to find out, that, by means of his two *Turkiſh* tobacco-pipes, with the ſupplement of three ſmaller tubes of waſh-leather at each of their lower ends, to be tagg'd by the ſame number of tin-pipes fitted to the touch-holes, and ſealed with clay

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next the cannon, and then tied hermetically with waxed silk at their several insertions into the *Morocco* tube,—he should be able to fire the six field-pieces all together, and with the same ease as to fire one.

Let no man say from what taggs and jaggs hints may not be cut out, for the advancement of human knowledge. Let no man, who has read my father's first and second *beds of justice*, ever rise up and say again, from collision of what kinds of bodies light may, or may not be struck out, to carry the arts and sciences up to perfection.——Heaven! thou knowest how I love them; thou knowest the secrets of my heart, and that I would this moment give my shirt—Thou art a fool *Shandy*, says *Eugenius*,——for thou hast but a dozen in the world,—and 'twill break thy set.——

No matter for that *Eugenius*; I would give the shirt off my back to be burnt into tinder, were it only to satisfy one feverish inquirer, how many sparks, at one good stroke, a good flint and steel could strike into the tail of it.——Think ye not, that, in striking these *in*,——he might, peradventure, strike something *out*?—as sure as a gun.—

—But this project by the by.

The corporal sat up the best part of the night, in bringing *his* to perfection; and having made a sufficient proof of his cannon, with charging them to the top with tobacco,—he went with contentment to bed.

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CHAP. XXVII.

THE corporal had ſlipped out about ten minutes before my uncle *Toby*, in order to fix his apparatus, and juſt give the enemy a ſhot or two before my uncle *Toby* came.

He had drawn the ſix field-pieces, for this end, all cloſe up together in front of my uncle *Toby*'s ſentry-box, leaving only an interval of about a yard and a half betwixt the three, on the right and left, for the convenience of charging, &c.—and the ſake, poſſibly, of two batteries, which he might think double the honour of one.

In the rear, and facing this opening, with his back to the door of the ſentry-box, for fear of being flanked, had the corporal wiſely taken his poſt:—He held the ivory-pipe, appertaining to the battery on the right, betwixt the finger and thumb of his right hand,—and the ebony pipe tipp'd with ſilver, which appertained to the battery on the left, betwixt the finger and thumb of the other,—and with his right knee fixed firm upon the ground, as if in the front rank of his platoon, was the corporal, with his Montero-cap upon his head, furiouſly playing off his two croſs batteries at the ſame time againſt the counter-guard, which faced the counterſcarp, where the attack was to be made that morning. His firſt intention, as I ſaid, was no more than giving the enemy a ſingle puff or two:—but the pleaſure of the *puffs* as well as the *puffing*, had inſenſibly got hold of the corporal, and drawn him on from puff to

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puff, into the very height of the attack, by the time my uncle *Toby* joined him.

'Twas well for my father, that my uncle *Toby* had not his will to make that day.

CHAP XXVIII.

My uncle *Toby* took the ivory pipe out of the corporal's hand,——looked at it for half a minute, and returned it.

In leſs than two minutes my uncle *Toby* took the pipe from the corporal again, and raiſed it half-way to his mouth—then haſtily gave it back a ſecond time.

The corporal redoubled the attack——my uncle *Toby* ſmiled——then looked grave—then ſmiled for a moment—then looked ſerious for a long time:—Give me hold of the ivory pipe, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*—my uncle *Toby* put it to his lips——drew it back directly——gave a peep over the horn-beam hedge;——never did my uncle *Toby*'s mouth water ſo much for a pipe in his life.—My uncle *Toby* retired into the ſentry-box with the pipe in his hand.

———Dear uncle *Toby!* don't go into the ſentry-box with the pipe——there's no truſting a mans ſelf with ſuch a thing in ſuch a corner.

CHAP. XXIX.

I beg the reader will aſſiſt me here to wheel off my uncle *Toby*'s ordnance behind the ſcenes—to remove his ſentry-box, and clear the theatre, *if poſſible*,

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of horn-works and half-moons, and get the reſt of his military apparatus out of the way:——that done, my dear friend *Garrick*, we'll ſnuff the candles bright——ſweep the ſtage with a new broom——draw up the curtain, and exhibit my uncle *Toby* dreſſed in a new character, throughout which the world can have no idea how he will act; and yet, if pity be akin to love.——and bravery no alien to it, you have ſeen enough of my uncle *Toby* in theſe, to trace theſe family likeneſſes betwixt the two paſſions (in caſe there is one) to your heart's content.

Vain ſcience! thou aſſiſteſt us in no caſe of this kind—and thou puzzleſt us in every one.

There was, Madam, in my uncle *Toby*, a ſingleneſs of heart, which miſled him ſo far out of the little ſerpentine tracks in which things of this nature uſually go on, you can—you can have no conception of it: with this, there was a plainneſs and ſimplicity of thinking, with ſuch an unmiſtruſting ignorance of the plies and foldings of the heart of woman—and ſo naked and defenceleſs did he ſtand before you (when a ſiege was out of his head), that you might have ſtood behind any one of your ſerpentine walks, and ſhot my uncle *Toby*, ten times in a day, through his liver, if nine times in a day, Madam, had not ſerved your purpoſe.

With all this, Madam——and what confounded every thing as much on the other hand, my uncle *Toby* had that unparalleled modeſty of nature I once told you of, and, which, by the by, ſtood eternal ſentry upon his feelings, that you might as ſoon—But where am I going? theſe reflections crowd in

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upon me ten pages at leaſt too ſoon, and take up that time, which I ought to beſtow upon facts.

CHAP. XXX.

OF the few legitimate ſons of *Adam*, whoſe breaſts never felt what the ſting of love was—(maintaining, firſt, all myſogoniſts to be baſtards)——the greateſt heroes of ancient and modern ſtory have carried off amongſt them, nine parts in ten of the honour; and I wiſh, for their ſakes, I had the key of my ſtudy out of my draw-well only for five minutes, to tell you their names—recollect them I cannot—ſo be content to accept of theſe for the preſent, in their ſtead.

There was the great king *Aldrovandus*, and *Boſphorus*, and *Cappadocius*, and *Dardanus*, and *Pontus*, and *Aſius*,——to ſay nothing of the iron-hearted *Charles* the XIIth, whom the counteſs of K****** herſelf could make nothing of——There was *Babylonicus*, and *Mediterraneus* and *Polixenes*, and *Perſicus*, and *Pruſicus*, not one of whom (except *Cappadocius* and *Pontus*, who were both a little ſuſpected), ever once bowed down his breaſt to the goddeſs—— The truth is, they had all of them ſomething elſe to do——and ſo had my uncle *Toby*,—till Fate—till Fate, I ſay, envying his name the glory of being handed down to poſterity with *Aldrovandus*'s and the reſt,—ſhe baſely patched up the peace of *Utrecht*.

——Believe me, Sirs, 'twas the worſt deed ſhe did that year.

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CHAP. XXXI.

AMONGST the many ill consequences of the treaty of *Utrecht*, it was within a point of giving my uncle *Toby* a surfeit of sieges, and though he recovered his appetite afterwards, yet *Calais* itself left not a deeper scar in *Mary*'s heart, than *Utrecht* upon my uncle *Toby*'s. To the end of his life he never could hear *Utrecht* mentioned upon any account whatever,—or so much as read an article of news extracted out of the *Utrecht Gazette*, without fetching a sigh, as if his heart would break in twain.

My father, who was a great MOTIVE-MONGER, and consequently a very dangerous person for a man to sit by, either laughing or crying——for he generally knew your motive for doing both, much better than you knew it yourself——would always console my uncle *Toby* upon these occasions in a way which showed plainly, he imagined my uncle *Toby*, grieved for nothing in the whole affair so much as the loss of his *hobby-horse*——Never mind, brother *Toby*, he would say—by God's blessing we shall have another war break out again some of these days: and when it does—the belligerent powers, if they would hang themselves, cannot keep us out of play.——I defy 'em my dear *Toby*, he would add, to take countries without taking towns—or towns without sieges.

My uncle *Toby* never took this back-stroke of my father's at his hobby-horse kindly.——He thought the stroke ungenerous; and the more so, because in striking the horse, he hit the rider too, and in the

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moſt diſhonourable part a blow could fall; ſo that upon theſe occaſions, he always laid down his pipe upon the table with more fire to defend himſelf than common.

I told, the reader, this time two years, that my uncle *Toby* was not eloquent; and in the very ſame page gave an inſtance to the contrary:——I repeat the obſervation, and a fact which contradicts it again.——He was not eloquent—it was not eaſy to my uncle *Toby* to make long harangues—and he hated florid ones; but there were occaſions where the ſtream overflowed the man, and ran ſo counter to its uſual courſe, that in ſome parts my uncle *Toby*, for a time, was at leaſt equal to *Tertullus*—but in others, in my own opinion, infinitely above him.

My father was ſo highly pleaſed with one of theſe apologetical orations of my uncle *Toby*'s, which he had delivered one evening before him and *Yorick*, that he wrote it down before he went to bed.

I have had the good fortune to meet with it amongſt my father's papers, with here and there an inſertion of his own, betwixt two crooks.

thus, [ ], and is indorſed

MY BROTHER TOBY'S JUSTIFICATION OF HIS OWN PRINCIPLES AND CONDUCT IN WISHING TO CONTINUE THE WAR.

I may ſafely ſay, I have read over this apologetical oration of my uncle *Toby*'s a hundred times, and think it ſo fine a model of defence, and ſhows ſo ſweet a temperament of gallantry and good principles in him, that I give it the world, word for word (interlineations and all) as I find it.

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CHAP. XXXII.

MY UNCLE TOBY'S APOLOGETICAL ORATION.

I AM not inſenſible, brother *Shandy*, that when a man, whoſe profeſſion is arms, wiſhes, as I have done, for war,—it has an ill aſpect to the world;—and that, how juſt and right ſoever his motives and intentions may be,—he ſtands in an uneaſy poſture, in vindicating himſelf from private views in doing it.

For this cauſe, if a ſoldier is a prudent man, which he may be, without being a jot the leſs brave, he will be ſure not to utter his wiſh in the hearing of an enemy; for, ſay what he will, an enemy will not believe him.——He will be cautious of doing it, even to a friend,—leſt he may ſuffer in his eſteem;—But if his heart is over-charged, and a ſecret ſigh for arms muſt have its vent, he will reſerve it for the ear of a brother, who knows his character to the bottom, and what his true notions, diſpoſitions, and principles of honour are: What, I *hope*, I have been in all theſe, brother *Shandy*, would be unbecoming in me to ſay:——much worſe, I know, have I been than I ought,——and ſomething worſe perhaps, than I think: But ſuch as I am, you, my dear brother *Shandy*, who have ſucked the ſame breaſts with me,——and with whom I have been brought up from my cradle,—and from whoſe knowledge, from the firſt hours of our boyiſh paſtimes, down to this, I have concealed no one action of my life,

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and ſcarce a thought in it——Such as I am, brother, you muſt, by this time, know me, with all my vices, and with all my weakneſſes too, whether of my age, my temper, my paſſions, or my underſtanding.

Tell me then, my dear brother *Shandy*, upon which of them it is, that when I condemned the peace of *Utrecht*, and grieved the war was not carried on with vigour a little longer, you ſhould think your brother did it upon unworthy views; or that, in wiſhing for war, he ſhould be bad enough to wiſh more of his fellow creatures ſlain,——more ſlaves made, and more families driven from their peacefulhabitations, merely for his own pleaſure:——Tell me, brother *Shandy*, upon what one deed of mind do you ground it? [*The devil a deed do I know of, dear* Toby, *but one for an hundred pounds, which I lent thee to carry on theſe curſed ſieges.*]

If, when I was a ſchool-boy, I could not hear a drum beat, but my heart beat with it—was it my fault?—Did I plant the propenſity there?——Did I found the alarm within, or Nature?

When *Guy* Eral of *Warwick*, and *Pariſmus* and *Pariſmenus*, and *Valentine* and *Orſon*, and the *Seven Champions of England*, were handed around the ſchool,——were they not all purchaſed with my own pocket-money? Was that ſelfiſh, brother *Shandy*? When we read over the ſige of *Troy*, which laſted ten years and eight months,—though with ſuch a train of artillery as we had at *Namur*, the town might have been carried in a week—was I not as much

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concerned for the deſtruction of the *Greeks* and *Trojans* as any boy of the whole ſchool? Had I not three ſtrokes of a ferule given me, two on my right hand and one on my left, for calling *Helena* a bitch for it? Did any one of you ſhed more tears for *Hector?* And when king *Priam* came to the camp to beg his body, and returned weeping back to *Troy* without it,—you know, brother, I could not eat my dinner—

—Did that beſpeak me cruel? or becauſe, brother *Shandy*, my blood flew out into the camp, and my heart panted for war.—was it a proof it could not ache for the diſtreſſes of war too?

O Brother! 'tis one thing for a ſoldier to gather laurels, and 'tis another to ſcatter cypreſs—[*Who told thee, my dear* Toby, *that cypreſs was uſed by the ancients on mournful occaſions?*]

——'Tis one thing, brother *Shandy*, for a ſoldier, to hazard his own life——to leap firſt down into the trench, where he is ſure to be cut in pieces:——'Tis one thing, from public ſpirit, and a thirſt of glory, to enter the breach the firſt man,—to ſtand in the foremoſt rank, and march bravely on with drums and trumpets, and colours flying about his ears:—'Tis one thing, I ſay, brother *Shandy*, to do this—and 'tis another thing to reflect on the miſeries of war;——to view the deſolations of whole countries, and conſider the intolerable fatigues and hardſhips which the ſoldier himſelf, the inſtrument who works them, is forced (for ſixpence a day, if he can get it) to undergo.

Need I be told, dear *Yorick*, as I was by you, in

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Le Fvere's funeral ſermon, *That ſo ſoft and gentle a creature, born to love, to mercy, and kindneſs, as man is, was not ſhaped for this?*——But why did you not add, *Yorick*,—if not by NATURE—that he is ſo by NECESSITY?——For what is war? what is it, *Yorick*, when fought as ours has been, upon principles of *liberty*, and upon principles of *honour*—what is it, but the getting together of quiet and harmleſs people, with their ſwords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds? And heaven is my witneſs, brother *Shandy*, that the pleaſure I have taken in theſe things—and that infinite delight, in particular, which has attended my ſieges in my bowling-green, has ariſen within me, and I hope in the corporal too, from the conſciouſneſs we both had, that, in carrying them on, we were anſwering the great ends of our creation.

CHAP. XXXIII.

I TOLD the Chriſtian reader—I ſay *Chriſtian*—hoping he is one—and if he is not, I am ſorry for it—and only beg he will conſider the matter with himſelf, and not lay the blame entirely upon this book——

I told him, Sir—for, in good truth, when a man is telling a ſtory in the ſtrange way I do mine, he is obliged continually to be going backwards and forwards, to keep all tight together in the reader's fancy——which, for my own part, if I did not take heed to do more than at firſt, there is ſo much unfixed and equivocal matter ſtarting up, with ſo many

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breaks and gaps in it—and ſo little ſervice do the ſtars afford, which, nevertheleſs, I hang up in ſome of the darkeſt paſſages, knowing that the world is apt to loſe its way, with all the lights the ſun itſelf at noon-day can give it—and now you ſee I am loſt myſelf!—

——But 'tis my father's fault; and whenever my brains come to be diſſected, you will perceive, without ſpectacles, that he has left a large uneven thread, as you ſometimes ſee in an unſaleable piece of cambric, running along the whole length of the web, and ſo untowardly, you cannot ſo much as cut out a**, (here I hang up a couple of lights again)—or a fillet, or a thumb-ſtall, but it is ſeen or felt.——

Quanto id diligentius in liberis procreandis cavendum, ſayeth *Cardan*. All which being conſidered, and that you ſee 'tis morally impracticable for me to wind this round to where I ſet out.—

I begin the chapter over again.

CHAP. XXXIV.

I TOLD the Chriſtian reader, in the beginning of the chapter which preceded my uncle *Toby*'s apologetical oration, though in a different trope from what I ſhall make uſe of now, That the peace of *Utrecht* was within an ace of creating the ſame ſhyneſs betwixt my uncle *Toby* and his hobby-horſe, as it did betwixt the Queen and the reſt of the confederating powers.

There is an indignant way, in which a man ſometimes diſmounts his horſe, which, as good as ſays to

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him, "I'll go afoot, Sir, all the days of my life, be- "fore I would ride a ſingle mile upon your back "again. Now, my uncle *Toby* could not be ſaid to diſmount his horſe in this manner; for, in ſtrict- neſs of language, he could not be ſaid to diſmount his horſe at all,—his horſe rather flung him——and ſomewhat *viciouſly*, which made my uncle *Toby* take it ten times more unkindly. Let this matter be ſet- tled by ſtate jockies as they like——it created, I ſay, a ſort of ſhyneſs betwixt my uncle *Toby* and his hobby-horſe——He had no occaſion for him from the month of *March* to *November*, which was the ſummer after the articles were ſigned, except it was now and then to take a ſhort ride out, juſt to ſee that the fortifications and harbour of *Dunkirk* were demoliſhed, according to ſtipulation.

The French were ſo backward all that ſummer in ſetting about that affair, and Monſieur *Tugghe*, the deputy from the magiſtrates of *Dunkirk*, preſented ſo many affecting petitions to the Queen;—beſeech- ing her Majeſty to cauſe only her thunderbolts to fall upon the martial works, which might have in- curred her diſpleaſure,—but to ſpare—to ſpare the mole, for the mole's ſake; which, in its naked ſi- tuation, could be no more than an object of pity ——and the Queen (who was but a woman) being of a pitiful diſpoſition,—and her miniſters alſo, they not wiſhing in their hearts to have the town diſmant- led, for theſe private reaſons, * * * *

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* * * * * * * * * * * *; so that the whole went heavily on with my uncle *Toby*; insomuch, that it was not within three full months, after he and the corporal had constructed the town, and put it in a condition to be destroyed, that the several commandants, commissaries, deputies, negotiators, and intendants, would permit him to set about it.—Fatal interval of inactivity!

The corporal was for beginning the demolition, by making a breach in the ramparts, or main fortifications of the town——No——that will never do, corporal, said my uncle *Toby*; for, in going that way to work with the town, the *English* garrison will not be safe in it an hour; because, the *French* are treacherous——They are as treacherous as devils, an' please your honour, said the corporal.—It gives me concern always when I hear it, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*——for they don't want personal bravery; and if a breach is made in the ramparts, they may enter it, and make themselves masters of the place when they please.——Let them enter it, said the corporal, lifting up his pioneer's spade in both his hands, as if he was going to lay about him with it,——let them enter, an' please your honour if they dare.—In cases like this, corporal, said my uncle *Toby*, slipping his right hand down to the middle of his cane, and holding it afterwards truncheon-wise, with his fore-finger extended,——'tis no part of the consideration of a commandant what the enemy dare—or what they dare not do; he must act with prudence. We will begin with the outworks both towards the sea and the land, and particularly with Fort *Louis*, the

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moſt diſtant of them all, and demoliſh it firſt,——and the reſt, one by one, both on our right and left, as we retreat towards the town;—then we'll demoliſh the mole,—next fill up the harbour,—then retire into the citadel, and blow it up into the air; and having done that, corporal, we'll embark for *England*.——We are there, quoth the corporal, recollecting himſelf——Very true, ſaid my uncle *Toby*—looking at the church.

CHAP. XXXV.

A DELUSIVE, delicious conſultation or two of this kind, betwixt my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* upon the demolition of *Dunkirk*,—for a moment rallied back the ideas of thoſe pleaſures which were ſlipping from under him:—ſtill—ſtill—all went on heavily——the magic left the mind the weaker,—STILLNESS, with SILENCE at her back, entered the ſolitary parlour, and drew their gauzy mantle over my uncle *Toby*'s head;——and LISTLESSNESS, with her lax fibre and undirected eye, ſat quietly down beſide him in his arm-chair.—No longer *Amberg* and *Rhinberg*, and *Limbourg*, and *Huy*, and *Bonn*, in one year——and the proſpect of *Landen*, and *Trerebach*, and *Druſen*, and *Dendermond*, the next——hurried on the blood!——No longer did ſaps, and mines, and blinds, and gabions, and paliſadoes, keep out this fair enemy of man's repoſe:——No more could my uncle *Toby*, after paſſing the *French* lines, as he eat his egg at ſupper, from thence break into the heart of *France*.—croſs over the *Oiſe*, and with all *Picardie* open be-

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kind him, march up to the gates of *Paris*, and fall asleep with nothing but ideas of glory:——No more was he to dream he had fixed the royal ſtandard upon the tower of the *Baſtile*, and awake with it ſtreaming in his head.

—Softer viſions,—gentler vibrations ſtole ſweetly in upon his ſlumbers;—the trumpet of war fell out of his hands,——he took up the lute, ſweet inſtrument! of all others the moſt delicate! the moſt difficult!—how wilt thou touch it, my dear uncle *Toby*?

CHAP. XXXVI.

Now, becauſe I have once or twice ſaid, in my inconſiderate way of talking, That I was confident the following memoirs of my uncle *Toby*'s courtſhip of Widow *Wadman*, whenever I got time to write them, would turn out one of the moſt complete ſyſtems, both of the elementary and practical part of love and love-making, that ever was addreſſed to the world—are you to imagine from thence that I ſhall ſet out with a deſcription of *what love is?* whether part God and part Devil, as *Plotinus* will have it—

——Or, by a more critical equation, and ſuppoſing the whole of love to be as ten——to determine, with *Ficinus*, "*How many parts of it——the one, and "how many the other:*"——or whether it is all of it one great devil, from head to tail, as *Plato* has taken upon him to pronounce; concerning which conceit of his I ſhall not offer my opinion:—but my opinion of *Plato* is this, That he appears, from this inſtance, to have been a man of much the ſame temper and

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way of reaſoning with doctor *Baynard*, who being a great enemy to bliſters, as imagining that half a dozen of 'em on at once would draw a man as ſurely to his grave as a herſe and ſix—raſhly concluded that the devil himſelf was nothing in the world but one great bouncing *Cantharidis*,—

I have nothing to ſay to people who allow themſelves this monſtrous liberty in arguing, but what Nazianzen cried out (that is, polemically) to Philagrius—

"Ενγε" *O rare! 'tis fine reaſoning, Sir, indeed!* —"ὅτι φιλόσοφῶς ἐν Πάθεσι"—*and moſt nobly do you aim at truth, when you philoſophize about it in your moods and paſſions.*

Nor is it to be imagined, for the ſame reaſons, I ſhould ſtop to inquire whether love is a diſeaſe—or embroil myſelf with *Rhaſis* and *Dioſcorides*, whether the ſeat of it is in the brain or liver;—becauſe this would lead me on to an examination of the two very oppoſite manners in which patients have been treated—the one of *Aætius*, who always began with a cooling clyſter of hemp-ſeed and bruiſed cucumbers—and followed on with thin potations of water-lillies and purſlane—to which he added a pinch of ſnuff, of the herb *hanea*,—and, where *Aætius* durſt venture it,—his topaz ring.

—The other, that of *Gordonius*, who (in his cap. 15. *de Amore*) directs they ſhould be threſhed "*ad* "*putorem uſque*,"—till they ſtink again.

Theſe are diſquiſitions, which my father, who had laid in a great ſtock of knowledge of this kind, will be very buſy with in the progreſs of my uncle *Toby*'s

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affairs: I muſt anticipate thus much, That from his theories of love (with which, by the way, he contrived to crucify my uncle *Toby*'s mind almoſt as much as his amours themſelves,)—he took a ſingle ſtep into practice;—and, by means of a camphorated cerecloth, which he found means to impoſe upon the taylor for buckram, whilſt he was making my uncle *Toby* a new pair of breeches, he produced *Gordonius*'s effect upon my uncle *Toby* without the diſgrace.

What changes this produced will be read in its proper place: all that is needful to be added to the anecdote is this—That whatever effect it had upon my uncle *Toby*,—it had a vile effect upon the houſe;—and if my uncle *Toby* had not ſmoked it down as he did, it might have had a vile effect upon my father too.

CHAP. XXVII.

—'Twill come out of itſelf by and by,——All I contend for is, that I am not obliged to ſet out with a definition of what love is; and ſo long as I can go on with my ſtory intelligibly, with the help of the word itſelf, without any other idea to it than what I have in common with the reſt of the world, why ſhould I differ from it a moment before the time?——When I can get on no farther,——and find myſelf entangled on all ſides of this myſtic labyrinth,——my Opinion will then come in in courſe,——and lead me out.

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At preſent, I hope I ſhall be ſufficiently underſtood in telling the reader my uncle *Toby fell in love*:

——Not that the phraſe is at all to my liking: for, to ſay a man is *fallen* in love,——or that he is *deeply* in love,—or up to the ears in love,—and ſometimes even *overhead and ears in it*,—carries an idiomatical kind of implication, that love is a thing *below* a man:—this is recurring again to *Plato*'s opinion, which, with all his divinityſhip—I hold to be damnable and heretical (—and ſo much for that.

Let love, therefore, be what it will,——my uncle *Toby* fell into it.

—And poſſibly, gentle reader, with ſuch a temptation—ſo wouldſt thou: For never did thy eyes behold, or thy concupiſcence covet any thing in this world more concupiſcible than Widow *Wadman*.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

To conceive this right—call for pen and ink—here's paper ready to your hand.—Sit down, Sir, paint her to your own mind——as like your miſtreſs as you can——as unlike your wife as your conſcience will let you—'tis all one to me—pleaſe but your own fancy in it.

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—Was ever any thing in Nature ſo ſweet?——ſo exquiſite!

——Then, dear Sir, how could my uncle *Toby* reſiſt it?

Thrice happy book! thou wilt have one page, at leaſt, within thy covers, which MALICE will not blacken, and which IGNORANCE cannot miſrepreſent.

CHAP. XXXIX.

As *Suſannah* was informed by an expreſs from Mrs. *Bridget*, of my uncle *Toby*'s falling in love with her miſtreſs, fifteen days before it happened,—the contents of which expreſs *Suſannah* communicated to my mother the next day,——it has juſt given me an opportunity of entering upon my uncle *Toby*'s amours a fortnight before their exiſtence.

I have an article of news to tell you, Mr. *Shandy*, quoth my mother, which will ſurpriſe you greatly.

Now my father was then holding one of his ſecond beds of juſtice, and was muſing within himſelf about the hardſhips of matrimony, as my mother broke ſilence.———

"—My brother *Toby*, quoth ſhe, is going to be "married to Mrs. *Wadman*."

—Then he will never, quoth my father, be able to lie *diagonally* in his bed again as long as he lives.

It was a conſuming vexation to my father, that my mother never aſked the meaning of a thing ſhe did not underſtand.

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—That ſhe is not a woman of ſcience, my father would ſay, is her misfortune——but ſhe might aſk a queſtion—

My mother never did.——In ſhort, ſhe went out of the world at laſt without knowing whether it turned *round* or ſtood *ſtill*——My father had officiouſly told her above a thouſand times which way it was,——but ſhe always forgot.

For theſe reaſons, a diſcourſe ſeldom went on much farther betwixt them, than a propoſition,—a reply, and a rejoinder, at the end of which, it generally took breath for a few minutes, (as in the affair of the breeches) and then went on again.

If he marries 'twill be the worſe for us,——quoth my mother.

Not a cherry ſtone, ſaid my father,——he may as well batter away his means upon that as any thing elſe.

—To be ſure, ſaid my mother; ſo here ended the propoſition,—the reply——and the rejoinder I told you of.

It will be ſome amuſement to him, too——ſaid my father.

A very great one, anſwered my mother, if he ſhould have children——

—Lord have mercy upon me—ſaid my father to himſelf—* * * * * * * * * *

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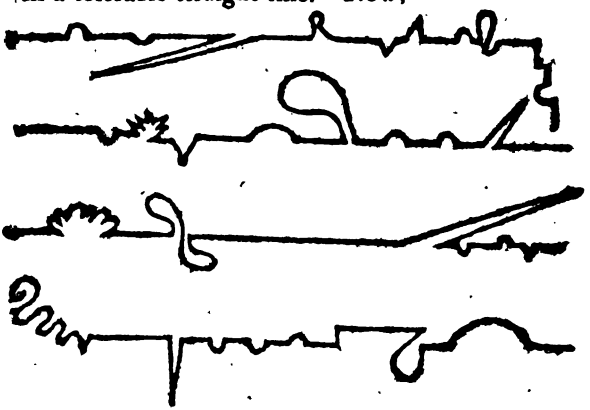
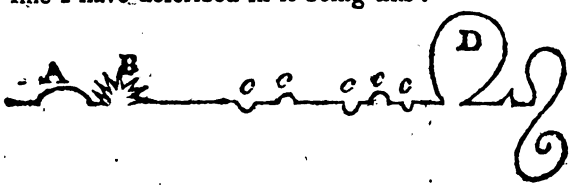
CHAP. XL.

I AM now beginning to get fairly into my work; and by the help of a vegetable diet, with a few of the cold ſeeds, I make no doubt but I ſhall be able to go on with my uncle *Toby*'s ſtory and my own in a tolerable ſtraight line. Now,



Inv. T. S. *Scul. T. S.*

Theſe were the four lines I moved in through my firſt, ſecond, third, and fourth volumes*.——In the fifth volume I have been very good—the preciſe line I have deſcribed in it being this:



* Alluding to the firſt edition.

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By which it appears, that, except at the curve marked A, where I took a trip to *Navarre*—and the indented curve B, which is the ſhort airing when I was there with the lady *Bauſſiere* and her page—I have not taken the leaſt friſk of a digreſſion, till *John de la Caſſe*'s devils led me the round you ſee marked D—for as for *c c c c c* they are nothing but parenthesis, and the common *ins* and *outs* incident to the lives of the greateſt miniſters of ſtate; and when compared with what men have done—or with my own tranſgreſſions at the letters A B D——they vaniſh into nothing.

In this laſt volume I have done better ſtill—— for, from the end of *Le Fevre*'s epiſode, to the beginning of my uncle *Toby*'s campaigns—I have ſcarce ſtepped a yard out of my way.

If I mend at this rate, it is not impoſſible—by the good leave of his grace of *Benevento*'s devils—but I may arrive hereafter at the excellency of going even on thus;

---

which is a line drawn as ſtraight as I could draw it, by a writing-maſter's ruler (borrowed for that purpoſe), turning neither to the right hand or to the left—

—This *right line*—the path-way for Chriſtians to walk in! ſay divines——

——The emblem of moral rectitude! ſays *Cicero*——

——The *beſt line!* ſay cabbage-planters——is the ſhorteſt line, ſays *Archimedes*, which can be drawn from one given point to another——

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O! I wish your ladyships would lay this matter to heart in your next birth-day suits?

—What a journey!

Pray, can you tell me—that is, without anger, before I write my chapter upon straight lines—by what mistake—who told them so—or how it has come to pass, that your men of wit and genius have all along confounded this line with the line of GRAVITATION?

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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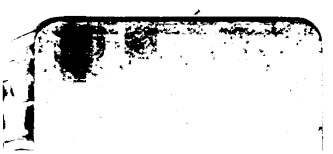

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